



THE

# LONDON READER

Of Literature, Science, Art, and General Information.

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PART *H*

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# LONDON READER

of Literature, Science, Art, and General Information.

No. 12.—VOL. I.]

FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUGUST 1, 1863.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



[LEFT FOR THE VULTURES.]

## THE SILVER DIGGER.

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### HOW MION MET HIS PERILS.

THE activity and self-possession of Mion were proportionate to his perils. He hurled himself against the bandit-lieutenant with all the vigour of which he was capable. The result was gratifying. The villain's head came in such violent contact with the rocky floor, as he fell, that he lay quivering and insensible at the feet of his late prisoner, and the way to freedom seemed opened.

Such was not the case, however.

As Mion sprang towards the entrance of the cave, three or four of the robbers appeared therein, coming from a nook inside, which he had not noticed the day preceding. They were all armed, and at once took up a menacing attitude between him and the liberty he was seeking.

Mion quickly halted. His proposed flight was cut off!

The darkness in which he stood favoured the project his mind formed at that instant.

Dragging the prostrate form of the bandit-lieutenant aside, into a deeper gloom, he tore off his outside cloak, hat, etc., and put them on in the place of his own. Drawing on his boots, he rushed back into the midst of the robbers, who were now buzzing like a swarm of bees, lighting torches, uttering questions and exclamations, and confusing and impeding instead of assisting one another.

"Search the pit, all of you," he shouted, imitating the tones of the bandit-lieutenant, as he led the way in that direction. "Be lively!"

The whole force of the robbers was instantly employed in the execution of this order. Mion continued to give commands and utter suggestions, making himself prominent in the gloom, and readily passed for the bandit-lieutenant. He was not free from constant apprehensions, however, not knowing how much or how little the real lieutenant had been stunned by his fall, and he accordingly turned away from the pit the instant

several of the robbers were lowered therein, and hastened back towards the entrance of the cave.

The robbers he had seen there were still on their guard, with the appearance of being fully aroused. Moreover, they had produced a light, which effectually cut off our hero's hopes of gliding out unseen.

How could he pass them?

The question was decided with Mion's usual promptness and coolness. The moans of the bandit-lieutenant urged him to instant action. Bounding to the spot where he had left his insensible foe, he shouted, still imitating the voice of the bandit:

"Here he is! I have found him! This way with your light!"

The robbers addressed rushed in the direction indicated by the voice, while our hero glided into the shadows at the opposite side of the cave, went round the group unseen, and sped onward to the entrance of the cavern. In another moment he was outside the cave, and hurrying along in the direction of the spot where his captors had left their mules the day previous.

He knew that the discovery of the unconscious lieutenant, and the darkness, together with the confused questions and exclamations of so many men, would detain them a few moments, and vivid hopes and resolutions came to him.

He struggled through wooded ravines and climbed rocky ascents, endeavouring to find the horses and mules; but this hope was destined to be disappointed.

The animals had either been moved, or his memory failed to guide him to the place of their concealment. After wandering till his weakness and exhaustion overcame him, he discovered by a roaring that suddenly broke upon his hearing that he was back within a few hundred yards of the waterfall that concealed the entrance of the robbers' cave.

The next instant he heard voices and rapid footsteps near him, and a party of the robbers swept past him in pursuit.

Panting with his exertions, after his long and weary days and nights of exhaustion, he made out his true course by the aid of the stars, as near as he could, and stole away from the spot.

By this time the hunt had become general. He

heard the robbers spreading out in all directions around him, and could hear the loud and angry tones of the bandit-lieutenant.

He instantly saw that cunning and secrecy, rather than speed of foot, must save him, if he were saved at all, and governed himself accordingly—pausing and remaining perfectly quiet when any of the bandits neared him, and resuming his way only when their voices or movements assured him that his way was clear.

Suddenly, as he was toiling slowly and wearily along a narrow path, he heard a portion of the robbers returning, with their lieutenant at their head.

"What'll the captain say to this?" asked a voice.

"I don't care what he says," responded the lieutenant sullenly, as he rubbed his head. "I pounded on his door a long time, but he did not choose to appear."

They passed on and Mion resumed his way. After a long and wearisome journey, he reached home about the usual breakfast-hour, and found his mother in the deepest affliction at his prolonged absence. He had barely had time to narrate his adventures to her, when she beheld Senor Villaverde approaching the cottage, and called her son's attention to the fact.

"The miserable coward!" he ejaculated. "If he had fought by my side, as a brave man would have done, I should have beaten the robbers at the cabin, without doubt. I don't wish to see him!"

He retired to an adjoining room. A moment later, Villaverde presented himself before Senora Mion, with a look of assumed grief on his face. In as gentle terms as he could use, he announced the capture and subsequent death of her son, at the hands of the robbers.

"Are you sure that he's dead?" she asked, with a quietness that astonished the visitor.

"Oh, yes. He fell mortally wounded at my side, while we were bravely defending ourselves from the robbers. I learn on undoubted authority that he has since died!"

He gave the senora a manufactured account of her son's encounter with the robbers, and of his own efforts to defend him, &c., winding up with a declaration that he should have reported to her sooner if it had not been for a vain hope that Mion would escape with his life.

"Perhaps the best answer I can make to all of your declarations," responded Senora Mion, "is to introduce



you to a gentleman who came here just ahead of you. Behold!"

She had heard her son at the door of the adjoining room, and he now made his appearance with all the celerity inspired by his disgust and scorn. Villaverde sprang to his feet with a wild cry of surprise, as his eyes rested upon the pale and stony features of our hero.

"Go, lying and cowardly wretch!" commanded Mion, sternly, as he pointed the visitor to the door, and never let me see you intrude upon my mother again. I know not what you mean by reporting my death so unequivocally, when you can have no certain evidence in support of your statements; but I do know that you are a cowardly and false-hearted creature. Go!"

Villaverde was only too happy at having an opportunity of leaving the house, and he went away without another word. After a brief conversation with his mother about Viva, Mion went over to see Enriqueta.

"If you're going off to bring soldiers here," said the duenna, after a short conversation with Mion, "you ought to find Senor Torre and have him looking for Viva while you're gone. I told him yesterday that Viva was missing, but he was so occupied with something else that he didn't seem to understand me. He thought she had gone off with you."

"If I knew where Senor Torre is," said Mion, "I would go to him. If—"

"Here's something he left behind him in his hurry," said Enriqueta, producing the chart Torre had made of his silver mine. "It seems to be new, and if you can make any sense of all those marks perhaps you'll find him."

Mion took the chart and examined it some time in silence. He thought he could make out the neighbourhood represented, although not the exact spot. Thanking the duenna for her suggestions and kindness, he rode home, ate breakfast, and seated himself to study out the rude chart. A few minutes thereafter his mother found him asleep, so utterly had his strength been exhausted by his long toils and sleeplessness.

"Poor boy," she sighed. "I have no heart to disturb him. He cannot live without a good sound sleep."

She covered him with a blanket and watched beside him. Mion slept till the middle of the afternoon, and awoke with all his pristine vigour and strength.

"Oh, mother, how could you?" he cried, reproachfully. "Where all this while is poor Viva?"

Telling his mother that he might be absent two or three days, he set out to find Torre.

#### CHAPTER XV. A GRAND CHARGE!

DIEGO slept by the wayside till about the middle of the afternoon, and then returned to Enriqueta, to be warmly welcomed by her. She again supplied him with wine and fruits, and all the luxuries of the climate. She treated him with a deference that pleased and flattered him, and he assumed to the best of his ability the character of one of his polite and lion-hearted knights. Each was charmed with the society of the other, and as Torre had left the premises quite at their service, the hours passed pleasantly and expeditiously, despite the absence of Viva.

"I'll tell you what I think, General Diego," finally said Enriqueta—the squire having incidentally remarked that he had consented to serve his country awhile as commander-in-chief (*gefe supremo*) of the national army—"I think Viva saw the ghost of Captain Mion before I did, and that she followed it to the falls, and, in her wildness and sorrow, has made her grave with him!"

The squire pretended to be of the same mind, but he was in reality of a different opinion. He did not doubt that the girl he had seen at Villaverde's castle was Viva. He would have declared as much if he had not been afraid that the duenna would thereupon ask him to go at once to her rescue. As it was, he permitted the secret to rankle in his breast, and contented himself with drinking deeply, in the hopes of banishing all thoughts of it from his mind.

As night approached the repeated potations of the squire had their effect. His tongue was loosened, his smiles multiplied, and his courage strengthened. He was full of anecdotal heroism, and enchained Enriqueta's attention with tales of his wondrous prowess and martial renown. He insisted upon her drinking occasionally with him, and she obliged him until everything around her wore an unreal appearance.

Out of this state of affairs grew a singular and unexpected event.

It was a peculiarity of the squire that, a certain stage of inebriation once passed, his natural character gave way to the frenzy of intoxication, and in this mood he was capable of designing and executing the most valorous deeds—deeds from which he would have recoiled in affright in his reasoning moments.

This stage was at length passed.

The squire was in a state of furious and unreasoning drunkenness, although still in possession of all his strength.

In this mood his secret respecting the girl at Villaverde grew upon his attention. He winked at Enriqueta, flourished his club, and looked wondrously knowing. At last he drew himself up with drunken gravity, and said:

"The hour has come!"

"What hour?"

"The one for which I have been waiting," and he waved his hand out into the darkness of night which had come over the scene—"the hour for the girl's rescue!"

"Who? Viva? Do you know where she is?" asked the duenna, whose head reeled with the wine she had taken. "Do I dream? Do you mean that you know where Viva is, and that you'll rescue her and bring her home?"

"That's my exact meaning. Wait but a single half-hour, and you shall know all!"

He prepared to depart.

It was no part of Diego's present mood to be noisy and boastful. On the contrary, he proceeded very much as a prudent and courageous man would have done in like circumstances. Quietly excusing himself for a short time, he left the house and set out for the castle.

His natural cowardice had retired into the background, and the wild vigour and doggedness of his drunken frenzy stood out in bold relief.

He reached the castle of Villaverde unnoticed, and rang for admittance. The response not immediately coming, he rang again. The door was then opened by Villaverde himself.

It is needless to say that the proprietor of the castle was on his guard. He held a pistol in his grasp under his coat, ready for use; but seeing but one visitor, and not knowing anything terrible about him, he politely invited him to enter. Paquita, who stood immediately behind her master, uttered a wild scream of recognition and terror.

"It's the same man!" she shrieked—"the terrible robber!"

"It is, eh?" rejoined Villaverde, producing his pistol, and retreating backwards into the parlour, in the full glare of his lights. "Is this the man that broke the mirror and ate your jellies?"

"Yes—yes!"

Villaverde turned his gaze upon the intruder, with a mental tribute of admiration to the grim firmness with which he had advanced into the centre of the room.

For a moment they stood staring at each other.

"Perhaps you are the proprietor of this castle?" were the first words that came from the lips of Diego.

"Yes, senor, I am," replied Villaverde.

"Well, then, I have a little business with you. I am aware that you have a young lady confined here against her wishes. Her name is Senorita Torre. I have come to demand and enforce the release of the said young lady, and I will give you just thirty seconds to produce her!"

The face of the squire looked as rigid and implacable as destiny. Never in all his life had Villaverde encountered a more ominous and determined gaze.

"Quick! Your answer?" cried the squire, advancing boldly upon him. "Speak!"

Villaverde was actually startled by the dogged and peremptory address. He saw that no ordinary parleying would meet the case, and promptly fell back upon the force of arms.

He raised his pistol and fired full at Diego's heart—just an instant too late!

Like a stroke of lightning, the club had descended upon the pistol, striking it from his grasp. Another blow, and Villaverde lay quivering and senseless upon the floor.

With a scream of horror and fear, the old housekeeper turned to fly, but had not taken a third hasty step before the vice-like grasp of Diego was on her arm.

"If you do not wish to share your master's fate," he whispered, in the thrilling tones of an implacable resolve, "lead the way to the girl! No delay, no trifling!"

Paquita saw and felt her danger, and hastened to obey him. A moment more, and he was ushered into the girl's apartment.

"I have come to save you, young lady," said the squire, quietly and politely. "You have only to take my arm and go with me, and you will be safe."

Viva was surprised at this second intrusion of the formidable looking stranger, but she readily comprehended by his earnest and direct words that he meant her well, whatever the mystery of his past or present conduct. She gave him her hand, and hurried downstairs with him. She had only time enough to see that Villaverde was moaning on the parlour floor, and then she was hurried out of the castle and conducted towards her house.

She kept up with the squire's gigantic strides till at least one-half of the distance between her home and

the castle was traversed, and then she paused to rest, weary and panting with her exertions.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

##### PUZZLING RESULTS.

IN the meantime Villaverde had recovered his senses—learned from Paquita that the girl and her strange rescuer had just left the premises—and instantly set out for Torre's house, after telling the old housekeeper to follow him as rapidly as she could.

He took a short cut across the fields, exerted himself to the utmost, and reached Viva's home while she was yet on her way.

He saw the duenna out of doors, at the edge of the garden, where she was watching for the return of Diego, and calling upon him in a maudlin sort of way not to expose himself to peril. She was so much affected by the wine she had taken, and so intently watching for her hero's return, that Villaverde slipped into the house unnoticed, and secreted himself in a closet opening off the parlour.

A few moments later the squire appeared, with Viva leaning on his arm, and Enriqueta ran to meet them, as fast as her condition would permit. We will not pause upon the joyful meeting, nor undertake to record the incoherent welcomes Enriqueta gave her young charge.

All were soon seated in the house and rejoicing over the girl's rescue. The duenna had no language in which to express her admiration of Diego, and Viva was enthusiastic and grateful. Between the two the squire's mind would have been intoxicated by sweet praise if the intoxicated condition of his body had not prevented him from receiving its full effects.

"Now don't say a word. Don't explain—don't say a word about it till morning," said Enriqueta, as she fumbled about in a closet for a sleeping powder. "Poor child, I can see how completely you are worn."

She stirred up a narcotic two or three times as large as usual, and insisted that Viva should take it, which she did. Diego employed the same interval in rewarding himself with additional potations, and was soon mumbling something about his exhaustion and a place to sleep.

"Noble and glorious hero," exclaimed Enriqueta, "you shall have Senor Torre's own room."

She showed him into the squire's bedroom, and left him with kind wishes and invocations. To the squire's great astonishment, he found the bed shown him flying round the room with extraordinary velocity, and was somewhat at a loss how to deposit himself upon it. At length, steadying himself against a chair, he waited till the bed came opposite him in its wild career, and then made a vigorous plunge for its centre. He fell a little short, and was soon so much entangled among its legs that he despaired of mounting it, and exclaimed:

"Never mind! The quite uncomfortable here!"

He stretched himself out at full length under the bed and was soon asleep.

"Now don't say a word," repeated Enriqueta, as she assisted Viva to her bedroom. "Lie down just as you are, and get a good nap."

The girl complied with an equanime sense of relief, and Enriqueta muttered a few soothing words, which were unnecessary, however, the weariness of Viva, in connection with the narcoptic she had taken, almost instantly putting her to sleep.

The duenna expressed her satisfaction, locked the outside door, and lay down in the parlour, leaving the lamps burning.

Villaverde waited a few minutes until the heavy and regular breathing of the trio showed him that they were all unconscious, and then he emerged from his concealment.

His face looked more fiendish than ever before. He had comprehended the condition of both Diego and Enriqueta, and a grim smile lighted up his features.

He made his way to Viva's room, of which he already knew the location, and stood over the sleeping girl a moment, and then raised her tenderly but firmly in his arms. She moaned a little and then remained perfectly quiet and unconscious, as he bore her to the door, unlocked it, and passed out.

For a moment he passed upon the steps, looking back upon Enriqueta, while an expression of crafty thoughtfulness flitted over his face.

"I'd like to know the secret of this drunken raid," he muttered. "One thing is certain—I shall not be much frightened by it."

A noise at his side caused him to turn, and he beheld Paquita, who had just arrived in obedience to his orders.

"You see I have her again!" he muttered. "We are not yet defeated!"

For another moment he continued looking back upon the sleeping duenna, with a murderous light in his eyes.

"If I thought they knew enough to bring me into trouble," he added, "I'd silence them both on the spot! As it is, I'll run the risk. I have secret rooms enough to defy all they can do!"

He closed the door behind him and set out for his castle.

Enriqueta and Diego slept soundly all night, and until nine o'clock in the morning. The latter was the first to awaken. He was somewhat astonished to find himself lying on the floor, under a bed, but a severe headache and a few moments of reflection enabled him to realize the cause.

"Let's see," he thought. "The last time I remember, I was getting awful drunk, with that old goose of a duenna. I must be at her house now. Probably in the old man's room," and he looked around. "I wonder if I made myself ridiculous. Ah, she was drinking with me, I remember, and may have been as silly as I was."

Seeing some water in a pitcher at one side of the room, he hastened to perform his ablutions, having heard Enriqueta stirring in the parlour. He had scarcely made himself presentable when Enriqueta rapped on the door, and he went out to meet her. He saw her head was bound up in a wet handkerchief, and at once inferred that she had been more or less influenced by her potatoes.

"Oh, noble and generous man," cried Enriqueta, as she ran to him and caught both of his hands in her own. "I thank you for your heroic conduct in rescuing Viva from her cruel foe."

Diego was surprised, and looked inquiringly upon the speaker.

"There! Don't be so modest!" cried the duenna.

"I will say what I feel!"

"Modest!" ejaculated the squire, a little cynically.

"What have I done?"

"Why, rescued Viva from the castle!"

Diego turned away to hide a derisive smile. He did not believe a word of the heroism ascribed to him. He knew himself better!

"I don't doubt your word at all, lady," he said, with his deepest bow. "If I have rescued the girl as you say, it would be one of the least of my many valorous deeds, but—'I'd like to see her!'"

"Certainly—certainly! I have not been near her this morning, as I wished her to get all the sleep she could, but I'll call her up instantly!"

She hastened to Viva's bedroom—and a wild scream of surprise came from her lips. Diego hurried to the spot, and found her staring wildly around, too much astonished at Viva's absence to speak.

"Santa Maria, guard us!" she murmured. "Can it be all a dream?"

They discussed the matter a few moments, and then came to the conclusion that the entire affair of the rescue was a vagary of Enriqueta's late disordered imagination.

"You know we'd taken a little too much," suggested Diego.

"Ah—yes! I see—I see! If I had been sensible, I never would have thought such a thing of the good and kind Senor Villaverde!"

## CHAPTER XVII THE AZTEC STONE.

It was near midnight. The scene was the mine Torre had discovered. The old man and his miners had wrought a great change in its appearance. Sheds had been built; smelting furnaces erected; huge excavations made; and vast quantities of pure silver ore obtained. The diggers were all asleep, with the exception of Torre. They lay in a rude cabin, close at hand, while the old man, sleepless and restless, was busy with his new-found wealth; handling heavy bars of silver he had cast, looking over piles of ore, thrusting fuel into his furnaces, and skinning the dross from his molten seas of treasure.

The picture he presented thus toiling at midnight, in the midst of that mountain scene, was singularly strange.

He had laid aside his elegant suit of clothes, and looked as haggard and dirty as usual, what with his toils in the dirt and his sleeplessness and excitement.

Suddenly, as the old man thus watched his treasure and laboured, a stone came rattling down a declivity near him, as if the intruder had slipped in descending the ledge. Torre instantly looked up, and seemed petrified at the object that met his gaze.

On a pinnacle of rock beside and above him, and looking down upon the silver-digger, stood a figure, the exact counterpart of himself.

Grimly and silently this figure looked down upon Torre, transfixing him with the power and intensity of its gaze. There were the same wild eyes, the same long white hair and disordered beard, the same tattered garb, the same striking characteristics from head to foot!

The silver-digger sank back upon a rude seat, and stared upon the intruder, unable to move or speak—superstition, fear, surprise, and all the more powerful emotions overwhelming him at one and the same instant.

The figure quietly surveyed Torre a moment, then

descended from its perch and approached him, peered into the sheds and furnaces, examined all the ore and bars that the silver-digger had left exposed, and then again fixed its eyes upon Torre in a cold and haunting gaze that thrilled him through and through, and noiselessly glided up the rocks, disappearing from his view.

The strange apparition had scarcely left the scene when our hero came down the declivity, from the opposite direction, guided by the chart Enriqueta had given him, and by a lantern he had brought.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed, in his cheerful voice, as his eyes rested upon the silver-digger. "How do you do, Senor Torre? I'm glad I've found you!"

He extended his hand.

The old man stared awhile like one in a trance upon the intruder—then his gaze became a ferocious sort of glare, and he advanced a few steps without appearing to see Mion's hand.

"What! Don't you know me?" added our hero, as a sad smile broke over his face. "I am Conrad Mion!"

"Oh, I know that well enough," growled Torre.

"What was that Thing ahead of you? No matter, though," he added. "Why are you here?"

"I come to tell you that Viva is missing, and to arouse you to the necessity of an instant search for her!"

"Oh, you do? Allow me to say that it's none of your business where Viva is! You'd better attend to your own affairs, if you have any!"

"The whereabouts of Viva is my affair," replied Mion, "since your conduct forces me to say so. What means this apathy respecting the fate of your own daughter? What can have rendered you so dead to the instincts of a father? Ah!" he added, looking around, "you're digging and smelting silver, eh? This is what claims all your attention!"

"It's nothing to you what claims my attention," declared Torre, pugnantly.

"Certainly not, except as Viva's fate is concerned with yours," answered Mion.

"Again it's Viva and Viva!" cried Torre, angrily. "Go home, young man, and meddle not with things that don't concern you!"

Mion again told Torre that his daughter was missing, and that he was overwhelmed with anxieties about her; explained how he had found him; and implored him to join him in searching for her. To all of which Torre responded in the most abusive terms, declaring that he needn't concern himself about Viva; that he would never see her again; that she was nothing to him nor he to her; and that he had better trouble himself no more about her.

"I shall search till I find her," our hero replied. "Since you are so entirely occupied, or so indifferent to your daughter's welfare, I will give her all my attention! I will search the whole country, and bring a regiment of troops, if necessary, to find her."

He was continuing in this strain of stern resolve and rebuke, when Torre, watching his opportunity, struck him with an iron bar, felling him senseless to his feet.

"You'll trouble me no more," growled the monomaniac, as he proceeded to bind the hands and feet of our hero. "I'll soon ensure your silence!"

Looking carefully around, and assuring himself that none of his assistants were stirring, Torre secured his treasures, extinguished or covered all his lights, and then raised the body of his victim in his arms, and to his right shoulder. Gliding away to a shed where a few mules were standing, he placed the insensible man on one of them, binding him to the saddle, and led the animal away.

"You've gained a secret worth ten thousand such lives as yours!" he muttered—"the secret of my mine. I ought to have been more careful about that chart—but only a scheming meddler would have learned anything about it. The fact is, he meant to pry out my secret, while snivelling about Viva; much good may it do him!"

He held on his way with a purpose that could not have been mistaken. All the while ascending higher and higher, he passed through a great variety of mountain scenery, and at length came to the top of a high peak, overlooking a thinly-wooded valley, and towering hundreds of feet above any of the surrounding elevations.

This peak was accessible on only one side—that by which the silver-digger had come—the other sides being almost perpendicular, and precipices in height. On its extreme summit, where all the light in the sky seemed to centre, there was a huge stone, perfectly bare, but surrounded by luxuriant grass and weeds; and it was in sight of this that Torre and his mule halted.

The restoration of Mion to consciousness had already been announced by low moans of pain, and Torre hastened to remove him from the animal's back. His next step was to carry him to the gigantic stone noticed. A large snake ran hissing across the rocky plateau as he advanced, and his feet came in contact with bleaching bones; but Torre paid no attention to these circumstances, his whole soul being absorbed in the purpose that had brought him thither.

"This is the place and the hour to dispose of him for ever," he muttered, as he laid him down upon the stone. "My mine—the marriage—all I care for in the world depends upon his death; and I'll not shrink from the deed!"

He felt around in the uncertain light, and strange and thrilling discoveries would have multiplied upon any one watching his movements. The rock before him was a huge sacrificial stone, with knobs and horns carved about it at its sides and extremities, after the fashion of an ancient altar, to render the bidding of the victim easy and certain.

In a brief space of time Torre had bound Mion firmly to this stone—meaning, in addition to the quantity of thongs and ropes he had brought, a huge rusty chain he found beside it.

A moment more, and Mion recovered his senses to find himself held as in a vice, and the figure of Torre standing grimly beside him.

"It was here that the ancient Aztecs offered sacrifices to their gods," cried the monomaniac, with all the wildness of his infirmity in his eyes. "It is here that you shall meet your doom."

Without another word, the silver-digger returned to his mule, and took his way down the rugged path by which he had come.

Mion had learned where he was from the address of Torre. The spot was said to be haunted by the thousands who had died there in the deadly and debasing rites of the ancient Aztecs. No one came there from one month's end to another. Our hero had been there once, long years before, with two or three companions, but there were few persons living in sight of the Coffre who could say as much. Day and night, in nearly all seasons of the year, the peak was covered with immense flocks of vultures, and Mion knew that they would flock there in multitudes during the high heat of the coming day—great, fierce-eyed birds, bold enough to attack a helpless person while he was yet living and pick out his eyes.

He knew from the manner of the silver-digger—who was perhaps better acquainted with the subject than anybody else—that his death was fully expected and counted upon, and his reflections failed to bring him the slightest prospect of avoiding the doom invoked upon him.

He thought of the red and scorching sun that would burn his exposed face and beat upon his head in the morning—of the birds of prey that would surround him with cries of rejoicing almost infernal—and of the slow tortures of thirst and starvation which would combine with their attacks upon him!

Worse than all, he thought of the horrible uncertainty resting upon the fate of Viva, and almost frantically asked himself where she was at that moment, and what would become of her—and he so powerless to aid her!

Appalling situation!

(To be continued.)

## POTAGE A LA POMPADOUR.

We are apt to talk a good deal of the wisdom of our ancestors; but, in the midst of a certain amount of civilization, much rude magnificence, and great display, these good people were completely ignorant of, and unacquainted with, many of the refinements and even necessities of life, as the following anecdote will prove:—

About a hundred years ago, in the reign of Louis the Fifteenth, when his mistress, the Marquise de Pompadour, governed France with absolute power, the Duke of Norfolk was much in favour with that lady. One morning, at her toilette—to the close of which, consisting of powdering and hair-dressing, her friends were admitted, according to the custom of that time—when the usual compliments had passed, his grace's attention was riveted to a certain article of furniture in a distant part of the room, of a somewhat octagonal shape, which was entirely new to him.

As a considerable crowd of courtiers surrounded the royal favourite, he was able to approach something closer, and to discover that the object of his curiosity was of solid gold, with the Marquise's arms richly engraved, and that it was placed upon a wooden stand. The Duke of Norfolk took an opportunity of inquiring from one of the *femmes de chambre* for what purpose this magnificent piece of plate was used; and the reply, given without any signs of bashfulness, struck him with utter amazement and some confusion.

In the course of the day the *soubrette* communicated this incident to her mistress, as rather a good joke; and Madame de Pompadour, who was anxious that the duke should have some *souvenir* of his stay in France, and of her friendship for him, gave instructions to her silversmith to make another piece of plate exactly similar to that which had so much attracted his grace's attention. It was very richly ornamented, and had the duke's arms engraved on one side, and those of Madame de Pompadour on the other. It was carefully packed up, and forwarded to the Duchess of Norfolk, by a messenger belonging to the French Court. Upon receiving the present from the Marquise de Pompadour, the

duchess was delighted, and said, "How very kind of the marquise. I never saw so beautiful a soup-tureen; I suppose its shape is *la grande mode* of the day."

A few days after the present had been received, the Duke of Norfolk arrived from Paris, and a great dinner was given at Norfolk-house to celebrate his safe return. In those days *les diners à la Russe* were not invented, and the dishes, of magnificent silver gilt, were placed upon the table, and served by those who sat opposite to them. When dinner was announced, and the guests had sat down, the duke was perfectly aghast with horror and amazement; for there in front of them he beheld the mysterious piece of plate filled with excellent mutton broth. The present of the fair marquise is said to be still in existence in one of the country residences of the chief of the noble family of Howard, but restored from its culinary duties to the original legitimate purpose for which it was intended. But it is only on rare occasions, such as the visits of royalty, that this heirloom is displayed; when the taste of the fair marquise is highly admired.—*Recollections and Anecdotes: being a Second Series of Reminiscences of the Camp, the Court, and the Clubs.* By Captain R. H. Gronow.

## SELF-MADE;

### "OUT OF THE DEPTHS."

By MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

Author of "The Hidden Hand," "The Last Heiress," &c., &c.

#### CHAPTER XXXV.

##### THE DREAM AND THE AWAKENING.

The lover is a god,—the ground  
He treads on is not ours;  
His soul by other laws is bound,  
Sustained by other powers;  
His own and that one other heart  
Form for himself a world apart.

Milnes.

TIME went on. Autumn faded into winter; the flowers were withered; the grass dried; the woods bare. Miss Merlin no longer sat under the green shadows of the old elm-tree; there were no green shadows there; the tree was stripped of its leaves and seemed but the skeleton of itself, and the snow lay around its foot.

The season, far from interrupting the intimacy between the heiress and her favourite, only served to draw them even more closely together.

One morning Ishmael arose early as usual to hasten to school, and reached Brudnell Hall just in time to see a large open carriage drawn by a pair of fine horses, shoot through the great gates and disappear down the forest road.

A death-like feeling, a strange spasm, as if a hand of ice had clutched his heart, caught upon Ishmael's breath at the sight of that vanishing carriage. He could not rationally account for this feeling; but as soon as he recovered his breath he inquired of old Jovial, who was standing near and gazing after the carriage.

"Who has gone away?"

"Miss Claudia, sir; her 'pa came after her last night—"

"Claudia—gone!" echoed Ishmael, reeling and supporting himself against the trunk of the bare old elm-tree.

"It was most unexpected, sir; mistress sat up most all night to see to the packing of her clothes—"

"Gone—gone—Claudia gone!" breathed Ishmael, in a voice despairing, yet so low, that it did not interrupt the easy flow of Jovial's narrative.

"But you see, sir, the judge, he said he hadn't a day to lose, 'cause he'd have to open court to-morrow."

"Gone—gone," wailed Ishmael, dropping his arms.

"And the judge did write to warn master and mistress to get Miss Claudia ready to go this morning; but it seems they never got the letter—"

"Oh! gone!" moaned Ishmael.

"Anyways, it was all—'quick! march!' and away they went. And the word does go around as, after the court term is over, the judge he means to take Miss Claudia over the seas to forrin' parts to see the world."

"Which—which road did they take, Jovial?" gasped Ishmael, striving hard to recover breath and strength and the power of motion.

"Law, sir, the Baymouth road, to be sure; where they expects to take the boat, which it'll be a nigh thing if they get there in time to meet it."

Ishmael heard no more. Dropping his books, he darted out of the gate, and fled along the road taken by the travellers. Was it in the mad hope of overtaking the carriage? As well might he expect to overtake an express train! No—he was mad indeed! maddened by the suddenness of his bereavement; but not so mad as that; and he started after his flying love in the fierce, blind, passionate instinct of pursuit. A whirl of wild hopes kept him up and urged him on—hopes that they might stop on the road to water the horses, or to refresh themselves, or that they might be delayed at the toll-gate to get change, or that some other possi-

ble or impossible thing might happen to stop their journey long enough for him to overtake them and see Claudia once more; to shake hands with her, bid her good-bye, and receive from her at parting some last word of regard—some last token of remembrance! This was now the only object of his life; this was what urged him onward in that fearful chase! To see Claudia once more—to meet her eyes—to clasp her hand—to hear her voice—to bid her farewell!

On and on he ran; toiling up hill, and rushing down dale; overturning all impediments that lay in his way; startling all the foot-passengers with the fear of an escaped maniac! On and on he sped in his mad flight, until he reached the outskirts of the village. There a sharp pang and a sudden faintness obliged him to stop and rest, grudging the few moments required for the recovery of his breath. Then he set off again, and ran all the way into the village—ran down the principal street, and turned down the one leading to the wharf.

A quick, breathless glance told him all! The boat had left the shore, and was steaming down the bay!

He ran down to the water's edge—stretched his arms out towards the receding steamer—and with an agonizing cry of "Claudia! Claudia!" fell forward upon his face in a deep swoon.

A crowd of villagers gathered round him.

"Who is he?"

"What is the matter with him?"

"Is he ill?"

"Has he fainted?"

"Has he been hurt?"

"Has an accident happened?"

"Is there a doctor to be had?"

All these questions were asked in the same breath by the various individuals of the crowd that had collected around the insensible boy; but none seemed ready with an answer.

"Is there no one here who can tell who he is?" inquired a tall, grey-haired, mild-looking man, stooping to raise the prostrate form.

"Yes—it is Ishmael Worth!" answered Hamlin, the bookseller, who was a new-comer upon the scene.

"Ishmael Worth? Hannah Worth's nephew?"

"Yes—that is who he is."

"Then stand out of the way, friends; I will take charge of the lad," said the grey-haired stranger, lifting the form of the boy in his arms, and gazing into his face.

"He is not hurt; he is only in a dead faint, and I had better take him home at once," continued the old man.

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.

##### DARKNESS.

With such wrong and woe exhausted, what I suffered and occasioned—  
As a wild horse, through a city, runs, with lightning in his eyes.

And then dashing at a church's cold and passive walls impassioned,  
Strikes the death into his burning brain, and blindly drops

and dies—  
So I fell struck down before her! Do you blame me, friends, for weakness?

'Twas my strength of passion slew me!—fell before her like a stone;

Fast the dreadful world rolled from me, on its roaring wheels of blackness!

When the light came, I was lying in this chamber—and alone.  
E. B. Browning.

HANNAH WORTH was sitting over her great wood fire, and busily engaged in needlework, when the door was gently pushed open and the grey-haired man entered, bearing the boy in his arms.

Hannah looked calmly up, then threw down her work and started from her chair, exclaiming:

"Reuben Gray! you back again! you! and—who have you got there?—Ishmael? Good Heavens! what has happened to the poor boy?"

"Nothing to frighten you, Hannah, my dear; he has fainted, I think, that is all," answered Reuben, gently, as he laid the boy carefully upon the bed.

"But, oh, my goodness, Reuben, how did it happen? where did you find him?" cried Hannah, frantically, seizing first one hand and then the other of the fainting boy, and clapping and rubbing them vigorously.

"I picked him up on the Baymouth wharf about half-an-hour ago, Hannah, my dear, and—"

"The Baymouth wharf! that is out of all reason! Why it is not more than two hours since he started to go to Brudnell Hall," exclaimed Hannah, as she violently rubbed away at the boy's hands.

Reuben was standing patiently at the foot of the bed, with his hat in his hands, and he answered, slowly:

"Well, Hannah, I don't know how that might be; but I know I picked him up where I said."

"But what caused all this, Reuben Gray? What caused it? that's what I want to know! can't you speak?" harshly demanded the woman.

"Well, Hannah, I couldn't tell exactly; but it appears to me some one went off in the boat as he was a-pining after."

"Who went off in the boat?" asked Hannah, impatiently.

"Law, Hannah, my dear, how could I tell? Why, there wasn't less than thirty or forty passengers, more or less, went off in that boat!"

"What do I care how many restless fools went off in the boat? Tell me about the boy!"

"Hannah, woman, don't be so impatient. Indeed it wasn't my fault. I will tell you all I know about it."

"Tell me, then."

"I'm going to. Well, you see, I had just taken some of the judge's luggage down to the boat and got it well on, and the boat had just started, when I see a youth come a-tearing down the street like mad, and he whips round the corner like a rush of wind, down to the wharf, and looks after the boat as if it was a-carrying off every friend he had upon the earth; and then he stretches out both his arms and cries out aloud, and falls on his face like a tree cut down. And a crowd gathered, and some one said that the lad was your nephew."

While Reuben spoke, Ishmael gave signs of returning consciousness; and then suddenly opened his eyes and looked around him.

"Drink this, my boy; drink this, my darling Ishmael," said Hannah, raising his head with one hand while she held some brandy to his lips with the other.

Ishmael obediently drank a little, and then sank back upon his pillow. He gazed fixedly at Hannah for a few moments, and then he suddenly threw his arms around her neck, as she stooped over him, and cried out in a voice piercing shrill with anguish:

"Oh, Aunt Hannah! she is gone—she is gone for ever!"

"Who is gone, my boy?" asked Hannah, sympathetically.

"Claudia! Claudia!" he wailed, covering his convulsed face with his hands.

"Now, my ban upon Brudnell Hall, and all connected with it!" exclaimed Hannah, bitterly, as the hitherto unsuspected fact of Ishmael's fatal love flashed upon her mind—"my blackest ban upon Brudnell Hall and all its hateful race! It was built for the ruin of me and mine! I was a fool—a weak, wicked fool—ever to have allowed Ishmael to enter its unlucky doom! My curse upon them!"

The boy threw up his hand with a gesture of deprecation.

"Don't! don't, Aunt Hannah! Every word you speak is a stab through my heart." And the sentence closed with a gasp and a sob, and he covered his face with his hands.

"What can I do for him?" said Hannah, appealing to Reuben.

"Nothing, my dear, but what you have done. Leave him alone to rest quietly. It is easy to see that he has been very much shaken, both in body and mind; and perfect rest is the only thing as will help him," answered Gray.

Ishmael's hands covered his quivering face; but they saw that his bosom was heaving convulsively. He seemed to be struggling valiantly to regain composure. Presently, as if ashamed of having betrayed his weakness, he uncovered his face and said, in a faltering and interrupted voice:

"Dear Aunt Hannah, I am so sorry that I have disturbed you; excuse me, and let me lie here for half-an-hour to recover myself. I do not wish to be self-indulgent; but I am exhausted. I ran all the way from Brudnell Hall to Baymouth to get—to see—to see—" His voice broke down with a sob, he covered his face with his hands, and shook as with an ague.

"Never mind, my dear, don't try to explain; lie as long as you wish, and sleep if you can," said Hannah.

But Ishmael looked up again, and with recovered calmness, said:

"I will rest for half-an-hour, Aunt Hannah."

"Sit down there, Reuben, and tell me about yourself, and where you have been living all this time," said Hannah, seating herself in her arm-chair, and pointing to another.

Reuben slowly took the seat, and carefully deposited his hat on the floor by his side.

"I am sorry I spoke so sharply to you about the lad, Reuben; it was a thankless return for all your kindness in taking care of him, and bringing him home; but indeed I am not thankless, Reuben; but I have grown to be a very cross old woman," she said.

"Have you, indeed, Hannah, my dear?" exclaimed Reuben, raising his eyebrows in sincere astonishment and some consternation.

"It appears to me that you might see that I have," replied Hannah, plainly.

"Well, no; it seems to me, my dear, you're the same as you always was, both as to looks and as to temper."

"I feel that I am very much changed. And so are you, Reuben! How grey your hair is!" she said, looking critically at her old admirer.

"Grey! I believe you! Ain't it, though?" exclaimed Reuben, smiling and running his horny fingers through his thinning locks.

"But you haven't told me all about yourself, yet;

where you have been living; how you have been getting along, and what brought you back to this part of the country," said Hannah, with an air of deep interest. "Why Hannah, my dear, didn't you know all how and about it?"

"No; I heard long ago, of course, that you had got a place with some rich gentleman, but that was all; I never even heard the name of the place or the master."

"Well, now, that beats all! Why, Hannah, woman, as soon as I got settled, I sat down and wrote you a letter, telling you all about it, and asked you, if ever you changed your mind about what—about the—about our affairs, you know—to drop me a line and I'd come and marry you and the child, right out of hand, and fetch both to my new home."

"I never got the letter."

"See that, now! Everything, even the post, goes to cross a feller's love! But Hannah, woman, if you had got the letter, would you have called me back?" asked Gray, eagerly.

"No, Reuben, certainly not," said Hannah, decidedly. "Then it is just as well you didn't get it," sighed this most faithful of suitors.

"Yes; just as well, Reuben;" assented Hannah; "but that fact does not lessen my interest in your fortunes, and as I never got the letter I am still ignorant of your circumstances."

"Well, Hannah, my dear, I'm thankful you feel any interest in me at all; and I'll tell you everything. Let me see, what was it you were wanting to know, now? All about myself; where I was living; how I was getting along; and what brought me back here;—all soon told, Hannah, my dear!—First about myself: You see, Hannah, that day you slammed the door in my face, I felt so distressed in my mind I didn't care what on earth became of me; first I thought I'd list for a soldier; then I thought I'd ship for a sailor; last I thought I'd go and seek my fortune in California; but then the idea of the girls having no protector but myself, hindered me; how's ever anyways I made up my mind, come what would I'd leave the neighbourhood, first opportunity; and so, soon after, as I heard of a situation at Judge Merlin's, up in the forest, I set off and walks up there, and offers myself for the place; and was so fortunate as to be taken; so I comes back and moves my family, bag and baggage, up there. Now as to the place where I live, it is called Tanglewood, and a tangle it is, getting more and more tangled every year of its life. As to how I'm getting on, Hannah, I can't complain; for if I have to do very hard work, I get very good wages. As to what brought me back to the neighbourhood, Hannah, it was to do some business, and to buy some stock for the farm. But there, my dear! that boy has slipped out, I'll go for him," said Reuben.

Hannah arose and followed Gray to the door, and there before it stood Ishmael, his cheeks flushed with fever and his eyes wild with excitement.

"Hannah, he is ill; he is very ill; see, he doesn't well know what he is about," said Reuben.

"Ishmael, Ishmael, my lad, come in; you are not well," said Hannah, anxiously.

Ishmael suffered Reuben to draw him into the house.

"I'll tell you what, the boy is out of his head, Hannah, and it's my belief he's a going to have a bad illness," said Reuben, as he guided Ishmael to the bed and laid him on it.

"Oh, Reuben! what shall we do?" exclaimed Hannah.

"I don't know, child! wait a bit and see."

They had not long to wait; in a few hours Ishmael was burning with fever and raving with delirium.

"This is going to be a bad job! I'll go and fetch a doctor," said Reuben Gray, hurrying away for the purpose.

Reuben's words proved true. It was a "bad job." Severe study, mental excitement, disappointment and distress had done their work upon his extremely sensitive organization, and Ishmael was prostrated by illness.

We will not linger over the gloomy days that followed. The village doctor brought by Reuben was as skilful as if he had been the fashionable physician of a large city, and as attentive as if his poor young patient had been a millionaire. Hannah devoted herself with almost motherly love to the suffering boy; and Reuben remained in the neighbourhood and came every day to fetch and carry. And Hannah was absolutely reduced to the necessity of accepting his affectionate services. Mr. Middleton, as soon as he heard of his favourite's illness, hurried to the cottage to inquire into Ishmael's condition, and to offer every assistance in his power to render; and he repeated his visits as often as the great pressure of his affairs permitted him to do. Ishmael's illness was long protracted; Mr. Middleton's orders to vacate Brudnell Hall on or before the 1st day of February were peremptory; and thus it followed that the whole family removed from the neighbourhood before Ishmael was in a condition to bid them farewell.

The day previous to their departure, however, Mr. and Mrs. Middleton, with Walter and Beatrice, came to take leave of him. As Mrs. Middleton stooped over

the unconscious youth, her tears fell fast and warm upon his face, so that in his fever-dream he murmured:

"Claudia, it is beginning to rain, let us go in."

At this Beatrice burst into a flood of tears and was led away to the carriage by her father.

After the departure of the Middletons it was currently reported in the neighbourhood that the arrival of Mr. Herman Brudnell was daily expected. Hannah became very much disturbed with an anxiety that was all the more wearing because she could not communicate it to any one. The idea of remaining in the neighbourhood with Mr. Brudnell, and being subjected to the chance of meeting him, was insupportable to her; she would have been glad of any happy event that might take her off to a distant part of the country, and she resolved, in the event of poor Ishmael's death, to go and seek a home and service somewhere else. Reuben Gray stood on; and in answer to all Hannah's remonstrances, he said:

"It is of no use talking to me now, Hannah. You can't do without me, woman; and I mean to stop until the poor lad gets well or dies."

But our boy was not doomed to die; the indestructible vitality, the irrepressible elasticity of his delicate and sensitive organization, bore him through and above his terrible illness, and he passed the crisis safely and lived. After the turning-point his recovery was rapid. It was a mild, dry mid-day in early spring that Ishmael walked out for the first time. He bent his steps to the old oak-tree that overshadowed his mother's grave, and seated himself there to enjoy the fresh air while he reflected.

Ishmael took himself severely to task for what he called the blindness, the weakness and the folly with which he had permitted himself to fall into a hopeless, mad, and nearly fatal passion, for one placed so high above him that indeed he might as well have loved some "bright particular star," and hoped to win it. And here, on the sacred turf of his mother's grave, he resolved once for all to conquer this boyish passion by devoting himself to the serious business of life.

Hannah and Reuben were left alone in the cottage.

"Now, Reuben Gray," began Hannah, "no tongue can tell how much I feel your goodness to me and Ishmael; but, my good man, you mustn't stay in this neighbourhood any longer; Ishmael is well and does not need you; and your employer's affairs are neglected and do need you. So, Reuben, my friend, you had better start home as soon as possible."

"Well, Hannah, my dear, I think so too, and I have thought so for the last week, only I did not like to hurry you," said Reuben, acquiescently.

"Didn't like to hurry me, Reuben? how hurry me? I don't know what you mean," said Hannah, raising her eyes in astonishment.

"Why, I didn't know as you'd like to get ready so soon; or, indeed, whether the lad was able to bear the journey yet," said Reuben, calmly and reflectively.

"Reuben, I haven't the least idea of your meaning."

"Why, law, Hannah, my dear, it seems to me it is plain enough; no woman likes to be hurried at such times, and I thought you wouldn't like to be neither; I thought you would like a little time to get up some littleinery; and also the boy would be the better for more rest before taking of a long journey; but how's ever, Hannah, if you don't think all these delays necessary, why I wouldn't be the man to be a making of them. Because, to tell you the truth, considering the shortness of life, I think the delays have been long enough; and considering our age, I think we have precious little time to lose. I'm fifty-one years of age, Hannah; and you getting on smart towards forty-four; and if we ever mean to marry in this world, I think it is about time, my dear."

"Reuben Gray, is that what you mean?"

"Certainly, Hannah! You didn't think I was going away again without you, did you now?"

"And so that was what you meant, was it?"

"That was what I meant, and that was what I still mean, Hannah, my dear."

"Then you must be a natural fool!" burst forth Hannah.

"Now stop that, my dear! 'taint a bit of use; all them hard words might have fooled me years and years ago, when you kept me at such a distance that I had no chance of reading your nature; but they can't fool me now, as I have been six weeks in constant service here, Hannah, and observing you close. Once they might have made me think you hated me; but now nothing you can say will make me believe but you like old Reuben to-day just as well as you liked young Reuben that day we first fell in love with one another at the harvest home. And as for me, Hannah, the Lord knows I have never changed towards you. We always liked each other, Hannah, and we like each other still. So don't try to deceive yourself about it, for you can't deceive me!"

"Reuben Gray, why do you talk so to me?"

"Because it is right, dear."

"I gave you your answer years ago."

"I know you did, Hannah; because there was certain circumstances, as you chose to elevate into obstacles against our marriage; but now, Hannah, all these obstacles are removed. Nancy and Peggy married years ago. And little Kitty married and left me last summer. She and her husband have gone to California; where, they do tell me, that lumps of pure gold lay about the ground as plenty as stones do round here. Anyways, they've all gone! all the little sisters as I have worked for, and cared for, and saved for—all gone, and left me alone in my old age."

"That was very ungrateful, and selfish, and cruel of them, Reuben! They should have taken you with them! At least little Kitty and her husband should have done so," said Hannah, with more feeling than she had yet betrayed.

"Law, Hannah, why, little Kitty and her husband couldn't! Why, child, it takes mints and mints of money to pay for a passage out yonder to California! and it takes months to help the voyage. I had to gather up all my savings to help 'em to pay their own passage."

"Poor Reuben!" said Hannah, with the tears springing to her eyes.

"Thank you, thank you, dear; but I shall not be poor Reuben if you will be mine," whispered Gray.

"Reuben, dear, I would—indeed I would—if I were still young and good-looking; but I am not so, dear Reuben; I am middle-aged and plain."

"Well, Hannah, old sweetheart, while you have been growing older, have I been going backwards and growing younger? One would think so to hear you talk. No, Hannah! I think there is just about the same difference in our ages now as there was years ago. It is the fitness of our ages and circumstances, as well as our long attachment, that gives me the courage to ask you even at this late day, old friend, to come and cheer my lonely home. Will you do so, Hannah?"

"Reuben, do you really think that I could make you any happier than you are, or make your home any more comfortable than it is?" asked Hannah, in a low, doubting voice.

"Certain, my dear."

"But, Reuben, I am not good-tempered like I used to be; I am very often cross, and—"

"That is because you have been all alone, with no one to care for you, Hannah, my dear. You couldn't be cross with me to love you," said Reuben, soothingly.

"But, indeed, I fear I should; it is my infirmity; I am cross even with Ishmael, poor dear lad."

"Well, Hannah, even if you was to be, I shouldn't mind it much. I don't want to boast, but I do hope I've got too much manhood to be out of patience with women; besides, I ain't easy put out, you know."

"No, I never saw you out of temper in my life."

"Thank you, Hannah! Then it's a bargain?"

"But, Reuben, about Ishmael?"

"Lord bless you, Hannah; why I told you years ago, when the lad was a helpless baby, that he should be as welcome to me as a son of my own; and now, Hannah, at his age, with his learnin', he'll be a perfect treasure to me," said Reuben, brightening up.

"In what manner, Reuben?"

"Why, law, Hannah, you know I never could make any list of reading, writing, and 'rithmetic; and so the keeping of the farm-books is just the one great torment of my life. Little Kitty used to keep them for me before she was married (you know I managed to give the child a bit of schooling); but since she have been gone they haven't been half kept, and if I hadn't a good memory of my own I shouldn't be able to give no account of nothing. Now, Ishmael, you know, could put all the books to rights for me and keep them to rights."

"If that be so, it will relieve my mind very much, Reuben," replied Hannah.

The appearance of Ishmael's pale face at the door put an end to the conversation for the time being. And Reuben took up his hat and departed.

That evening, after Reuben had bid them good night, and departed to the neighbour's house where he slept, Hannah told Ishmael all about her engagement to Gray. And it was with the utmost astonishment the youth learned they were all to go to reside on a farm belonging to Claudia's father! Well! to live so near her house would make his duty to conquer his passion only the more difficult, but he was still resolved to effect his purpose.

Having once given her consent, Hannah would not compromise Reuben's interest with his employer by making any more difficulties or delays. She spent the remainder of that week in packing up the few effects belonging to herself and Ishmael. The boy himself employed his time in transplanting rose-bushes from the cottage-garden to his mother's grave, and fencing it round with a rude but substantial paling. On the following Monday morning Reuben and Hannah were married at the church; and set out for their new home.

Early on Monday morning Ishmael arose and went out to take leave of his mother's grave; and kneeling

there, he silently renewed his vow to rescue her, name from reproach and give to it honour.

Then he returned and joined the travelling party. Before the cottage door stood Reuben's light wagon, in which were packed the trunks with their wearing apparel, the hamper with their luncheon, and all the light effects, which required care. Into this Gray placed Hannah and Ishmael, taking the driver's seat himself.

The Professor of Old Jebb stood in the door of the cottage, with his hat in his hand, waving adieu to the departing travellers. The professor had come by appointment to see them off and take the key of the cottage to the Hall.

The sun was just rising above the heights of Brudenell Hall and flooding all the vale with light. The season was very forward, and, although the month was April, the weather was like that of May. The sky was of that clear, soft, bright blue of early spring; the sun shone with dazzling splendour; the new grass was springing everywhere, and was enamelled with early violets and snowdrops; the woods were budding with the tender green of young vegetation. Distant sunny hills, covered with apple or peach trees all in blossom, looked like vast gardens of damoth red and white rose-trees.

Even to the aged, spring brings renewal of life; but to the young—not even poets have words at command to tell what exhilaration, what ecstatic rapture, it brings to the young, who are also sensitive and sympathetic.

Ishmael was all this; his delicate organization was susceptible of intense enjoyment or suffering. He had never in his life been five miles from his native place; he had just risen from a sick bed as from a grave; he was going to penetrate a little beyond his native round of hills, and see what was on the other side; the morning was young, the season was early, the world was fresh; this day seemed a new birth to Ishmael; this journey a new start in life; he intensely enjoyed it all; to him all was delightful; the ride through the beautiful, green, blossoming woods; the glimpses of the blue sky through the quivering upper leaves; the shining of the sun; the singing of the birds; the fragrance of the flowers!

To him the waving trees seemed bending in worship, the birds trilling hymns of joy; and the flowers waiting offerings of incense! There are times and places when this earth seems Heaven and all nature worships. Ishmael was divinely happy; even the lost image of Claudia, reappeared now surrounded with a halo of hope, for to-day aspirations indeed seemed prophecies, will seemed power, and all things possible. And not on Ishmael alone beamed the blessed influence of the spring weather. Even Hannah's careworn face was softened into contentment and enjoyment.

Onward they journeyed at their leisure through all that glad morning landscape.

At noon they stopped at a cool spring in the woods, and while they fed and watered the horses, they rested and refreshed themselves with a substantial luncheon, and then they all returned to their seats and recommenced their journey.

On and on they journeyed through the afternoon; deeper and deeper they descended into the forest as the sun declined in the west. When it was on the edge of the horizon, striking long golden lines through the interstices of the woods, Hannah grew rather anxious, and she spoke up:

"It seems to me, Reuben, that we have come ten miles since we saw a house or a farm."

"Yes, my dear. We are now in the midst of the forest, and our home is yet above five miles off. But don't be afraid, Hannah, woman; you have got me with you, and we will get home before midnight."

"I don't know; they murdered a harmless pedler last winter, and attacked a peaceable teamster this spring."

"Still, my dear, there is no danger; we have a pair of double-barrelled pistols loaded, and also a blunderbuss; and we are three, so don't be afraid."

Hannah was silenced, if not reassured.

They journeyed on at a rate as fast as the rather tired horses could be urged to make. When the sun had set it grew dark, very dark in the forest. There was no moon; and although it was a clear, star-light night, yet that did not help them much. They had to drive very slowly and carefully to avoid accidents, and it was indeed midnight when they drove up to the door of Hannah's new home. It was too dark to see more of it than that it was a two-storied white cottage with a vine-clad porch, and that it stood in a garden on the edge of the wood.

(To be continued.)

THE DEEN OF CARLISLE is very severe on horse-racing, and in a sermon preached in Carlisle recently, Dean Close uttered the following rather immoderate and uncalculated for language: "He would lift up his voice with earnestness, with affection and solemnity, warning all his brethren against the necessary, inevitable profligacy and abandonment of the races. He cared not who sup-

ported racing or advocated it; he knew it to be from the crown of its head to the sole of its foot nothing but immoral rottenness based upon gambling, encouraging drunkenness, lewdness, abandonment, profaneness, swearing, and cursing. There was no single vice they could mention on the face of the earth that does not grow on the race-course as in a swamp of wickedness nurturing everything evil. He did not say that every one who goes there is naturally wicked, but he said that every man, woman, or maiden who lends the smallest help to the practices of the English race-course lends interest and support, whether knowingly or unknowingly, to a flood of ungodliness which desolates the land, and therefore he warned parents against allowing their children to go there. He believed if the city were polled there would be a vast majority of persons who would be glad to see this nuisance swept away."

#### I KNOW THY HEART REMEMBERS ME.

I know thy heart remembers me,  
In all its pain and pleasure—  
And oft my own goes back to thee,  
Its last and dearest treasure;  
'Tis mine to gaze on stormy seas,  
And view the wreck of glory there—  
And thine to feel Life's morning breeze,  
Unmixed with all its chill despair.  
I sometimes call the world my home—  
The world which hath bereft me—  
And dream, awhile, that joys will come,  
As bright as those that left me;  
And then, some wounded bird will stray  
From memory's track of withered flowers,  
To flutter o'er my future way,  
And sing the dirge of holier hours.  
The day which died on yonder height  
Shall live again to-morrow,  
But when the heart goes down at night,  
It finds no mora from sorrow;  
The frown of night, the smile of dawn,  
Will vainly gild, or gloom the sky,  
'Tis always night, now thou art gone—  
'Twas ever day when thou wert by.  
Thou mayst not feel that I have loved,  
As man no more may love thee,  
Until the vows of men have proved  
Vain as the clouds above thee;  
But down the burial vale of years,  
My words will rise, with memories rife,  
Like grave-stones, wet with useless tears,  
Which cannot bring the dead to life.

J. G. C.

#### THE WILL AND THE WAY.

By J. F. SMITH, Esq.

Author of "The Jewit," "The Pretate," "Minnigreg," &c.

#### CHAPTER CXXVI.

Truth needs no disguise; its noblest garb  
Is its own nakedness.

Old Play.

SOON after the arrival of Henry Ashton and Joe Beans at Carrow, it became generally known, from the orders given, that the widowed Lady Mowbray was about to take up her abode once more at the abbey—where Mrs. Jarmy, Nicholls, the butler, and such of the old servants as could be collected, removed, to make the necessary preparations for her reception. Previous to the departure of our hero for London, both himself and the worthy rector had taken care to make the story of the cruel deceit which Captain Lucas had practised upon her generally known: so that an unusual degree of sympathy was excited in her favour.

When Martin heard of it, the old man nodded and smiled.

"I saw it all in my dreams!" he muttered; "and it has come true! The rest will follow!"

When asked what he meant by "the rest," he shook his head, and relapsed into silence. Leaning on the arm of Joe, he found his way to his favourite place in the stables to meditate upon the past, and speculate, perhaps, upon the future—for he was much given to speculation in his way. Most of the servants considered his words as the outbreak of the childish state into which they imagined, from his general taciturnity, he had fallen; but they were deceived. The old man's memory was fresher as ever—a fact of which he gradually convinced them, by reminding Mrs. Jarmy, who superintended the arranging of Lady Mowbray's chamber and dressing-room herself, where certain articles of furniture had formerly stood, and what flowers her unhappy mistress had loved the best.

Farmer Ashton was not the first husband who had experienced the impossibility of keeping a secret from his wife. If the good dame was not as clever, she was quite as curious as the youngest and prettiest of her sex. It was not long, therefore, before—partly by wheedling, partly by sulking, putting this and that together, and

practising those allowable arts which it is the peculiar privilege of wives to exercise—she extracted from her husband the avowal that the Khan was no other than his long-absent brother.

"Then he be Harry's father?" she observed, as her mind grasped the full importance of the admission.

"Of course he is, wife!" was the rejoinder.

Here her affection took the alarm, and she eagerly demanded if he wanted to seduce her boy—for so she invariably called our hero—into "furrin' parts"; adding, with a sigh, that she had trusted he had seen enough of them.

"I should think not!" replied the farmer, after some deliberation; especially as all be straight forwards new between him and Miss Ellen. Besides, Harry doesn't know it yet!"

"Not know that the Khan, as you call him, is his father?" repeated the astonished dame.

"No!"

"Well—well!"

These words, with the farmer's wife expressed that *se plus ultra* of astonishment, when language—a gift she was by no means deficient in—fell short of the vastness of her impressions.

"But thee intends to tell him?" she gasped at last.

The farmer shook his head, and muttered something about having promised his brother to conceal the tie between him and our hero for the present.

"But I have not promised!" exclaimed the dame, with honest indignation—for her woman's heart, true to the natural instinct of her sex, revolted at such unnatural conduct. "Is he ashamed of the boy?" she demanded, with increased vehemence. "Oh, Matthew—Matthew! would that he were ours!"

"Would he were!" ejaculated the farmer. "Not that we could love him better!"

It was not without considerable wheedling and tact that the worthy man succeeded in persuading his better half to promise to conceal from his brother that he had betrayed his secret. Even then she gave, but a half consent.

"And poor Harry, too!" added her husband.

"Heaven knows when we shall see Harry again!" answered his wife, warmly.

The affectionate woman knew her own heart too well to promise that. With this implied understanding, her husband was forced to appear content.

Some persons affect to despise tact. Is it not frequently because they lack the perception to use it? Tact is but the art of making the best possible use of circumstances. It is a sort of moral palliative for the disagreements of life, which, like the wheels of a machine, move all the easier for being greased.

With the exception of a few very slight hints, glances, and now and then a muttered word or two, and a knowing toss of the head—which, had not the mind of the Khan been pre-occupied, he must have noticed—the good dame kept her word, till an event occurred which upset all her resolution and promises. This was nothing less than the return of Henry from London. He had left the companion of his journey, Joe Beans, at the rectory, to impart the news to the housekeeper and servants.

The two brothers and Mrs. Ashton were seated at supper when our hero unexpectedly entered the room. At the sound of his well-known footstep in the passage, his aunt bounded from her chair. The next instant her arms were round the neck of her favourite.

"Welcome home, my dear boy!" she cried; "welcome home! Somehow it don't seem home without thee! Here be farmer, and—"

"Dame—dame!" interrupted her husband, in an imploring tone.

"And thee father, too, to welcome thee!" she continued, pointing at the same time to the Khan. "And now the murder's out! It be no use, Matthew!" she added, in answer to the reproachful look of the old man, and the mortified surprise of the Khan; "I can't help it; it wor in my heart, and found the way to my tongue despite of me!"

Scarcely had she uttered the words, than the painful emotion upon the countenance of her nephew made her bitterly regret her precipitancy.

"That man my father?" he said.

"Yes, Philip Ashton, from *Ingia*—farmer's brother!"

"And he denied me!" exclaimed the young man, bitterly; "denied me, when my heart sprang with confidence and affection towards him! God!" he added, what have I done? What is the stain upon my heart and name, that my own father should refuse to acknowledge me?"

Without one word of greeting, or extending of the hand, the young man sank upon a seat. His pride, self-respect, and feelings were too deeply wounded.

"Harry—Harry!" exclaimed the dame, "he will own thee now—be proud of thee—love thee as farmer and I do!"

This last assertion she conscientiously believed to be impossible. Yet she made it in the hope of soothing the agitation of her favourite.

For a few moments the Khan appeared equally surprised and embarrassed. Gradually, however, he re-

covered his self-possession. He was one of those calm, reflective beings, with whom to will was to perform. He saw that the difficulty he had foreseen, and sought to avoid, had arrived: it found him prepared to meet it.

"Matthew," he said, turning to his brother, "you had better leave me alone with my nephew."  
"Nephew!" exclaimed the good dame, indignantly; "why not say your son? It is a much kinder word."

"And take your wife with you."  
"I shan't go!" continued his sister-in-law, firmly.  
Henry rose from his seat, his countenance still pale, but resolute. "Leave us, dear aunt!" he said; "it is better, perhaps, for both our sakes, that my father and I should converse without witnesses."

Had he asked her for her heart's pulse, she could not have refused it. Taking the arm of her husband, she slowly and reluctantly left the room.

For some moments the Khan and Henry Ashton remained gazing on each other in silence. The former was the first to break it.

"How often," he observed, "are the best-considered resolutions broken in an instant, and how unjust is man in estimating the actions of his fellow-creatures! I would have spared you much pain and annoyance. To do this, I have repressed the strong impulse of my heart—its natural desires and affections—till the moment had arrived in which I could explain everything. The imprudent confidence of my brother, and the loquacity of his wife, have forestalled both time and the event."

"I do not understand you, sir!" said Henry Ashton, proudly; "when first we met—after I had been fortunate enough to save you from the murderous attack of that wretched ruffian, the warren—your distinctly told me that you were not my father?"

"I did!"  
"And now—"  
He could not proceed. He could not tell the author of his being how indignant he felt that the first meeting between them should have been branded by a lie—a heartless, unnecessary lie! In his reveries he had fondly imagined his father as a man whom he could both love and honour—a hardy soldier, who had fought his way to fortune, courted death at the cannon's mouth—frank, open-hearted, and sincere.

"Spare me!" he said. "I would not insult you!"  
"Or doubt me?"

The youth remained silent.  
"Is it for you," said the speaker, drawing his tall form to its full height, "to reverse the order of nature—for the child to question and judge the parent? Whatever the motive for the concealment—the deceit, falsehood, if you will—that I have practised, you at least are bound to respect it!"

"To respect falsehood! Never, sir!"  
"Not falsehood—but your father!" replied the Khan; "do you know all that word implies—the claim it gives to your obedience—the anxious thoughts—the struggle with the world—the desire to enhance a name, that a son may bear it—the yearning of the heart for the future which must dawn at last? Look upon me!"

He added, in a tone of still deeper feeling; "tall and suffering have traced many a furrow upon my brow, but you will not find dishonour there! The hour will come—and I speak it fearfully—when, had you the choice of the noblest in England for a father, you would select the one, ungrateful boy, which nature has given you!"

Henry Ashton was astonished. Instead of seeing his parent humbled and abashed at having been detected in a falsehood, as he imagined he would be, he suddenly assumed the character of an accuser. For the first time in his life he was subdued.

"You judge me harshly, sir!" he said; "place yourself in my position. It had been the hope—the dream of my life—one day of embracing my father, the only parent left me!"

"Well, sir?"

"To find myself denied—disowned!"

"There were reasons, Henry!"

"To the world, but not to me—not to your own heart!" exclaimed the young man, deeply moved, "if it had ever loved! The cold, heartless letter—the only one I ever received from you—commanding my departure for India, at the very moment, too, you had returned to England!"

"It was necessary for your safety," replied the Khan, slightly moved; "had I known the temper of your mind, its qualities, and strength, I should have written differently."

"And whose was the fault you did not?"

"Mine!" answered the renegade, frankly; "and yet you have been the object of many a painful thought—of many a prayer! Often on the battle field, or in the wild jungle, when death and pestilence have scattered their victims round me, I have wished my life preserved for no other motive than for you! But enough of this!"

He added; "it is time to end an interview painful to us both. I must reflect how best to explain that which at present appears inexplicable. Good-night! In the morning we shall be more composed. One sting, at least, I can remove from your heart, in the assurance that, even to himself, Henry Ashton will never have

cause to blush at the motives and conduct of his father!"

Convinced even against his reason, that the promise thus solemnly made would one day be fulfilled, our hero would have embraced him, but the Khan gently repelled his advance; and contented himself by shaking him warmly by the hand.

"Not yet!" he said, with a smile; "wait till all is clear!"

With these words he quitted the room, leaving the young man a prey to emotions too complicated to be analysed—to thoughts too evanescent to be retained.

When the inmates of the Home Farm assembled at breakfast on the following morning, the Khan had disappeared. Henry sought him everywhere in the neighbourhood—but in vain. It was long ere he returned to Carrow.

## CHAPTER XXXVII

Sing not of home—the words recall  
Hopes buried in a lonely grave;  
Bring back to wounded memory all  
Time hath bereft, or love ere gave.

Italy, by the Author.

THE day fixed for the return of the long-exiled wife of Sir William Mowbray to the home of her short-lived wedded happiness at last arrived. The setting sun was shining brightly upon the ivy-mantled walls of the old abbey, as the carriages rolled along the newly-gravelled road in the park, through crowds of respectful tenantry and villagers. There were neither shouts nor waving of handkerchiefs. The long-slender lady was welcomed to the halls of her murdered husband with a silent sympathy which expressed more than words—which are too frequently lip-homage—not the language of the heart.

When the carriage drew up to the porch, where Mrs. Jarmy, old Martin, and the rest of the servants were waiting to receive her, the emotion which Lady Mowbray had hitherto successfully repressed, burst forth when she recognized the well-remembered features of Jarmy and old Martin, scarcely changed since the day she first arrived at Carrow, a happy, blooming bride; the memories of the past crowded upon her brain, resolution gave way, nature asserted its supremacy, and she wept bitterly.

Henry Ashton received her half-fainting into his arms, and supported rather than led her to the drawing-room, where he resigned her to the care of Ellen and the Duchess of Devonshire, who, throughout her recent sufferings and trials, had proved herself a sympathising friend.

"Thank Heaven!" said Dr. Orme, as he shook our hero warmly by the hand, "she has arrived and borne the shock of revisiting the home of her early love and sorrow better than I expected!"

"Did you observe," asked Henry, "how she shuddered as I bore her past the library door?"

"I did," said the rector with a sigh at the recollection of the sad fate of his murdered friend. "Her grace has imparted everything to her!"

"Everything?"  
"Yes; we judged it best. An incautious word—the imprudence of servants—their involuntary terror on passing the fatal apartment, might suddenly have revealed it to her! In my observations of life, Harry," he continued, "I have observed that great shocks seldom kill—it is the petty, repeated ones which wear out the heart and mind!"

His former pupil turned aside to hide the emotion he felt at his observation.

"What is the matter with you?" continued the old man, kindly; "at your age—the world opening brightly before you—your heart should be all sunshine, cheerful as your fortunes!"

Taking the arm of the speaker, our hero led him towards the lawn, and related the discovery of his long-absent father, in the person of the Khan—the conversation between them—the tone he had assumed, and his sudden disappearance from the farm; adding, how deeply his singular conduct had pained him.

Respect if not affection kept him silent on the subject of the solemn denial he had previously made of any such tie existing between them: even to the rector he could not reconcile his mind to utter a word dishonouring to his parent.

"Strange!" said Dr. Orme, musingly; "there can be no reason for such concealment, unless—"

He paused, fearful of unnecessarily wounding his feelings.

"Unless," repeated Henry, finishing the sentence for him, "he had acted like a worthless seducer to my mother: it is the fear which haunts me—sits like a nightmare on my soul—broods over my sleepless pillow! As for the adventurous advantage of birth, I value it as little as any man; but can I—ought I to ask Ellen to share the fate of one who perhaps has not even a name to give her?"

Seldom had his friend seen our hero yield so completely to vague forebodings. It was evident that his imagination had dwelt so long and intently on the sup-

position of his illegitimacy, that he considered it a reality.

"But you have a heart, my dear boy!" replied Dr. Orme, soothingly, "and that is all Ellen cares for!"

"If I have a heart!" exclaimed the young man, sorrowfully, "what must it endure to see the generous, high-born girl who has blest me with her love, humbled in the world—degraded, perhaps, in the eyes of society, on my account? It would break—break!"

"You consider this matter too seriously," said the rector, uneasily. "From the little I have seen, and your description of your father, he does not appear to have been the heartless being you suppose. Have you never questioned the farmer and his wife upon the subject?"

"Frequently."

"What say they?"

"They know as little of the name and station of my mother as myself!" answered the youth with bitterness; "my life, he added, 'is a mysterious problem—its solution degradation and misery!'"

"Nothing of the kind!" exclaimed the rector, more and more alarmed at the distress of the speaker; "your father may have married above his rank—far more likely than below it. Rely upon it, Harry, had you been merely the child of chance, he never would have consigned you to the care of his brother—inspired his honest roof by introducing such an inmate as his nephew. I am disposed to think that he has other and better reasons for his apparently unnatural conduct. Leave it to time," he continued, "which has solved more mysteries than yours; in the meanwhile hope!"

Without permitting him to resume the subject, the speaker led his adopted son towards the house, where he passed one of those sunny hours which, like the oasis, mark life's desert, in the society of Ellen.

There is a magic in the eyes of woman, especially when they beam upon us with affection. As the warm rays of the sun exhale the noxious vapours from the earth, so will the smile of woman disperse the mist of care, cleansing the oppressed heart of that poisonous stuff whereof

Cares and anxious dreams, which haunt

The restless pillow and the waking hour

in youth and age alike composed.

From that hour Henry Ashton forgot his sorrow, and was happy. Those who, like the hero of our tale, have loved, alone can tell how happy.

The return of Lady Mowbray to Carrow Abbey was followed by the silent dispersion of the tenantry; there were no bonfires, no rejoicings; all felt that such demonstrations would afford pain rather than gratification to the unhappy widow, whose wounded heart shrank even at the approach of pity.

Amongst the rest, Joe Beans, after taking a farewell of Susan, who remained to attend upon her young mistress, was making his way through the park, meditating most probably on matrimony, and the farm which the rector and Henry had both promised him, when the skirts of his best coat, which he had donned for the occasion, were pulled with a violent jerk; the young man turned somewhat sharply, and recognized his little protégé, Red Ralph, who, since the execution of the warren, had fallen somewhat into disfavour—Joe not approving of the unseemly joy he had displayed on the occasion.

"Well, Ralph," he said, "what brings thee here?"

"Partly to see thee, Mister Beans," replied the lad, "and partly to see the fun—Master Harry, parson, and ladies. There be no harm in that, I s'pose—there were no hanging; but thee best angry w' I; but I knowed no better."

"No better, Ralph?" said Joe, seriously.

"No; I woe never taught better! How should I a' knowed it woe wrong to see old man hanged? After all, it woe'n't so pleasant!"

There was a truth in the poor lad's defence which his patron felt; although, to make an impression on the mind of the speaker, he did not for the moment choose to acknowledge it. He had never been taught better. How many an unfortunate, arraigned at the bar of justice for some outrage to the laws of honesty, might retort the same words upon that society which accused and punished him.

Why spend so much upon prisons, when school-houses are not only cheaper, but far more effectual for the prevention of crime? The schoolmaster is a better instructor than the gaoler.

"You must go to school, Ralph!" said the young man, in a kinder tone.

"Ees! I should like that!"

"I'll get Master Harry to speak to the farmer, to spare you an evening. I am no great scholar myself; but thank God I can read and write!"

"Can 'ee, though?" exclaimed the boy, with a stare of admiration.

"Ay, and cipher, too!" added Joe. And you, if you choose to be industrious, may soon do the same!"

Ralph cut one of those extraordinary capers—something between the *pirouette* of a French dancer and the gyration of a dervise—his usual mode of expressing satisfaction.

"These beast mortal kind to I!" he said. "And if there be anything I can do, only tell I! Hang it, I'd shoot any one that did thee harm, Mister Beans, and shink nought on it!"

"Be attentive and honest," replied Joe, with a smile at the exuberant gratitude of the lad; "and any little good I can do for you, Ralph, will be repaid! You must leave me now," he added, "for I have a great deal upon my mind, and —"

"I know—I know!" interrupted the boy, with a grin.

"You know?"

"Ees! These beast thinking o' Susan! I heard farmer tell dame thee wor to marry her, and Master Harry gi' thee a farm! I wish somebody would gi' I a farm," he added; "wor it no bigger than Remnant's field at Mortlake!"

"All in good time, Ralph!" said Joe, laughingly. "Stranger things than that may happen! Good-night!"

And so they separated: Joe Beans towards the rectory, and the red-haired urchin through the wood, a short-cut to the farm, where he had been employed, ever since his arrival at Carrow, by Farmer Ashton.

Red Ralph continued his route, whistling and occasionally muttering to himself, more like some elf-begotten sprite than a Christian lad, till he approached the deep, secluded dell in which the hut or cottage formerly inhabited by his old enemy, Will Sidelers, was situated. Ever since the execution of the murderer, it had been regarded with a superstitious terror by the country people and farm-labourers; the old women of the village even went so far as to say that it was haunted.

Now, though Ralph, as we have seen, during his residence at Mortlake, was anything but superstitious, still, somehow or other, since the death of the warren, he did not feel quite so courageous as formerly. As he approached the spot, his whistle gradually subsided into a sort of humming sound, produced by impelling the breath between the teeth; and more than once he started at the rustling of the fox or wild cat stealing like a thief through the furze and brushwood.

"Dang it!" he said, pausing and looking round him; "it be almost dark! I have a good mind to go back!"

He advanced slowly for a few paces.

"They'd laugh at I at farm! No, I mun go on!"

The boy, who had spent much of his time in the woods and fields, and had been concerned, on more than one occasion, in poaching excursions in the halloved precincts of Richmond Park, possessed an eye and ear almost as acute as a young Indian's. Under the influence if not of positive terror, at least of alarm, he began to exercise them, avoiding, involuntarily as it were, each clump of tree or brushwood in his path, behind which any evil-disposed marauder might conceal himself; by this time his whistling had entirely ceased.

In this frame of mind he reached, at last, the little open sward in front of the hut. To his astonishment, he noticed a stream of red light passing through the windows. At first he thought it was the reflection of the sunset in the glass; but the window was due east, and Ralph was sufficiently an observer of nature to know that the sun never set in that direction—"at least," as he afterwards used to say, when relating his adventure, "I know'd that it never did at Mortlake!"

All the strange reports which he had previously heard and laughed at, touching the hut being haunted by the spirit of Will Sidelers, came crowding on his mind. After the stare of astonishment which the conviction that the light came from the inside of the cottage, instead of being refracted from the casement, had subsided, his first impulse was to fall flat on his face, and creep, like a wild animal, under the brushwood. He did not feel himself in security till safely sheltered there.

What the stable was to old Martin, a hole in the hedge, or a nook in some furze-bush, appeared to Red Ralph—the best place in the world for counsel or meditation. Even when a boy, he could always collect his thoughts, or devour the fruit he had pilfered, with greater satisfaction there. On such occasions, he did not like to be intruded upon.

"What can it be?" he mentally asked himself. "I heard steward tell farmer, only this mornin', that hut wor a comin' down! Nobody would live in it. Somebody, though," he added, "does live in it! Mayhap, only poachers; mayhap, summut worse!"

Ralph had great faith in a stick. His first care, therefore, was to choose a stout young sapling, which he cut and trimmed till he had obtained an excellent cudgel—which there is little doubt, he would have the firmness to use, if assaulted—for there was an instinctive combativeness in his nature, very like that which is observed in young terriers in their stage of puppyhood. Most puppies merely bark—they do not bite!

"If it be'n't a ghost," muttered the boy, passing the stick critically between his finger and thumb, "I don't so much care! I be'n't afraid of real flesh and blood like myself; but I shouldn't wish to see 't old man wi'

a cotton nightcap over his face, his legs a *striggling* and a *striggling*—ugh!"

A shudder and an involuntary expression of disgust at the recollection of the scene he had witnessed, came over him.

Armed with his cudgel and resolution, Ralph ventured to creep from his hiding-place to an oak-tree, whose gnarled branches overshadowed the road, and nearly reached the roof of the warren's hut. Cautiously climbing the trunk, he placed himself astride one of the branches, and gradually advanced till he found himself in a position to perceive whatever was taking place in the interior of the cottage, from whose window the light continued to stream with a still redder glare.

A cheerful fire was burning upon the hearth, and an iron kettle or pot swinging over it. Upon the table in the centre of the room was a plate, together with a loaf of bread and a bottle. But what most excited the boy's attention was a small black box, with bright silver clasps to it. He felt assured that he had seen it before, although he could not remember where.

"They be'n't no ghosts," thought Ralph; "but poachers! What a fool I wor!"

Satisfied that the conclusion he had come to was the correct one, he would have descended from the tree and pursued his way towards the farm, had not a vague curiosity restrained him. He fancied that he should like to see the person for whom such preparation was being made.

"Some brave chap, no doubt," he muttered; "and fond o' a bit o' sport! So be I: mayhap we shall agree together."

Still the black box with the silver clasps excited his attention; he could not remove his eyes from it. It appeared to possess a species of fascination for him. He felt both curious and provoked: curious as to its contents, and annoyed at himself for not recollecting where he had seen it before.

To all appearance the hut was tenanted, and the occasion was very tempting. Ralph gradually went backwards along the arm of the oak, till he reached the trunk, down which he carefully slid, carrying his stick between his teeth during the operation.

"I will see, I be determined!" he said; "if they catch they can't hang I! I *ar'n't* a thief!"

The curious urchin approached the door with the firm resolution of entering the cottage by the window, in the event of finding it locked. With a caution which the most experienced housebreaker might have envied, he placed his hand upon the latch, and pushed once or twice gently; finding that it resisted his efforts, at last firmly.

He was puzzled—there was no lock that he could see, to the door, and yet he could not open it: the natural inference was, that it was barred on the *inside*: if so, some one must be there. The discovery made him cautious.

"It be a rum go!" he mentally observed. "I can't see any one, and there be only one room in 't place!"

His next attempt was at the window, where a terrible surprise awaited him—a surprise which, from being a half-sceptic in ghost stories, transformed him at once into a true believer. Standing with his back to the fire was the warren; he could not be deceived—it was his *dress*, his tall, gaunt figure, hat, and giber.

The red hair of the urchin began to rise and fall as life were in it; fortunately his terror was too great for words or exclamation. He dropped from the window-sill, and fell senseless upon the sward.

(To be continued.)

#### WONDERFUL LEAVES.

ALMOST everybody has heard of the wonderful walking leaves of Australia. For a long time after the discovery of that country, many people really believed that the leaves of a certain tree which flourishes there could walk about the ground. The story arose in this way: Some English sailors landed upon the coast one day, and after rambling about until they were tired, they sat down under a tree to rest themselves. A puff of wind came along and blew off a shower of leaves, which, after turning over and over in the air, as leaves generally do, finally rested on the ground. As it was midsummer, and everything appeared quite green, the circumstance puzzled the sailors considerably. But their surprise was much, as you may well suppose, when, after a short time, they saw the leaves crawling along upon the ground towards the trunk of the tree. They ran at once for their vessel, without stopping to inquire into the matter at all, and set sail from the land where everything seemed to be bewitched. One of the sailors said that he "expected every moment to see the trees set to and dance a jig."

Subsequent explorations of Australia have taught us that these walking leaves are insects. They live upon the trees. Their bodies look very thin and flat, their wings forming large, leaf-like organs. When they are disturbed, their legs are folded away under their bodies, leaving the shape exactly like a leaf, with its stem and all complete. They are of a bright green colour in the

summer, but they gradually change in the fall, with the leaves, to the brown of a frost-bitten vegetation. When shaken from the tree, they lie for a few minutes upon the ground, as though they were dead, but presently they begin to crawl along towards the tree, which they mount again. They rarely use their wings, although they are pretty well supplied in this respect. The Australian continent is remarkable for many singular peculiarities, besides, both of vegetable and animal life; but this is one of the most wonderful.

#### THE HUMANE INDIAN.

AN Indian who had not met with his usual success in hunting, wandered down to a plantation among the back settlements in Virginia, and seeing a planter at his door, asked for a morsel of bread, for he was very hungry. The planter bade him begone, for he would give him none.

"Will you give me a cup of beer?" said the Indian.

"No, you shall have none here," replied the planter. "But I am very faint," said the savage; "will you give me only a draught of cold water?"

"Get you gone, you Indian dog, you shall have nothing here!" said the planter.

It happened, some months after, that the planter went on a shooting-party up in the woods, where, intent upon his game, he missed his company and lost his way; and, night coming on, he wandered through the forest, till he espied an Indian wigwam.

He approached the savage's habitation, and asked him to show him a plantation on that side of the mountain.

"It is too late for you to go there this evening, sir," said the Indian; "but if you will accept of my homely fare, you are welcome."

He then offered him some venison, and such other refreshment as his stock afforded; and, having laid some bearskins for his bed, he desired that he would repose himself for the night, and he would awake him early in the morning, and conduct him on his way.

Accordingly, in the morning they set off, and the Indian led him out of the forest, and put him into the road he was to pursue; but just as they were taking leave, he stepped before the planter, and, staring him full in the face, asked him whether he recollected his features. The planter was now struck with shame and confusion when he recognized in his kind protector the Indian whom he had so harshly treated.

He confessed that he knew him, and was full of excuses for his brutal behaviour, to which the Indian only replied:

"When you see poor Indians fainting for a cup of cold water, don't say again, 'Get you gone, you Indian dog!'"

The Indian then wished him well on his journey and left him. It is not difficult to say which of these two had the best claim to the name of Christian.

A NEW method for tracking a thief was employed the other day by an engineer who is working on one of the Austrian railways. He noticed that for some time past money had frequently disappeared out of his desk, and without telling anyone what he intended doing, he put his desk in communication with an electric wire, and placed a petard in the ante-room. The electric wire was put in contact with a packet of money, so that in removing the money the friction produced on the wire would ignite the petard. All these preparations made, the engineer placed the money in his desk, and left, saying he should be absent some little time. A few hours later, a loud report frightened all the clerks and other people employed at the office greatly. They all rushed to the spot from which the noise proceeded, the engineer being amongst them, and there they discovered the thief, stunned by the explosion, and perhaps the most alarmed of all present. He was a railway porter.

THE INDIAN ARMY.—The report of the commission employed to examine into the state of the Indian army shows a most wretched state of affairs. Every regiment of 1,000 men loses by disease a company every twelve months, or its entire strength in every seven years. The average of loss is sixty per 1,000, or eight times the English one, and India therefore costs us 6,000 men a year, on the most moderate estimate, by disease alone. The cause of this excessive mortality is not the climate, for civilians do not die so, but the neglect of the commonest sanitary precautions. The commission recommend that the strategical points of the country should be finally fixed, that unhealthy stations should be avoided, and that one-third of the army should be located in the hills in rotation. Let Government add to these recommendations orders refusing spirits till after dinner, and trebling the number of married women per regiment, and the army in India will be as safe as in England. At present, every man has a ration at eight o'clock, and meets the heat of the day with his veins all swollen, and sexual disease fills the hospitals more rapidly than all other complaints put together.



[JOHNNY IS RECOGNIZED BY HIS NURSE.]

## VIOLETTA.

By PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

Author of "Quadroona," "Rhythe Hall," "Photographs of the Heart," &amp;c., &amp;c.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

The man within the golden mean,  
Who can his boldest wish restrain,  
Securely views the ruined coil  
Where scold and sorrow dwell;  
And in himself securely great,  
Declines an envied room of State.      Horace.

MR. AND MRS. JONES were, perhaps, one of the happiest couples who ever ventured upon the experiment of matrimony—a state which, however it may be abused, and however rich a subject it may be for satirists—is one in which, take the world all in all, is far more conducive to the happiness of mankind than the contrary.

The evils quoted in connection with marriage are incident, not to the institution itself, but to individuals. Women who prove scolds, or careless and indifferent wives, are usually bad-tempered daughters or sisters; in fact, are disagreeable members of society in general; while a bad husband is seldom good for much in any department of life.

It is a providential circumstance, however, that, despite the railing of wits and humourists, of playwrights and satirists, despite the terrible revelations of divorce-courts—no one is ever seriously deterred from braving the dangers of the state by warnings.

Everybody hopes—and happy is the flowery future—that he, at least, shall be an exception to the unhappy lot.

Captain and Mrs. Jones were, indeed, a specimen of the happy effect, not of congenial tempers, but of good and worthy people, who, with mutual faults and opposite characteristics, avoided the shoal of discord by the exercise of gentle forbearance, and an ardent desire to please one another.

It is true that the circumstance of their having no children was deeply regretted; but neither gave way to a repining, which would have been a gratuitous quarrelling with providence.

Fortunately for our young couple, they had both tastes and occupations which in some measure blunted their regrets.

Captain Jones was fond of a fox-hunt, would course with the harriers, join in field-sports generally; and was never happier than when he had a gun or rod in his hand.

Francis was fond of animals, and having wealth and leisure, surrounded herself with a collection of birds

and beasts, quite unique in its kind; and while the captain was proud of his stable and kennel, she was equally so of her aviary and farmyard.

Then, again, she was the Lady Bountiful of the parish, and visited the poor and the sick, and did kindly offices to her husband's tenants and labourers, which brought her rich reward—if not in the good things of life, at least in blessings, which, humble as they may be, are always precious, ascending to heaven in more savoury vapour than incense from the altar.

And now, as Frances Jones rose in the morning, after a sleepless night, she felt that if no deceit had been practised upon her and the captain, she had a sacred duty cast upon her, which would indeed bring with it cares and responsibilities of no ordinary nature.

"Frances, my dear," said her husband, who had risen very early, as his wife thought, for some sporting purpose; "have you seen Master John Percival this morning?"

"You appear quite to have settled it in your own mind," she replied, with a gentle smile.

"Madam!" said the captain, with a fierce curl of his somewhat light moustache, "I'd have you know that I seldom make mistakes—I may say never. I know this boy is John Percival; and you, like a dutiful and proper wife, are determined to drive me mad by opposing me."

"No, my dear, not at all," cried Frances, warmly.

"I hope and trust it is the boy, but we must have ample evidence before we can produce him to the world as such."

"Why, madam, you're a regular sea-lawyer; not a bit of a woman about you, not even curiosity. You've never even asked me where I've been this morning."

"Really, my dear, I thought you'd been out for a stroll—"

"I have not, madam. I rode into B—and ordered a tailor to come out here with some clothes, and I've sent messengers to summon Abel Franks, William Blandford, and Crosskeys—that is what I've done this morning, Mrs. Frances Jones."

"You are always doing something good or kind," said his wife.

"Nonsense, ma'am; but have you seen the boy?"

"No, my dear; the poor little fellow was very tired last night, and so I thought the longer he slept the better. But I will have them called to breakfast now."

In two or three minutes more, Judith and Johnny entered the room. The boy wore a neat dress suited to his supposed rank in life, while the Jewess, by the assistance of a lady's-maid, had been accommodated with a change of garb, which, with a good night's rest

and the blest influence of hope, had also marvellously improved her looks.

But on the face of the young girl there was a sadness—a foreshadowing as it were of evil, which not all her efforts could entirely conceal.

"She loved the boy—oh, how tenderly who shall say? For four years she had been unto him as a mother, sister, everything, and he had so wound himself round the tendrils of her heart, that the very thought of a possible separation seemed worse than death."

There had been nothing said, nothing hinted, but the bursting heart of the devoted and heroic girl told her that when once John found his friends there would be a change in their mutual relations.

It was the love of two children which united them, and childhood is as easily consoled as it is offended.

And yet in the innocent affection of the very young lie concealed often the germs of the great master passion that sways the world.

Judith had cast her whole flood of affection on this one cast, and she clung to it as the drowning man clings to the last plank which remains of the ship that has disappeared from beneath his feet.

"Well my hearty, how are you this morning?" cried the gallant officer, "slept well, appetite for breakfast? And you miss, oh! seen a ghost? There's none in my house, never allow such mutiny."

"I slept very well, thank you, sir," said the boy, who held firmly by the Jewess's hand.

"I am not quite recovered from the fatigue and alarm," replied Judith.

"Well, come to breakfast, that will be the best place; that'll put some colour in your cheeks! Harken, master John, I've got some friends of yours coming, so I want you to look spicy."

"Friends of mine?" said John, curiously, while a spasm contracted the face of the Jewess.

"Now Jones, my dear, don't tease the children; they are not well: you can talk after breakfast," said Mrs. Jones.

"Rank mutiny," cried her husband, laughing, and following in her wake.

It would have made a philosopher smile—had he been as cynical as Diogenes—could he have seen the astonished look of the wanderers as they sat down to their luxurious meal, so different from the wretched food which was grudgingly handed to them in the kitchen of Chick Lane.

The captain either took no notice of it—or feigned not to do so; busying himself with the hospitable duties of a master of a house, while Frances turned away her head to wipe away a tear.

The children were almost too awed to eat, and it was only when the kind and affectionate manner of the

lady, put them at their ease, that they ventured to begin.

John then ate heartily, Judith with extreme moderation.

Something told her that all this was as a dream, and could not last.

About two hours later, Abel Franks and his companions were announced.

The captain turned gravely towards Judith and Johnny.

"Children," he said in a kind and manly tone, "I do not for one moment doubt the truth of your story, but when you are older you will understand the reason of my caution. Persons are coming in here who will know you, John, if you have told the truth."

"I will stake my life on his having spoken nothing else," replied Judith.

"I believe you, my good girl; but you have been shut out from the world, and know it not. I must have proof that will convince others besides myself, proofs that may restore him to his rightful inheritance. Now you, Judith, stand back—and until spoken to say not a word—you Franks remain outside here. Boy, come here—will you pay attention to me?"

"Yes."

"Your fate in life depends on the next hour—be silent—speak only when I give you leave—do you mind me?"

"I do."

"Show Mr. Abel Franks in alone," said the captain to a servant who answered the bell.

The steward of Cheveleigh Hall entered. He knew very little of the captain, except that he was related to Lady Percival; but he had come in hot haste in obedience to a most urgent summons from Mr. Jones.

"Mr. Franks," said the captain, politely, "I am glad to see you. I have to apologize for this very sudden call upon your time, but the subject will excuse my liberty."

He was standing before John.

"Captain Jones, I am quite sure, had good cause for what he has done," said the steward, in a somewhat agitated voice.

"I had. Mr. Abel Franks, look here—look well, and in the name of Heaven, and as you hope for mercy, tell me who is this boy?"

Franks did not cry out. Some instinct—perhaps the company he had been summoned with—had raised in his mind some vague suspicion of the truth. He therefore only sprang forward, and looked eagerly in the child's face.

"Boy!" he said in hurried accents, "take off your jacket."

Johnny obeyed with a beating heart.

The steward bared his right arm without a moment's hesitation, and quietly folded the shirt down again.

"Well," said the captain, astonished at his quiet manner.

"I don't know him," replied the steward coldly.

"Abel! Abel!" cried the child in a frantic voice, "will you deny me and lose me my only friend?"

"Friend?" said Abel, with a sideling look at the captain.

"Yes," cried the captain in an angry tone, "do you think I have any sympathy with kidnappers and traitors? Abel Franks, if you know that boy—on my honour as a sailor and a gentleman, nothing shall make me desert him, tell me who he is."

"Captain Jones, I will believe you. I am sure you would not wilfully deceive an old man, who trusts in your honour. That boy is my master, Sir John Percival, baronet, son of the late Sir John, and sole heir to the title and estates of Cheveleigh."

"Hurrah! hurrah!" said the captain, taking his hand in his. "Abel Franks you are a man. Call in your friends."

The steward opened the door and admitted the gamekeeper, Crosskeys, and Mary, the nurse, who had insisted upon accompanying her husband. A secret monitor within had bid her hope.

The latter saw the state of affairs at a glance—and with one bound—one wild cry, rushed forward and caught the boy in her arms.

"My heart told me he was here; my own darling Johnny! And do you know your own nurse Mary again, my darling? and how the boy has grown, and he's the image of his father. And now he'll have his rights again, and the wicked man shall be punished. Oh, this is a bright and beautiful day! I beg your pardon, sir, and you my lady, for making so bold, but I couldn't help it, if I died for it. Since he was a year old this child slept in my arms until the day he was stolen, by this wicked, bad thief of an uncle."

"There's my good woman," said the captain, fairly overwhelmed by this torrent of female eloquence, "do let me put in a word edgewise. Nurse and hug and fondle the boy—but hold your tongue."

"I will," replied the nurse; "pray excuse me. It was the joy of my poor heart."

"Yes! yes! it's all very right and proper; but now William Bradford, and you Crosskeys," showing the arm, "do you recognize this boy?"

"We do," said both men firmly, "on our solemn oath, it is the only son of the late Sir John Percival."

"Then do I solemnly take his interests in hand—and if it costs me my fortune—the boy shall have his own again—and the evil doer punished."

"That's a good gentleman," cried Mary, "oh my darling—you shall yet be master of Cheveleigh Hall."

"Captain Jones," said the steward gravely, "you must be aware, knowing the story as you do, how unscrupulous and daring a man the so-called Sir Reginald Percival is. If we attack him without being fully prepared, he will find some means of defeating us. Unless we can prove that Sir Reginald is the author of the abduction—we shall not have him in our power."

"But you—the gamekeeper—"

"Captain Jones, my master was murdered, and unless we find Roderick Blake, we shall neither confound the guilty, nor re-instate the innocent."

"But if we leave it too long—we shall weaken our evidence."

"I and all present will sign any statement of facts you may draw up," began Abel.

"I draw up!" said the captain with a look of comic perplexity.

"I will do it," replied Frances quietly.

"My dear you are an angel."

"I will use every endeavour to find Blake," added the steward, "and as I am persuaded he was the accomplice who dealt the fatal blow—he will betray the minor secret of his employer rather than run the risk of a trial for murder."

"But if the villain slow him."

"Sir," said Abel Franks, gravely, "I have every reason to believe my master perished from as foul a crime as ever disgraced the annals of this county. But rather than have his honoured remains disturbed, I would let that sink, so that the villain who profited by the deed, should not retain the spoil. Besides, sir, consider the disgrace to the family."

"Yes! yes!" replied Captain Jones, "and yet it is our duty—"

"Lady Percival is your lady's sister," said Abel impressively.

Frances turned away her head.

"True! true! the rascal!" cried Captain Jones, "but never mind, Abel Franks, I will be guided by you; only you must all go to my solicitor to-morrow or the next day, and make your statement there. I will see him in the mean time."

"The most profound secrecy," urged Franks, "will alone give us hope of success, and leave the boy's life in safety."

"Why nobody would kill me," said John, who had been listening unawares.

"I do not know," replied the captain, gravely, "and Mr. Franks' advice is very good. I may rely, then, on your fidelity?"

"On mine, and all who know and served Sir John," said Abel, solemnly.

"You must hunt up this man Blake, until then he remains under my care. And now, Franks, if you will find Bounce he will make your friends very comfortable."

"Thank you, sir."

"You, Franks, I hope will dine with us," continued the captain. "I have much yet to say to you."

The gamekeeper, publican, and nurse retired, and a long conference took place between the husband and wife and the worthy steward, when many things were decided on—of what nature will appear in the course of our narrative.

One part of the arrangements was generally approved. John was to remain at Mount Sorrel, while Judith, whose evidence was material, was to be sent to a first-rate school, and educated as a lady.

It was with a beating heart that the young girl, who had at once consented to adopt the religion of little Johnny, heard this decision. But she had too much good sense and too much devotion to the boy's interests to make the slightest objection to the plan.

Who knows what wild ideas of happiness in the distant future entered her mind, as she thought that the education she was about to receive would raise her to a level with little Johnny.

But whatever Judith thought, she kept it to herself.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

Who would fardel bear?  
To grant and sweat under a weary life;  
But that the dread of something after death,  
That undiscovered country, from whose bourne  
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,  
And makes us rather bear the ills we have  
Than fly to others that we know not of.  
Thus, conscience does make cowards of us all.  
Hamlet.

YEARS have passed away; many summers have shed their blossoms and their fruits with a beneficent hand upon humanity, many winters have come with their blights and disappointments emblematic of life—one series of kaleidoscope changes.

Mount Sorrel is, however, little altered. There are

no children in the house—no little ones to make glad the heart, but the birds and beasts are alike prominent—chanticler struts in his peculiar sphere, the big dog guards the stable-yard and the pet dog snugs up cosily by the fire. Nor is puss, most domestic of animals, forgotten. She has her place.

There is little change in Mount Sorrel. Captain Jones is a little stouter, a slight tendency to baldness is visible on his forehead, and one or two grey hairs peep up grizzily amidst his usual crop, while even Mrs. Jones had grown a little more portly and matronly.

Yes! there was one change. Eleanor and Frances had met at a county ball, and Eleanor looked so sad and broken-hearted, so utterly prostrate and miserable, that the heart of the elder sister warmed towards her, and held out her hand.

It thus came about that the sisters were reconciled, and Eleanor often came to see the happy couple at Mount Sorrel.

Eleanor had now two sons, but her soul yearned for her eldest born; so much so that though not without proper affection for the boys, her affections were so wrapped in the memory of the past, as to leave less space for maternal love than was to be wished.

Not that Lady Percival, like the famous Mrs. Pickle, had any unnatural sentiments towards her young children, but the strange and inexplicable loss of her dear Amy had so affected her, that it dwelt upon her mind with almost the force of monomania.

There was one strange inconsistency in Eleanor which nothing could ease. She had ceased to love her husband, and yet she was as jealous of him as ever.

Her boys, Reginald and Paul, were both delicate, and the former had much of the father in him. Regolute, fierce and passionate in temper, he resembled him too in features. The latter was gentle, even to weakness, like the mother.

The estates were so strictly entailed, and Abel Franks was so firm in preventing any raising of money by way of mortgage, that the only prospect the second son had of a portion was out of his father's savings.

Now, Sir Reginald Percival was the last man in the world to save one penny. Marriage had not changed him. Since the abduction of her child Lady Percival had seldom visited London, where her husband was much in connection with his duties as Member of Parliament. He belonged to clubs—liked cards—did not object to be seen in the dressing-room of a ballet-girl, in fact, had so many calls for his fifteen thousand a-year, that nothing but the resolute opposition of the steward prevented his getting into debt.

A provision for Paul then became a very serious consideration.

"Eleanor," he said, one day, "I understood you to say you have several times called upon Captain Jones. Has he any children?"

"None."

"Do you take Regy and Paul with you?" continued the baronet.

"Sometimes."

Lady Eleanor was particularly partial to short answers.

"It would be as well to take Paul often; if your brother-in-law has no children, he may think of ours."

"I fancy not. He has said nothing to me; but I believe he has already selected his heirs," replied Lady Eleanor.

"I have seen a boy, there whom he treats like his own child—to say nothing of a young converted Jewess, who is just now home from the holidays."

They were at lunch—the children were playing on the lawn. Sir Reginald poured out a goblet of wine and drained it off. As he did so his hand shook, but not his voice, when he resumed the conversation.

"Indeed! and pray, who may these young people be?"

"I never heard; the slightest allusion to them is generally turned off."

"What is the boy like—anything like Jones, eh?" said the baronet, shily.

"Not a bit—more like yonder picture of your brother. I have several times remarked the singularity of the likeness," repeated the lady without raising her eyes.

The baronet hurriedly rose and went to the window. His face was livid. There was a lurid glare in his eyes which would have been terrible to a stranger; and then his mouth compressed, and the inflation of his nostrils showed how deeply he was moved.

Presently he came back, and with an assumption of composure again addressed his wife.

"Eleanor, the day is fine, why not drive over; if they cannot give us a bed, we can sleep at the hotel."

"We—us—?"

"Yes, madam," said the baronet, tartly; "I presume where my wife visits, I may venture to go."

She would have hesitated, but his tone was too sharp.

"Certainly! but—"

"What, madam?"

He spoke coldly, even sternly, and Eleanor knew not what to answer. That they were friends of Captain Charles Murray, and as such, disapproved of the mar-

riage which had taken place between her and the baronet, was a reason not to be given to a husband.

"You have not been introduced?" she said, in a faltering tone.

"You can introduce me," replied her husband, coldly. "I always did like Jones—capital fellow. I haven't enough such neighbours to neglect him. What say you?"

"We shall arrive late," said Eleanor, trying at any price to put off the evil day.

"That is a reasonable objection," replied her husband. "We will start to-morrow, after breakfast. I will be a pleasant ride, and a surprise for your sister."

"It will, indeed," thought Eleanor, as he left the room.

Eleanor knew very well what were the opinions entertained of Sir Reginald Percival by Captain Jones and his wife. She could, therefore, expect little pleasure from a meeting between people so utterly uncongenial. She even doubted whether her husband would be treated with common civility, so rooted and determined had she found the prejudices of the gallant officer.

What, then, was she to do? Write and warn her sister of his coming? If she did so, and her husband discovered it, she had everything to dread from his violence and passion.

She could see he had some motive for going, but except sheer curiosity, she could not think of any satisfactory solution.

She therefore determined to remain inactive, trusting to the chapter of accidents to relieve her from her difficult position.

Next morning, accordingly, a carriage-and-four was ordered out, and with all the speed of English steeds, bowling upon English roads, they went their way towards Mount Sorrel, the man plotting deeds of darkness and of blood, the woman thoughtful and anxious at the issue of a meeting she so much dreaded.

The mention of the existence of a youth resembling his brother John, and in company with a Jewess, had aroused once more those guilty fears which had haunted him at intervals ever since his succession to the property, especially since the disappearance of little Amy, whom he had been so proud of, and even loved in his youth.

Not a night passed that the hideous spectre of his crimes did not come to his bedside and mark his agony; now his brother, now his nephew, now his own child—who always remained to him the same tiny, lively thing he had lost at Brighton.

His dreams were frightful. All the dark shadows of the past, magnified by time and distance, came flitting about his bed—robbing him of his sleep, wringing cold sweats from his body, and driving him on by slow degrees to an intensity of horror and alarm which boded lunacy.

No man is wholly callous to his own misdeeds; there is a stinging something in the heart which so sorely presses on us at times it must be heard—and which destroys the joy and comfort of the criminal even in his cups.

Dark terrors, faces of we know not what, a dread of something we cannot give shape or form to, a constant collapse of the heart at each unusual event, with troubled days and restless nights, are but faint outlines of the criminal's sufferings.

Sir Reginald had never known one happy moment since he abandoned Violet in the full tide of his love, when every breath of passion in that beautiful woman's soul was for him, when her very soul and heart were his Howard's.

Since that day he had become rich, had married a woman his vanity had picked him into winning more even than passion, had won a title, had children born to him; but he knew neither peace nor happiness.

His murdered brother, his injured nephew, were for ever before his sight.

And his own child—this was a bitter reproach. How or in what way he knew not, but that less was the punishment of some crime.

Still he paused not in his career. By inquiries he had obtained from Mother Nathan an explanation that Judith had escaped with the boy. This it was that had roused his alarm, and determined him at once to satisfy himself.

How the injured nephew could have got into the house and under the protection of Captain Jones was a mystery which time only could unravel, and what he himself should do to guard against the danger which menaced him was beyond his immediate ken, but he had resolved in his innermost soul that nothing should balk his intention to remain master of Cheveleigh Hall.

It was one o'clock when the carriage came in sight of Mount Sorrel.

Let us enter first.

In the same room where, from its pleasant position, the whole party often took their luncheon, were assembled on this morning a charming group.

There were Mr. and Mrs. Captain Jones looking the picture of health and happiness.

On a settee by the window was a tall, aristocratic girl, with beautiful black hair, and eyes of the same colour, Oriental in their splendour, whose rich costume, white fingers and elegance appeared to fix her among the favoured of this earth.

This was Judith.

No longer a Jewess, but a believer in that sublime faith which, in days gone by, subdued both Jew and Pagan.

The effect of education upon her had been wonderful. Her native genius wanted but little cultivation to burst forth resplendent. Religion had given her consolation, education, refinement—but neither had given her happiness.

Her childish dream had been a desert island away from the pomp and vanities of the world, where station and rank should be no bar to the affections of the heart.

She was nineteen, and she still loved her boy John with all the same singleness of heart and devotion which had characterized her during her four years' martyrdom in the kitchen in Chick Lane.

He was by her side, laughing merrily at some saying of his own, to which she gave a smiling response.

Love cometh not at the bidding, nor will it depart at the will.

Nothing, then, can be more absurd than the grave lectures which are written and spoken to the address of woman, that she has no right to fall in love until she is convinced of the sentiments of the chosen one. This is simply arrant nonsense. It is true, from the social habits and retiring nature of women in general, that love is often the result of gratitude for attention and obvious devotion on the part of man, than it is spontaneous.

But love has no binding rules—no regulations firm and undeviating like those of a lawgiver—love is a wayward thing for which there is no accounting, and woman can no more prevent herself from being smitten by its power than man can.

All that she had done for John had aroused her sympathies, and sympathy became love.

She loved him for his sufferings, for his gentle and noble nature, for his gratitude to herself, for the influence he had exercised on her once blighted and degraded existence.

She loved him for his manly beauty, and that eagle eye which looked around so proudly, as if he would command.

He stood by her side—now taller than herself—as fine, handsome, and gallant a looking youth of fifteen as could be seen in the county.

His hair was now nearly as dark as her own, and if his eyes were not black, they were of a rich brown, which was even more attractive.

Captain Jones looked at them with pride upon his honest face; Mrs. Jones with a keenness of observation which spoke volumes for the shrewdness of her character.

"When will John join his ship," she said, after a brief pause, in a very interesting conversation.

"Bless me, why?"

"I only wished to know. I think if John is to go into the navy, the sooner the better for him."

"Certainly!"

"And for her?"

"Her—her—what?"

"Julia," she had been christened, anew—"Julia has, I fear, completely lost her heart to her protégé, and I think we shall only do right in separating them, until he is of an age to judge for himself."

"Bless my soul! in love with John! why, he! a child!" cried the benevolent captain.

"He is an officer and a gentleman," said Mrs. Jones, with a smile.

"True, true," replied her husband. "Gad, there's no boys new-a-days, nor girls, for that matter. He shall go in a week!"

"Sir Reginald and Lady Percival," said the domestic, opening the door.

Captain Jones sprang to his feet, Mrs. Jones looked amazed, John and Julia turned slowly round and faced the door in stupefied suspense.

The captain made up his mind at once. He would not excite suspicion.

"Sir Reginald," he said, advancing, "though surprised, astonished at the honour, and so on, welcome to Mount Sorrel. Our wives are sisters, we are neighbours. I take this visit very kind of you."

"Captain Jones," said the baronet, whose quick eye had already seen quite enough. "I come to apologise for much apparent neglect. You are aware that my political and other avocations occupy much time, but I take the earliest opportunity of making up for my seeming neglect."

"Not another word, Sir Reginald. My wife you know; my nephew John and my niece Julia—foreign extraction—my little Jewess, we call her."

"Very happy to make their acquaintance," said the baronet, who was now face to face with John.

Their eyes met. There was no mistaking it. They met as deadly enemies.

"Your nephew is in the navy, I perceive," said the baronet.

"It runs in the family, but Sir Reginald, pray be seated. You have come a long journey, and must stop the day; I really cannot take any denial. Fanny, you take your sister up-stairs yourself, and then come down to luncheon!"

His astonished wife obeyed, little imagining that Septimus Jones was exercising a little quiet generalship on his own account.

He knew the baronet was safer in his house than anywhere else. He was certain he had come there to spy out the nakedness of the land.

Lady Reginald had once carelessly alluded to a family likeness in the boy.

Could she have raised the suspicions of her husband?

At all events the worthy captain determined to lose no time.

After some affected reluctance, the baronet agreed to stay the day, and to return home the next, after which decision the master of the house himself showed him a room.

He then left him alone and called John into the library.

"John," he said, "you are now a man. Do you know who that was?"

"My uncle."

"It is—and he is here for no good purpose. But I will baffle him if you will but aid me. I know the man. Your life is no longer safe here—until you are recognized as Sir John Percival. You must leave."

"My guardian and best of friends; command, I will obey."

"I will have all ready in an hour. After lunch, do you say you have business with me in the library. I must talk with you."

It was so arranged—and after a long and interesting interview the friends returned to join the company.

Next morning John did not appear at breakfast.

"Where is your nephew?" said the baronet, carelessly.

"He left this morning to join his ship," replied the captain, quietly.

"Indeed!" was all the wily baronet could find to say.

And then after a short pause he added:

"May I ask what ship has the honour to own the young gentleman?"

"The Electra," replied the captain.

The captain did not speak the truth. He rightly judged a bold falsehood necessary in this terrible juncture.

It was the Terrible, Captain Charles Murray, commander!

(To be continued.)

**MUSIC AND INSECTS.**—Every sound in nature is some note in music. Thus Mr. Gardiner, in his "Music of Nature," has not only put into notes the songs of twenty-four birds and twenty animals, but also the tones of eight or ten insects. The gnat gives the note A on the second space; the death-watch calls in B flat, and answers in G; the three notes of the cricket are in B; the buzz of a bee is in F; the wings of the housefly are F in the first space; the hum-bee is an octave lower; the cockchafer in F below the line.

At the meeting of the Central Executive Relief Committee, the Honorary Secretary presented his monthly report, in which we find the statement that "it is now certain that of those persons usually employed in the mills in the cotton districts, about 234,642 are in full work, 125,097 short time, and 180,729 out of work, against 192,527 full time, 129,741 short time, and 215,512 out of work in the last week of April." The report, however, goes on to deal with the prospects of the winter, and we are warned to expect an addition of 100,000 to the 256,230 persons who are at present receiving relief, when the season arrives, during which out-door labour will be considerably reduced. The Committee have a balance at the bank of about £340,000; but there is no doubt says the report, that the whole will be absorbed before the close of next winter.

**CURIOUS ADVENTURE WITH A BAT.**—A few weeks ago, while several boys were amusing themselves in the vicinity of the town, two bats were observed hovering near the ground, and in their daring flights coming so near the boys as to suggest the possibility of their capture. Accordingly handfuls of sand were thrown up to bring the creatures down; which, in the case of one of them, proved effective. The boy who claimed the prize brought it home, and, providing it with a cage, carefully attended to its wants. In less than a week the animal gave birth to a young one, which was for two days suckled by its parent. The dam (to speak of it as a quadruped) became domesticated, and readily partook of the food placed in the cage. Before it reached the age of three days the young bat died, and the parent only survived another day to mourn its loss.

## THE MYSTERIOUS LODGERS.

## CHAPTER I

HERBERT MERTON came to Paris, and according to the programme his worthy father had laid down for him, quietly threaded his way, by means of his own very respectable French and an occasional glance at Murray, through the stately *quartier* St. Germain towards the east, along the same side of the Seine into the more lively, if less imposing students' *quartier*, and began to look around him for placards, signifying apartments were to be rented, in the tall, high buildings, dingy and not remarkably neat to an English eye, which so closely elbowed one another on either side the narrow street.

He had that disagreeable impression so natural to a solitary foreigner in a strange city—that everybody was noticing his movements and fully aware of his awkward ignorance of localities, so at the very first manifestations of lodgings to be disposed of, he boldly advanced and rang the bell.

The porter made his appearance, and leaving his errand, led him at once into the presence of the stout landlady, who, after one swift glance of scrutiny from the sharp grey eyes, put on the most bland and benignant smile, and trotted along with alacrity to show him the rooms.

"You perceive, monsieur, there are but two vacancies," chattered she, as she led the way up the high and narrow staircase. "I am never long without a lodger for every room. The character of the place is so well established everybody is anxious to come. Monsieur le Count and his family have the suite of rooms on the first floor, M. Basileau, the lawyer, has two on the second, and two Italian gentlemen the others; but one of the rooms, on the first floor too, is free just now. Walk this way, monsieur, and see what a charming apartment—so cool, and quiet if one wishes, by closing the *persiennes*, and yet so cheerful and gay if you care to step into the balcony. It was occupied lately by a countryman of monsieur's—pardon, you English people carry your nationality in your faces—and for all one can say he might have been here yet, had not the lodger on the other side, one of our fiery students, taken a notion to blow out his brains, and that frightened M. Gilbert quite away from us."

She shrugged her plump shoulders with a comical grimace, and glanced archly into her listener's face.

"I hope monsieur has steadier nerves, and can bear these little scenes with philosophy, especially if he is to join our madcap students in this faubourg?"

Merton smiled a little, wondering if that sharp eye had read everything passing in his mind, since she had discovered both his country and his intention of entering his name among the students without a hint from him; but he only asked the price of the room.

She named the number of francs, and Herbert was on the point of at once closing the bargain, when the thought occurred—

"Why not look at the other room before deciding?" and he spoke it at once.

She shook her head a little, but answered with perfect good-nature:

"Certainly, certainly—it is a very nice room, but then it is in the story above. Monsieur must mount three flights every time he comes home. Still there is an object in it; it is five francs less a week than this room."

And once more she preceded him along the hall, and began the ascent of another flight.

While he followed behind the stout figure, puffing and panting at every step, Herbert Merton was conscious of a sudden resolution, whatever it was to take the room towards which he was proceeding.

"Five francs a week saved by mounting one flight of stairs!" thought he; "now here's the very opportunity for self-denial I have craved. My father insisted that he could not afford to give me the benefit of a trip into Italy when my year is up—that I must return at once and go to work for myself. Who's to find fault if I choose to live higher up, and end off with glorious Italy? I can manage it nicely, since his allowance gave me for my apartment even more than the rent of the lower room. He could not have been aware of the cheapness of these lodgings. What this higher room may lack will be amply recompensed by the visions of my glorious Italy that shall brighten it into splendour. 'Yes, the upper room by all means!'"

So as the landlady threw open the door he was prepared to be satisfied and make no criticisms. And, indeed, it was a pretty little room, freshly painted, and the walls hung with a neat pale lilac paper that harmonized with the maple furniture and the yellow-brown carpet.

"I will take this by all means," was his prompt response after a single glance. Quite as well contented as if he had chosen the other, the landlady curtsied her thanks and proceeded to take his name, and the first week's advance of rent. After which she went to

a door that opened from the side, instead of opposite that by which they had entered, tried it to see if it were locked, and pushed the bed along against it, saying quietly:

"That door ought to be nailed up. There are other lodgers in those rooms, very quiet people indeed. Had I not been sure you were one of the steady Englishmen, I should never have ventured to put you here—for I would not disturb them for the world. If they were not so poor they would have paid me for this room rather than a lodger should come so near them; but monsieur will be discreet. When will you come to take possession?"

"At once," answered Merton. "I shall return to the inn, and give the necessary order for transferring my effects hither. Is the restaurant at the corner the one the lodgers patronize?"

"Certainly, and better dishes than you find there monsieur could not desire—my own brother keeps it, so I know all about it. Well, then, here is the key, Monsieur Merton, and a pleasant stay may yours be in our faubourg."

That evening's twilight saw Herbert safely and comfortably established in his new quarters. His trunks had been brought up very quietly, and he himself, mindful of the anxious glance of the landlady at the locked door, had been remarkably still and subdued in his movements.

He had hung up his clothes in the wardrobe (this humble student travelled without a valet; what a misfortune would most of his countrymen have believed it, what a happy lacking did the gay-hearted Herbert pronounce it,)—then he arranged his books upon the narrow shelves over the mantel, laid the flute beside them, looked over rather pensively the likenesses of his five pretty sisters, read attentively his mother's parting letter of advice, and that being done, fell to drumming on the table for lack of better work. For somehow the sense of newness and sadness all around would not let him enter into the spirit of any of his books. He sat down by the window a little while, but the hurrying crowd of strange faces, and the unfamiliar sounds had no tendency to raise his spirits, and he turned his thoughts inward again.

"Quiet people I should think," soliloquized he, "these neighbours of mine—a mouse would make more noise than I have heard from them. They can't be feminine surely, or I should have heard magpie chattering full an hour ago. What a pity there is not some jolly brother student to step in, and drive off these vapours. But a week's residence will be likely to find me plenty of acquaintances at the college, at least."

And then his eye turned to the street again, where the shadows were growing denser, and the lamps were, one by one, opening their burning, restless eyes. His attention was arrested by a couple who crossed over the opposite side and came under the glare of the lamp-post.

An elderly man, bowed and bent, and walking with a nervous, uneasy air, like one expecting an enemy to dart upon him by a sudden swoop, and a tall, slender figure, very genteel and graceful to accompany that queer old woman's bonnet, and the cumbersome, heavy shawl, that was muffled around her more like a blanket than a garment.

Merton's listless gaze followed them until they had passed into the arched portal of the building.

"Ah, fellow lodgers! I wonder do they save five francs like me, and take additional stairs and pantings? It's sure they're not the count and countess who live in the state rooms on the first floor. But hush! as I live they're coming up my stairs; but then there's a score of inhabitants upon this floor—they may not prove my nearest neighbours as I began to suspect."

He paused to listen. It was evidently the pair he had watched crossing the street. The uncertain, feeble shuffling step of the old man, the light, firm walk of his companion. And they crossed directly by his door, and he heard the click of a key in the lock. Another moment the sweep of a dress brushed against the other side of his locked door, and a cheery glow crept through the chink and keyhole, showing that light had been introduced.

And while Herbert sat in darkness he heard the same light step flitting to and fro, and a singularly sweet and musical voice say, with touching tenderness:

"Don't be discouraged, mon pere, it is impossible that fate should always frown. To keep up her own reputation, if caring naught for your innocence, she must needs be fickle presently, and that will give us happier days."

A miserable, wretched cry, half-sob, half-groan, was the response.

"Ah, Mignon, I cannot endure it much longer. I die a death of torture every day—why should I try to hide longer, when at the worst, there is but one, and after it rest—rest?"

The words were repeated with a hollow, despairing voice that touched Herbert's heart deeply; but now hastily rising, with the colour mounting to his forehead even in the dark, solitary room, he remembered he was listening to a conversation intended to be private, and

at the risk of entirely disregarding his landlady's injunctions, he coughed violently, and bustled about the room, lighted his lamp, and tumbled over his books till he was convinced by the sudden whispering and silence, the unknown neighbours the other side of the wall had become aware the empty room had found a lodger.

## CHAPTER II

HERBERT MERTON smiled when he woke next morning and found in his dreams he had discovered a persecuted king fleeing from the vengeance of a usurping rival, and a lovely princess to be hiding beneath the incognita of his humble neighbours. But the early walk in the street, breakfast at the restaurant, which deserved all the praise his landlady had given it, and the presentation at college quite drove from his mind all affairs not directly concerned with himself and the studies laid out for him. He had passed bravely through all the investigations and ceremonials, and came home in high spirits, bounding up the steep flights of stairs at a pace that might well have excited the envy of the panting, bowed-down old man, who with a pail of water was toiling slowly upward, and who, turning round in alarm at the furious rush beneath him, nearly lost his balance, and pail of water, both, and stood shaking like one in a palsy, unable to speak a word from fright.

Herbert hastened to apologize.

"I don't wonder you were startled; in fact I was so pleased with my success at the college, I quite forgot I was not at home, where my tearing along like a frolic-bear is too frequent an occurrence to excite surprise. Pardon me, I pray you, and as a very slight atonement let me take the water for you the other flight, if you live on the same floor with myself."

It was evident the old man had scarcely heard a word he had spoken, but he caught at the last sentence, and stammered:

"Yes, yes, I lodge there, and you, I suppose, are the new lodger of whom I have just heard. Thank you, my health is feeble, and I acknowledge your rapid approach has taken away all my strength. If you will take the water I shall not be obliged to rest on the staircase."

Merton quietly took from the stair the water-pail and marched upward, leaving the other to take his time, and when the trembling form and pallid face emerged to view, the young man stood with a glass of wine in his hand.

"Here is something will give you a little strength—it is none of your weak vinegary claret, but rich, life-giving nectar. Try it, and own I'm not amiss in choosing a little of this in preference to a great deal of your claret."

While he was speaking he felt the searching, unnaturally bright black eyes scanning his face, and abruptly, as if a mask suddenly dropped from him, the old man's face changed. Whatever fear or terror had haunted him, it was put away, and a gentle, placid, however melancholy, resignation, settled in its place.

Merton could not but perceive the change, and be surprised at it, for when the timid, frightened demeanour vanished, came a sort of dignified gentlemanliness that made quite another man of him.

He drank the wine, and thanked Herbert heartily, adding:

"Here's that we may always be as good friends as near neighbours, and that your luck may be better than mine in this strange world."

"It won't be my fault," answered Merton promptly, "if we are not good friends. I am an Englishman, you know, and must speak bluntly, but it may be more honest for lacking French polish. And of one thing you may be assured, I shall never transgress a neighbour's duty or privilege, least of all intrude into affairs that have nothing to do with me. And so, if after this explanation you are willing to drop in now and then into my room, I shall be very glad to see you. My name is Merton, and I am a student at the neighbouring college to perfect myself."

"Monsieur is very candid. I am sure we shall be friends. The landlady will tell you I am Philippe Marchemont, who is seldom found away from his room. Of the numberless lodgers in the house, I know nothing beyond what I see when I meet them, bringing up my wood or water. It seems strange, almost prophetic, I should make your acquaintance immediately upon your arrival."

"A good omen, let us trust. But about your wood and water—that must be a severe trial, judging by your feeble looks—three flights of stairs is of little account to me, but in your case it is another thing. Listen, friend, I am young and strong, and need exercise to shake up my brain, you shall hereafter set the pail out at the door in the morning, and before I go off to college I will see that it is filled. I shall call upon you some time for an odd job to make us square. Don't forget now."

"Monsieur is too good—what can I say? and the offer is so tempting—it will settle the contention that Terese and I repeat every day. She declares I must

not, and I insist she shall not bring the water. Ah, there she is now!"

The door in the hall was opened, and the same sweet voice called out:

"Mon pere! where are you chatting! Hast forgotten tea waits necessarily for water to boil?"

The old man hesitated a moment, and then said, cheerfully:

"I am here, Mignon, and have found a new friend, who has volunteered to relieve us from our bone of contention, this same pail of water. Come hither a moment, Terese!"

Merton had been standing half within his own room and the door, and M. Marchemont's figure intercepted his view, but he moved out quietly to glance with a lively curiosity at the new comer. He could scarcely restrain his surprise enough to bow politely.

It was no old woman nor prim spinster, but a young and exceedingly lovely girl who stood looking up wonderingly into his face with her soft blue eyes. A lady too, bearing with her like a subtle perfume, or a silver cloud of accompaniment that nameless air of refinement so rare and irresistible.

"My daughter Terese—Monsieur Merton, an English student, and our nearest neighbour," said the father, with a stately wave of the hand, that seemed to ignore the dusty entry, and steep staircase where they stood.

The girl bowed gently, and turned to retreat, not without a happy glance at her father's brightened face.

"Stay, my love! as we are to have some tea, why not share it with monsieur, who brought the water, and insists that he shall do it every day?"

Again the swift glow of surprise bloomed upon her face, and Merton was sure there was no displeasure mingled with it.

"Monsieur is very kind, and since so rare an honour deserves a little extra preparation, I will leave you to chat awhile with him until I summon you both."

She reached forward to lift the pail of water as she finished speaking, but Merton hastily interposed, and begged to carry it for her.

She smiled and blushed, and with a little deprecating bow, returned:

"Oh, it is nothing for me to lift. I am very strong; it is not because I am delicate that mon pere will not allow me to bring it from the courtyard, but—but—"

"Monsieur will understand readily enough," interposed M. Marchemont, "why a young girl should not be obliged to pass up and down the public stairs in a house filled with all sorts of people. And, indeed, it is well enough he should know now that from some unaccountable impulse, I have trusted him more than any other soul in Paris. That all the other lodgers see a queer lady in a grey shawl, thick veil, and old woman's bonnet flitting to and fro, and they never guess—"

"How much innocence and loveliness it hides from their admiration. You are right, I saw you come in myself last night, and should never have identified the young lady who stands before me as the wearer of that bonnet, albeit if she could walk a little more awkwardly, instead of that gliding grace that at once struck me as contradictory, the disguise would be more perfect," said Herbert.

This speech had driven the daughter away in hasty retreat, and Merton, throwing open his door, invited the father to enter, which proposal he at once accepted.

Herbert watched his eye run eagerly over the titles of his row of books and reflected:

"Now I shall know if he is the countryman I suspect. He gives me to understand he is a Frenchman, but my eyes serve me better than that, in spite of his excellent accent. If he is an American, there is De Toqueville to attract him at once. If English, that new pamphlet of speeches in the House of Commons, will be tempting bait."

But Marchemont heeded neither, he found a heavy folio concerning international legalities, and seized upon that, running over with superficial glance the contents, but not plunging earnestly into reading anywhere.

"Not a very entertaining volume," said Herbert carelessly. "I brought it to look over because my father insists I shall be well posted in diplomacy in case I get an *attache's* berth at some future day."

"Nay, I think I might find a great deal of interesting information. I may some day tax your kindness by asking the loan of it."

"Take it now, by all means," answered Herbert. "So you read English? then if we choose, I infer, we may sometimes vary our conversation by dropping the French language."

Marchemont darted one uneasy look towards him, but reading nothing alarming in the cool, quiet face, answered dejectedly—

"I can understand English, but I prefer to converse in French, and I should judge it would be wiser for you to do so entirely, inasmuch as your accent sounds considerably foreign, and needs perfecting."

The sweet voice of Terese here gave a welcome interruption.

"Mon pere, mon pere, come with your guest."

And shaking off his melancholy, as if resolved for this brief time to sun himself in old time geniality, the old man led the way.

Herbert was somewhat astonished to find the room prettily, almost luxuriously furnished. He had fancied his new friends reduced from past competence to the close approach of poverty. But here before him opened so cosy an apartment one could easily forget it was in the third story of the dingy lodging house. It was a long saloon with deep windows opening upon the balcony, and two doors at the extremity half-ajar, showing two small sleeping rooms. The walls were hung with pale salmon, brightened at the border with a vine of gilded grapes. Deep purple damask drapery hung from the windows, looped by narrow bands of gilt. The chairs and divans were of the same purple damask in frames of carved mahogany. Two fine pictures, one a madonna, the other a fine landscape—certainly not a French scene—hung from the walls, and on a bronze bracket stood a graceful group of statuary—Air, Earth, and Water. His eye took in these particulars ere he noted the round table in the centre of the room spread with its pure white china. That too astonished him. For he saw the little teapot was of pure silver, and failed not to note how the slender crystal vase in the centre held blossoms, not from the market, but from the conservatory.

The basket from the restaurant had been brought to their door by the porter, and with a rap to announce its arrival left outside. Merton was not surprised that none of the inmates of the house had ever set foot across Marchemont's threshold, when he perceived how all there belied the humble appearance of the pair to the outer world. His only astonishment, and it seemed shared by Terese, was that he had been made an exception to the general rule.

Terese herself came smilingly from the little bedroom. She had laid aside her grey dress, and wore a white cambric with a pink bow at the throat, and a spray of crimson blossoms in her hair.

Her father looked at her with suffused eyes, while he said tenderly—

"That is right, Mignon, we have a gala day to celebrate, it is well to put away sackcloth and ashes. It cheers my heart to have a guest once more, even in these wretched lodgings."

Her eyes beamed with pleasure, not so much, one could see, for herself, as at his unwonted cheerfulness.

"I would I had been aware of it when I gave my order to the restaurant, but Monsieur Merton will excuse us this time."

Herbert glanced at the snowy muffins, the tempting slices of cold ham, and the cake, and preserve jar, and smilingly replied:

"Mademoiselle forgets student fare is somewhat drier than the tempting repast I see before me. For myself I am scarcely sure I am awake, that, a perfect stranger, I seem to have fallen into such kind hands, and such a fairy-like scene."

She smiled, seated herself with lady-like grace at the table, motioning for them to follow her example.

Herbert Merton spoke the truth when he said it seemed like a fairy spell, and the impression gathered strength as the evening went on.

Only once they touched upon personal topics. Herbert spoke about his English home, and was instantly checked by M. Marchemont.

"Hush!" said he, "let us receive no more than we can give. For ourselves, who are luxuriating in the hope of having found a friend to cheer our loneliness by his society, we scorn to cheat you by evasion at the commencement. The past of ours is a sealed book; never shall the opening of a clasp or the flutter of a leaf, not even the date or the number of a page give you a hint of what for us is dead and buried, and for you must be as if never in existence. If our neighbourhood is to be a source of mutual pleasure that fact must be fully recognized."

"And so it shall be!" answered Herbert, warmly; "believe me, no character is so despicable to me as your prying, inquisitive body, never satisfied till he has learnt everything about everybody else's concerns but his own."

Marchemont held out his hand, which Herbert grasped heartily, and Terese looked on with a melancholy haze in the soft blue eyes, but a contented smile on the lips.

"One thing more, mon pere," said she softly, "you must give Monsieur Merton to understand how he is never to mention his acquaintance with us to any one either in the lodging-house or out of it, and to make no explanations concerning us, though he were questioned. I am afraid he will think we are hardly worth so many restrictions."

"Not at all. Your secret is your own, and has nothing to do with my acquaintance with you."

M. Marchemont winced, and turned around abruptly, while a low sigh escaped his daughter. And Herbert rose and wished them good-night.

## CHAPTER III.

THE singular acquaintance commenced so early in his Parisian experience, was not likely to be dropped or neglected by Herbert Merton.

Long and closer intimacy only deepened his interest in the fascinating and mysterious father and daughter. Scarcely a day passed but he found a few moments, oftener a long hour, to spend in their pleasant saloon. He performed with alacrity also many errands in the street as well as bringing up daily the pail of water. Terese made a weekly visit to some shop in the vicinity to dispose of the delicate embroidery at which she was always employed, but the father never left that faubourg except upon extremely rare occasions, and then Herbert could not fail to notice the slouched hat and raised coat collar, and the nervous dread of recognition from some unknown sources. He tried, however, heartily to fulfil his promise, and not give a moment's scrutiny to any of these mysterious circumstances, and when, one day, he handed the water to Terese, she said, with a deprecating smile:

"You keep your word faithfully. I know you must wonder why we do not have the water brought for us, though you do not betray a sign of it. We tried it, and came so near being betrayed from my incognito by means of the porter's perseverance or impertinence, that we gave up the idea. Heaven knows we have need of keeping strict guard over ourselves. It is a perfect miracle that my father's heart was so won by your frank face. How many times I have besought Heaven to bless you for it, it has made such a gleam of sunshine for us, and my poor dear father seems like another creature. Ah, Monsieur Merton, can I ever thank you enough for your kindness to him?"

Even then Herbert made no effort to win the confidence half-volunteered, but answered lightly:

"Mademoiselle, if there is any further way I can be of service do not scruple to ask it of me, since it is one of my chiefest pleasures."

A sudden gravity deepened the lines on the fair face, but shook off the smile from the lip, and the sparkle from the violet eye, and with a sudden catching of the breath, she said:

"Thank you, oh, thank you, monsieur. I cannot say, but some time I may call upon you to aid in a task of the most vital, the most terrible importance. Ah, how it lightens my burden to feel assured of your help. Heaven bless you."

"Any and all times, I am ready, mademoiselle."

"Don't call me that, call me Terese; will have you earned the privilege?"

"Nay, I like your father's pet name best, I think I will call you mademoiselle until I may say Mignon."

She blushed deeply, and ran away.

Herbert looked after the retreating form with a tender light in his eye that might have seriously disturbed the equanimity of his parents.

Not more than three weeks after this, Herbert sitting at his window, saw the grey shawl and old woman's veiled bonnet, crossing to the opposite side walk.

"So Terese has gone again with her needlework," was his quiet reflection. "I cannot for the life of me see why she works so steadily, though to be sure quite a fortune would wear away under their ceaseless expenditure with no income. But if I get to thinking about Terese there's an end to working out this proposition."

And settling the book, and pencil, and paper again before him, he turned from the window, and went resolutely to his task. He worked on steadily until twilight, then throwing aside his books, he took hat and cane and sallied out to the tea-room of the restaurant, spent half an hour there, and as much longer in the smoking-hall over his cigar, then strolled slowly back smiling over the anticipated treat of an evening with the Marchmonts, and the reading of a new poem he had just purchased.

His knock at the door was answered by M. Marchemont.

"What! Merton is it you? come in. I was almost startled, for I am extremely uneasy. What do you think? Terese has not returned. She was never away so long. Our tea hour is past, the tray has come, but no signs of Terese. I have been tempted to rush out into the street in search of her, but if anything has happened I should do more harm than good. Oh, my Mignon, my devoted angel, that such a life should fall upon you!"

As he spoke, the old man wrung his hands, and walked to and fro in uncontrollable excitement.

Merton glanced at the darkened sky, and said decisively:

"Doubtless she has been tempted a little beyond her accustomed round by the fine afternoon, and forgot how the walk home would be lengthened. Can you tell me the shop where she carried her embroidery? I can easily ascertain how long she has left it. What name does she pass under there? I will go in search of her."

"Thank you, thank you! it will be such a relief. They call her Madame Marchemont, none of them have seen her face. Go, go at once, my kind friend—the

shop is 25, Rue —, I shall wait as patiently as possible."

Herbert went out into the lighted streets, and dashed on at a furious pace. The shop was soon reached; he could not help a sudden chill foreboding, sinking into his heart when the shopman answered his inquiry.

"Oh, yes, Madame Marchmont had brought her embroidery, but it was early in the afternoon. She left full three hours ago."

He turned and walked swiftly a little further along the street, closely scanning the form of every female amid the crowd he met. No sign of the grey shawl and old woman's bonnet. Then remembering M. Marchmont might give him some clue whither else to turn, he went back and hastened up-stairs, hoping to find her already there. No; the pale, anxious face of the old man alone appeared as he opened the door.

"You have not found her," exclaimed he in accents of the most extreme anguish. "Oh Heavens, what can I do?"

"I came hoping you might know some other place where she would be likely to go, and that I might lose no time in random search. If you can give me any information, I will go out at once."

"No, no, only an accident of some kind—or—something worse could keep Terese from me at this hour. I am confident of that. She sometimes takes a walk in the square, and does a little shopping, but she would know how alarmed I should be."

"Well, at all events I will go out again. I cannot remain quiet."

And half beside himself with undefined and extravagant fears, Herbert flew down-stairs, and out into the street again. He was dashing round a corner when he nearly upset the very one he sought.

He could not help grasping her hands, he was so overjoyed.

"Oh, Terese, your father and I were nearly frantic with terror," exclaimed he, playfully, feeling hilarious with the sudden lifting of dread. But as she leaned a moment against his arm, and the lamplight from a baker's shop fell upon her face, the words were frozen upon his lips.

She was deathly pale—the eyes staring with dilated horror—the features set to a desperate determination.

"Don't speak—help me home as soon as possible!" gasped she, leaning heavier and heavier against him; "my strength is nearly gone."

Throwing one arm around her, and blessing the dimness of the unfrequented street, Herbert actually carried her to the entrance of their house.

She sat down upon the steps and whispered faintly: "Go and look, please, if anyone outside is watching. I am pretty sure I have eluded my pursuer; but for the last three hours I have been fleeing from street to street, followed and dodged every step by an emissary of our deadliest foe. I dared not come anywhere near home, but went and went until my feet seemed like clogs of iron, and my strength, but for desperation, would have been entirely gone."

Herbert silently passed out again, and looked about him; at first he thought he could discern a dark figure leaning against an iron railing beyond, but going closer he found it only a post, and immediately returned with the welcome assurance to Terese that he saw no suspicious person.

She was still gasping and trembling. Fearing some lodgers might make their appearance, Herbert begged her to allow him to carry her further, and as she did not refuse, he took her up lightly in his arms and hurried up to the third story. At the father's door he paused to look into her face, and in terror perceived by the dim light hanging from the ceiling, that the eyes were closed, and the head drooped helplessly forward.

He did not wait to knock, but pushed open the door and carried the inanimate form to the sofa. M. Marchmont sprang to her side with a cry of horror.

"What has happened? Just Heavens, is my child dead?"

"No, no, only fainting," exclaimed Herbert, catching a glass of water from the table and sprinkling the chilly face. "I came upon her in this street. She fainted while I was helping her up-stairs. Hush! she is reviving now."

Only a few moments and Terese started and looked around her wildly, when she perceived the familiar room and the anxious faces bending over her, she burst into a flood of tears, and as M. Marchmont seized her trembling hands in his, she sobbed—

"Oh, mon pere, mon pere, the clouds are gathering once more. He is here in Paris, and I have been followed all the afternoon."

M. Marchmont dropped into a chair as if he had been shot, and sat gazing with starting eyes and ashy lips, while in hysterical agitation his daughter talked on.

"Oh, these dreadful hours that I have been flying along street after street, and never losing sight of that black figure behind me. It was like some terrible nightmare dream," and covering her face, she shivered.

"My friends," said Herbert, suddenly, "if I can be of

any use, you know I am at your service heart and hand; but do not forget my presence, and speak words that I ought not to hear. If you do not need me I will retire."

"No, no," cried Terese, "do not go, you are our only friend—oh, stay with us—pity us—do not go, Herbert."

It was the first time she had ever called him by his name. She did not heed it now, but he with a thrill of joy marked it, believing it had never been so sweetly spoken before. For answer he went towards the sofa, and stood leaning against it, feeling himself strong to battle for her sake against any foe, however powerful.

M. Marchmont was still struggling against agitation. "But you have not told me yet, poor child, where you met him, and how you were discovered?"

"Ah, the fatal embroideries, if I had only kept them till to-morrow," sighed she. "I was coming out of the shop when an unlucky gust of wind caught my veil, doubling it over my face so that I could not see, and I stumbled over a box lying on the pavement and fell. My bonnet fell back, and my veil was torn. A gentleman raised me up and restored my bonnet; but, alas! the mischief was done. As blushing and stammering I replaced the bonnet, conscious of staring eyes, who should I behold reining up his horse against the sidewalk, but the one of all others I sought to avoid. Oh, mon pere, that evil, malignant, triumphant eye froze the blood around my heart. I know not what the kind gentleman imagined, who helped me from my fall, but dropping the veil over my face, I broke away from him and ran as fast as I dared round the first corner. But one glance backward showed me his servant dismounting from the carriage. I knew what it was for, and redoubled my speed. I went into shops and darted out the other door; but he kept me always in sight. I had sense enough to keep away from here; but at last it seemed as if I could not go another step. Then a gleam of hope came to me—I went boldly up the steps of the first private house and asked for the mistress, and briefly told her I was trying to elude a bold, bad man; and asked her if she would let me stay awhile and rest me. She was very kind, gave me some wine, and a different shawl to throw over this, and at last, just at dusk, let me out upon the other street in the rear, from which I came flying home almost wild with terror. What would have happened to me if Herbert had not met me I know not."

"I can ask no happier lot than to be always thus at hand when you need me, Mignon," said Herbert, in a tone of unmistakable tenderness.

Even amidst her present agitation, Terese coloured as she noticed it. M. Marchmont sat as if stupefied with the blow, and it was Herbert who spoke again.

"I do not ask until you choose to tell me what it is you dread, or whom you fear," said he; "but one thing is certain, you will need to remain very secluded, and allow me to attend to all your wants. The good landlady, I think, can be trusted; but would it not be well to put her on her guard, in case Terese were tracked hither to-night, that she may evade all inquiries?"

"Yes, yes, that is true, but if he has so much of a trace of us as this, all our efforts will be fruitless, unless we start at once, this very night, and leave Paris. Alas! alas! are we never to have peace? Oh, my innocent child, when I think that this is your fate, I am tempted to seek no longer for escape, but securing your safety, suffer myself the worst he can inflict!"

"Mon pere, mon pere," said the weeping Terese, "do you not know I will accept no safety you cannot share?"

M. Marchmont bent forward and kissed first her lips and then her hands.

"Angel!" cried he, "at least you will be rewarded hereafter."

Herbert looked on with interest, and suddenly making up his mind, he came forward to their side, and said, earnestly:

"Monsieur Marchmont, something moves me to say now, what might else have been hidden a long time in my heart. Come what will, there is one heart to remain true to you and to your daughter—one arm that will fight in your service while a muscle is left with strength. I love Terese, and if the time ever comes when a husband's devotion and care can save her from danger or distress, give her to me, and you may be sure she will be cherished as the richest treasure the world can bestow. I am but a humble student, to be sure; but I have influential friends, and a stout heart, and many have started with less auspicious circumstances, and arrived at a noble goal."

M. Marchmont smiled drearily.

"Noble youth," said he, "once I might have spurned such an offer; now, from the depths of an afflicted heart, I thank you for it; and say, proudly, that you alone, of all I have met, are worthy of her! What says my daughter?"

Terese had dropped her tearful face within her clasping hands. She drew them away now, and said, with touching simplicity:

"Only this, mon pere: that while sorrow and danger

are around you, I belong to you; but if brighter days come, then I will joyfully give myself to Herbert."

Herbert came forward, and bent his lips also to the little hand.

"Thank you, Mignon, beloved; I could have asked no nobler answer. And now your cause is mine—and you must let me act for you. First, then, while you are closely secluded here, I must set a watch to see if any strangers hover around, and look out for other lodgings, in case of a sudden removal from these; and perhaps I had better see the landlady at once."

"Thank you, thank you!" ejaculated the father, "I am scarcely able to think yet; it is a wonderful relief to have your cool brain to act for us."

Terese did not utter any audible thanks, but following him to the door, she laid her hand lightly upon his, and looked up into his face with eloquent eyes.

He kissed the hand fondly, whispering with thrilling tenderness:

"Mignon, you are mine in hope, I am yours in sorrow," and ran down-stairs to see the landlady with a heart as light as if the danger was all averted.

#### CHAPTER IV.

EARLY the next morning as Herbert returned from the restaurant, the landlady beckoned him with a mysterious nod into her room, and closing the door carefully, whispered:

"I want to give you a little warning. I always mean to be a friend to my lodgers, and especially to so steady and quiet a person as you have been; and I have seen that, this morning, that makes me mistrust some plot against you. I know the ways of those detestable secret police, and the fellow who came to secure the lodging below you, is one of them. Well, when you went down to the street this morning, I saw them peeping after you. Is that he?" asked the lodger who came last evening, "are you sure there is no mistake?" and the other nodded his answer, and then they spied me and shut the door. I know there was something queer about it, coming at so late an hour last evening, and so I have given you a hint. And that's all."

"Thank you," returned Herbert indifferently, "I am quite certain I have done nothing to attract the attention of that class of gentry. For all their certainty, they must have mistaken their man."

"I'm sure I hope so, for it makes me nervous to have any such doings around. That one who said he was sure of you, is a shopman at a linen-draper's in Rue —, I am quite certain."

Herbert wheeled around at once, all listlessness and inattention vanished by a startled thought.

"A shopman! after all, you are right. Yes, yes; I see it now; ah, Madame, how can I thank you? If you will only aid us we can foil the villain, for now I am sure they track me only to gain a clue to the residence of the Marchmonts; you who are also in their secret can aid us. I called at that linen-draper's shop last evening to inquire if Madame Marchmont had been there—that explains all. It will not take them long to discover that the same grey shawl and old woman's bonnet go often from the third floor to the street. I know two of the students here who are always joking about the 'grey old woman.' They must go from here at once. The Marchmonts must go at once—dear Madame, tell me how it can be done without their suspicion being aroused?"

At this moment a knock on the outside of the door interrupted them, and as Madame J— threw it open, Herbert knew at once from her face, that the tall, dark man who advanced into the room, was none other than the spy himself.

He glanced at Herbert a moment and bowed courteously.

"Excuse me," said he, "you are the very one, monsieur, my companion was in search of," and advancing to the door he called "Francisco!"

And Francisco obeying showed to Herbert the same clerk of whom he had made inquiries concerning Madame Marchmont in the shop.

Francisco with great alacrity produced a purse and passed it to Herbert.

"This belongs to monsieur, I think—we found it immediately after he was in the shop, and have just traced him hither."

Herbert did not offer to touch it, but answered as carelessly as possible:

"You are a model shopkeeper, and take as much pains to restore as is usually done to conceal. But my purse is quite safe—it is not so often stolen but I should have followed up the loss of a part even of its contents."

Francisco's face exhibited well counterfeited astonishment.

"Not monsieur's, and I have taken all this pains to hunt him up? Peste! I will search no farther."

"A wise resolve," said Herbert, laughing gaily, and making a movement to pass the dark-faced man, whose eyes never left his face.

But the dark-faced stranger interposed.

"Francis forgets the—no—more important errand. My wife has ordered some embroidery, which your acquaintance can execute dilly. He does not know her address—can you give it to us?"

Herbert dared not give vent to the withering glance with which he longed to show them their flimsy artifice was fully fathomed, but he answered coldly:

"If I had known where to find her, I should not have gone to that shop to inquire for her. I should be very much obliged to you if you would give to me that important information. And if you succeed, pray let me know."

And saying this, Herbert resolutely pushed past the interposing form, and went up to his own room, and sat down there to think. How his heart ached at the errand before him! It was so hard to carry such terrifying news to them—to go in and say deliberately that the spy, from whom they shrink in such overwhelming terror, was already under the very roof with them. How he chafed beneath the longing to rush down, and with his own stout arm eject the intruder from the premises. How he wondered what could be the secret that should compel them to fly before his coming. And yet, noble fellow! never came the murmur, "why do they not confide in me?" or the doubt, "what if they are guilty?"

The post had come in while he was at the restaurant, and two letters and a paper from England lay on his table.

He broke open the letters and glanced over them hastily. One was brief and business-like, his father's reiterated charge to attend closely to his business, run into no extravagances, and by all means refrain from falling in love until his prospects were more flattering than at present.

Herbert read the last rather ruefully, and to escape the sudden prickling of stinging remorse, broke open the long letter, and more agreeable communication from his pet sister. It was filled with affectionate remembrances, witty criticisms of this book, and that event, and well crowded with gossip. In his present confusion of mind it is not remarkable that the letter was not very minutely scanned, and that some of the communications escaped him. Putting them aside, he took the newspaper and went into the next room, to give the warning before going into recitations.

Terese had been anxiously expecting him, and the moment she saw his face, although he thought he had made it seem cheerful, she exclaimed:

"You have had bad news for us, Herbert. What is there in the paper?"

"Nay the paper is innocent enough. I have not read a line of it, but—"

"Tell us at once," exclaimed M. Marchemont; "because there can be nothing worse than we shall fear."

"The spy who followed Terese yesterday, or another of his kind, is now established in the room I rejected on the second floor," answered Herbert, perceiving it useless to attempt to palliate the truth.

Terese wrung her hands—her father clasped his over her face and groaned aloud.

"No peace, no rest, no home—ever pursued, ever flying," exclaimed he, bitterly. "Why do I, not turn and defy the worst?"

Terese crossed to his side, and dashing away her tears, said imploringly:

"Hush! oh, my father, for the sake of her memory, we must still bear in silence—the light shall break some time, be sure of that; and for all this woe, the reward shall be the greater."

"My good angel! it is more for your sake than my own that I grieve. Well, well, let us consider what can be done; we had just grown contented and happy here with Herbert near. It is hard to fly."

"I can follow," answered Herbert, promptly, "if it is only safe; but at present I really believe it is only my movements that are under espionage."

And he related all he knew, adding, "but the worst I fear is that his inquiries may discover your presence in the house."

"Yes, that will be sure to follow. Can we leave to-day?"

"I think not. He is established in that room, and can watch every descending step on the stairs. Besides, who knows how many others keep watch over the street outside? To-night seems to promise safe movements, and unfortunately I can be of no service. I would recommend you to keep perfectly quiet until noon, and when I return as usual I can watch narrowly whether he has any associates. I will also send a trusty comrade in my class to engage temporary lodgings in some obscure street, and can bring you the number and locality. Perhaps, too, who knows, in the anxiety to keep track of me, he may follow to dine where I do at the restaurant. That would be your time to slip away. By all means, Terese, leave behind the grey shawl and bonnet. Let us try to keep up courage while we can."

Father and daughter smiled mournfully, and each

clasped affectionately his extended hand. M. Marchemont drew from his breast a small box, glanced into it as if to see that its contents, a few closely-folded papers, and a smaller case evidently containing jewellery, were all safe, and said hurriedly:

"I had almost a mind to confide these to you—in case—I knew not what—but such might happen between now and noon, and these in my possession would ruin me."

"Let me take them then, you do not need my assurance that they will be returned intact. And now try and not be overcome with fear. See, here is an English paper, let it beguile your thoughts from your own troubles, and at noon all may be well. Terese, dear, you will look the door after me."

M. Marchemont took the paper and glanced over its columns, while Herbert and Terese lingered for a few lover words at the door. They were startled by a wild cry, as, trampling the paper under his feet, M. Marchemont came flying towards them.

"Safe! safe!" cried he, in utter transport; "Mignon, we are safe at last. The duke is dead. Heaven bless you, Herbert, for bringing me that paper. Oh, joy, joy. I can walk forth boldly now. I need no longer skulk and hide, and cower. I am a man once more."

Terese stood dumb a moment, and then sprang to seize the paper, and glanced over it with devouring eyes. She came hurrying back to fling herself, weeping beyond the power of speech, into the old man's arms.

Herbert stood, gazing utterly bewildered, but immensely relieved at this new phase of events, though how it was possible an English duke's death had power to lift off their dread was perfectly incomprehensible.

When at length something like calmness succeeded their hysterical transport of relief, M. Marchemont came to Herbert's side.

"Noble youth, generous friend!" said he, "who have trusted us through all, without a murmur at our witholden confidence, and unbroken reserve, at last the hour has come when I can speak. The duke is dead, and with the cessation of his wicked and deceitful life my chains are broken. A wild and impulsive young man, I fell into the snare set by that princely villain. No matter what it was now—my maturer judgment cannot think of it without horror, but a daring and wicked plot was concocted by a few reigning favourites at court. They needed a delegate from the people also, from the untitled aristocracy, and the fatal choice fell upon me. Alas! I was a weak tool in the hands of those designing men. The intimacy and condescension of one of his rank flattered my pride, and his artful praises kindled my vanity. I joined the Dark League, and took the oath never to betray it while its chief existed on the earth. The villainy of that chief, discovered in the ruin and shame of my own family, awoke me to the fatal snare into which I had fallen. He had visited my house often—blind fool that I was—I believed it was my own presence that he sought. I knew not that he had fixed his eyes upon my innocent and lovely wife. I ask me no more, in the presence of that weeping angel, and yet his wicked arts succeeded only by showing to my hapless wife the peril in which I had voluntarily placed myself. A word, a hint from the duke, and my head paid the forfeit of my rashness. My wife drooped in anguish, and on her death-bed revealed all to me. Mad with rage and frantic with grief, I rushed from the corpse of my wife into the hall of the League, and fired my pistol at the chief. O, fatal aim! A sudden start of his saved him; but the ball entered the heart of an innocent man sitting beyond him, and he fell back dead. From the seething whirlpool in my own brain, I scarcely know what followed; but I was seized and borne to solitary confinement, forbidden to speak a word until after my trial, and warned to beware of breaking my oath to the league. I had only sense enough to beg a friend to attend to my wife's funeral, and fell into a burning fever. When I recovered, consciousness, I found myself on board a packet ship, bound to Marseilles, under the care of one of the league; my daughter and her nurse were with me. I was coldly informed that I had been saved from certain sentence of death by the criminal cart, by means of the members who had managed to deceive the gaoler into believing me dead, and had also passed off to the world that the murder of the unfortunate Lord C— had died of brain fever in his prison. A respectable competence was allowed me, and a peremptory command on penalty of a disgraceful death, and my violated oath, not to attempt any return to my native land while the duke lived. I was told the league was broken up, and that I had the sympathy of many of its members, but that their oath forbade their helping me at all. Only one hope has brightened my life—that the duke might die, and I be able to come forward and lay the proofs before my sovereign, certain then of the corroborating testimony of many of my penitent companions. But for all these years that hope has mocked me. Here am I an old man, my child grown to womanhood, my estate passed into other hands, and as it were my own identity lost.

This man whose persecutions have nearly driven me mad, is one who knows nothing of the true circumstances, but only that I am he who was accused of murder, and reported as dead in prison. He demanded of me my one treasure left, as the price of silence—my little Mignon for his wife. And now all is told. Let him come, I fear him not; and you, Herbert, may silence as soon as you will his claim upon Mignon. She is yours when you choose. Whatever comes to me, she is the heiress of the proud estate of Worthridge."

"Worthridge!" exclaimed Herbert; "what the one grand family of our shire, is it possible? now I remember the melancholy story. How could I have forgotten it? Why, in my sister's letter she tells me the last heir has died in wasting consumption?"

"Then we shall be spared the pang of gazing worthy people from a place they have innocently occupied," exclaimed he, no longer Marchemont, but Philip Worthridge. "Let us hasten at once to England, every moment's delay tells upon my wasted strength and feeble body, and I long to receive, as I so ardently hope and believe, the pardon of my sovereign."

A step without, drew Herbert's attention. He flung open the door and discovered the spy.

"What, tracked so soon!" exclaimed the old man, who had quietly followed him. "You come too late to frighten me. Ah, villain, your day is over. I invite you to accompany me on my journey to England."

Two weeks later saw them safely across the channel, and while Philip Worthridge hurried to London, his daughter and the anxious Herbert waited to hear the result of his anxious disclosure. The public was never gratified with the full details of the marvellous story. Too many scenes of noble houses, now staunch and worthy supporters of the throne, were implicated. But enough was known to exonerate Philip Worthridge from the penalty of his mistaken vengeance, to restore him to the home of his fathers, with the unconditional pardon of his sovereign. But the worn spirit sank suddenly away the moment rest and peace seemed at hand. He died in the ancestral mansion and was buried by his father's side. This was enough to soothe the grief of his tender daughter, Nor was she left desolate. After the proper mourning interval, the papers announced the marriage of Herbert Merton, Esq., the new member for—shire to the lovely heiress of Worthridge. And even the ambitious Squire Merton could not help joining in the general verdict:

"What a fortunate episode was Herbert's student life in Paris, and what a charming romance had been wrought out by the neighbours on the same floor!"

M. F. C.

OWING to the active steps taken to replenish the exhausted timber in the dockyards from all available sources, there is now stacked in Woolwich Dockyard timber, calculated for naval shipbuilding of the value of £200,000.

A REPORT, that orders have been received from the home government to fortify Bombay, has been supplemented by a rumour that 10,000 troops are about to be despatched to India. There is no doubt, we believe, that in consequence of the return of an unusual number of regiments, a large number of troops will be sent out as reliefs, and probably they will amount to near 14,000 men. It is likely that some portion of the force will proceed through Egypt, the political effect of an occasional display of British military power in that quarter being beneficial, in view of the efforts made by France to obtain a footing there. It is very probable that advertisements for transports will soon appear.

PRINTING PRESSES, PULPITS AND PETTICOATS.—These are the great levers that govern the world. Without them the bottom would fall out, and society would become chaos again. The press makes people patriotic, the pulpit religious; but woman aways all things. There would be no going to church if there were no girls there; neither would there be any going to war were the soldiers to meet with no applause but from the masculines. Without the sunshine shed by woman, the rose of affection would never grow, nor the flowers of eloquence germinate. In short, she is the engine of life, the great motive power to love, valour, civilization. In proof of this truth all history speaks trumpet-tongued.

GREAT alarm is experienced at New York and the eastern ports of America in consequence of the audacity of the Confederate cruisers, upwards of forty vessels having been captured or destroyed in one week by the Tacony and her consort. The United States navy has proved totally incompetent to deal with vessels, which, owing to their superiority in speed to ships of war, of strong scantling, and heavy armament, set them at defiance. Under these circumstances the merchants of Boston have determined to avail themselves of the services of their swift packet-steamers, and obtained permission of the Secretary of the Navy to charter these vessels, several of which have been equipped with a war armament and despatched in pursuit, under the command of officers of the United States navy.

## THE LONDON READER.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUGUST 1, 1863.

## THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

THREE appears to have been a striking similarity between the recent battle near Gettysburg and that fought in the month of September last, at Antietam Creek. Both inaugurated campaigns in Northern States, and both may have, at the same time, marked the commencement and the termination of a Southern invasion. The Northern soldiers certainly fight best on their own soil; for, except on the present occasion, and at Antietam, they have never held their ground with such steadiness when coping with their Southern antagonists.

It is now tolerably clear that accident, rather than design, furnished the Federal army with a battle-field on which they certainly fought at no disadvantage. So soon as Meade was placed in the supreme command he appears to have lost no time in seeking an opportunity of giving battle to the invading army. The head-quarters of the Confederates were at Chambersburg, and towards that point he pushed forward by the shortest route. Hearing of his approach, the Southern general recalled the several corps of his army which were scattered over that portion of Pennsylvania lying between the Susquehanna and Maryland, and prepared to receive General Meade.

On the western side of Gettysburg, the outposts of the two armies met on the morning of the first of July. Whether Reynolds' division was sent in advance by way of making a reconnaissance in force is doubtful; but it would seem that that general, who was himself slain, had the rashness to allow himself to be drawn into an engagement in which he was outnumbered. After having been engaged for two hours, he was joined by a second division of the Federal army, under the command of Howard; but the reinforcement came too late to render any practical assistance. The ground in the neighbourhood of Gettysburg is traversed by hilly ridges, some of which are covered with timber. On one side of these ridges Reynolds had taken up his position. But it was in turn commanded by a second ridge on its right, which latter the Confederates succeeded in occupying, and were thus enabled to expose the Federal troops to a heavy fire on the flank, as well as on the front. After having for some hours waged an unequal fight, the two divisions of the Federal army were obliged to retire, with the loss of four thousand five hundred men, including an immense number of officers slain, amongst whom were two generals, Reynolds and Paul.

On the evening of the same day the main body of General Meade's army took up its position on the south side of Gettysburg, and on the following morning that general proceeded to form his line of battle. The south side of the town of Gettysburg is commanded by a long hilly ridge, which extends in a south-westerly direction towards the Maryland frontier. On this ridge the Federal general posted his army, and doubtless intended awaiting the attack of the Confederate forces. The forenoon of the same day was equally employed by General Lee in placing his forces in position; and, had it not been for a reconnaissance made by the corps forming the left wing of the Federal army, the engagement might not have been commenced before the following day. This reconnaissance, however, led to a collision with the right wing of the Confederate army, and at a late hour in the afternoon the battle extended along the entire front of both armies.

It became soon apparent that Lee was desirous of carrying into execution his favourite tactics of outflanking his adversaries. It was the wings rather than the centre of the Federal army against which he chiefly directed his assaults. It is probable, however, that it was more especially on his left wing that he was anxious to outflank General Meade; for although he maintained a heavy artillery fire against those divisions whose right immediately rested on the rising ground at the rear of Gettysburg, it was against the corps commanded by General Sickles, which constituted the left wing of the Federal army, that he launched without stint his battalions of infantry. In both instances his efforts were crowned with temporary success.

On the extreme left the Northern troops were unable to withstand the onslaught of the Confederates. The latter not only gained the crest of the hill held by Sickles' division, but succeeded in driving the Federals down its opposite side. With the aid of reinforcements, the Northern troops again secured their previous position. Three several times did the Confederates endeavour to gain possession of this rising ground, but on each occasion they were obliged to retire. When night closed in, the hilly ridge on which, in the morning,

General Meade had posted his army, still remained in his possession.

Of the continuation of the battle on the following day we know nothing more than that General Lee, after having directed a heavy cannonade against the Federal army for upwards of three hours, twice assaulted its left and centre, but without success. On the proceedings of the subsequent day hinges, in all probability, the issue of the Southern invasions.

From the hour in which the Evil Genius of the North American Republic succeeded in placing Abraham Lincoln in the now-dedicated chair of George Washington, the father and founder of his country's greatness, the vials of wrath have not ceased to pour their baneful contents over the unhappy land subjected to his rule. It has been more than once recorded in the world's history, that the prestige of an honoured name, has been a source of national union, and the guarantee of a nation's prosperity, and enduring peace, but it remained for the 19th Century to produce a contrast, and from the dregs of faction to select an individual and bear him, by intrigue and intimidation, to the highest executive office in the great Republic of the Western hemisphere. Thus it is that the world has beheld a man whose antecedents, and whose name are but the types of disunion and disgrace, elevated to the once dignified position of President of the United States of North America, whose special mission has been to

— cry Havoc!

And let slip the dogs of war,

with a result that, under any circumstances, must inevitably transmit his name to future generations as the destroyer of his country's greatness.

Long before these sentences can meet the eyes of our readers, the blow will have been struck that must decide whether, or not, the power for mischief, hitherto enjoyed by President Lincoln, shall continue equal to his will for inflicting it. The bold, and hitherto successful, movements of the Confederate General Lee, by which he has compelled the barbarians of the Northern armies to flee the country they had wantonly desolated, and whose ruined homes, and ravaged fields, silently appeal to Heaven against the unprovoked and reckless cruelty of the invader; may, or may not, entitle that commander to rank amongst the greatest generals of the age, but they certainly have had the effect of bringing the horrors of war home to the fire-sides of the aggressors, and of unmasking the hypocrisy and unblushing mendacity of the Federal Government and its organs—voices not exclusively the President's, but liberally shared in by all under his influence, whether in the Cabinet, or in the Camp, the Senate, or the Church. From the "commanders-in-chief" of the grand armies of the North, whom the present unjust war has called into existence (and their name is Legion), down to the merest drummer-boy, boasting and blundering—bragging and taking fright at its echo; have been the most innocent characteristics of Federal military policy. The despatches of the generals have been disgraceful fabrications, evasions of the truth; their telegrams, flashed upon the wires, have been sent to order with a disregard of truth, perfectly natural to vendors of wooden nutmegs, and heroes of a hundred defeats. Munchausen may henceforth hide his diminished head, for greater masters in the art of drawing the long-bow, have risen up, and the battle-fields of America are chosen for the scene of their experiments.

Could marble change its hue, the walls of the Capitol would blush incarnadine, when they echo Lincoln's messages and proclamations that boast of glorious victory, when nothing but ignominious defeat should be spoken of. It may be as the classics have it, that—

Amid the clash of arms, the laws are silent.

but, however, powerless the law in such a crisis, the homage due to truth can never be trampled upon with impunity by governments or by individuals, and the policy of Mr. Lincoln is already reaping its reward in the justifiable incredulity with which intelligence of any kind from the Federal States is received in Europe, whether under the official seal or not.

Thus much for the crooked policy by which the war has been conducted by the aggressive party—it has now progressed until the culminating point is within reach, and ere this has doubtless been passed—the destiny of the Northern States, as well as that of the South, hangs upon the issue of a struggle that will assuredly defer the cause of Southern Independence for many years, or will place those who manfully and honourably have sought to achieve it, in triumphant possession of the Legislative Capitol of their merciless oppressors and would-be exterminators—in the one case an ocean of blood will have been shed in vain, in the other, the sacrifices endured will be hollowed by the justice of the cause that necessitated them.

Assuming that at the close of this unnecessary and protracted struggle, the Confederacy of the South will have secured the independence it requires, an event by no means beyond the limits of probability, it will be but just to the New State that its exact position with regard to the institution of slavery, should more generally and more equitably be understood, by the people of those

governments who will be called upon to give the right-hand of fellowship to a new nation, and to whom by habit and by education, the name of slavery is odious.

It has been justly remarked that the institution, for which the Southern States are supposed to be peculiar, did not originate with the people, or with the governments of those states. Slavery, in its every phase of deformity, was introduced into America by the English themselves; and for more than two hundred years it was not merely tolerated, but encouraged, by the British Government and its agents, the governors of the respective American Colonies. Long before the people had succeeded in establishing their independence of the Mother Country, slavery was an established institution, among them, it had existed almost from the date of the first settlement of the English upon the soil; the existing generation had merely succeeded to the inheritance left them by their predecessors, who had derived the right of holding their fellow-men in slavery, by successive Acts of Parliament for regulating the affairs of the British American Colonies; it is consequently manifest that the odium of originating the institution does not apply to the Southern States, but to the government which established them as British Colonies. To allege, therefore, that the abolition of the slave-holding regulations of the South is, at this juncture, an equitable ground for war on the part of the Northern States, is merely a pretext imported into the quarrel for the sake of throwing dust into the eyes of Europe.

It will be recollected that slavery was recognized and protected by this country up to a comparatively recent period of its history, and that, ultimately, when the claims of every man to freedom as his birthright were conceded by the English Parliament, twenty millions of sterling gold was appropriated to the indemnification of British slave-owners in the West Indies, whose right of property in their slaves was thus recognized by the very Act that gave the latter freedom. That benign influence which operated upon the mind of the British nation, after a usage of many centuries, will, doubtless, in the good time of Providence, also operate upon the judgment of the people of the present slave-holding states of America, and the blot will be removed from among them without requiring the sword of the Northern Government, which, until the present war, has been the eager feeder of the slave-market, and the encourager of the trade. It is incontestible that the South is not fighting for the maintenance of slavery, but for existence and independence; if the South should achieve its object to-morrow, the statistics of slavery would not be affected one jot; nor would there be one more slave in the States than at the outbreak of the war; while the restoration of the Union by force, will, after a few months, encourage the North to extend its sordid traffic, and become slave-carriers upon a much larger scale than they have yet practised.

Besides, interference with slavery was but an afterthought of the Federal Government, thrown into the scale as a make-weight to meet an exigency. "The South," says an able writer upon the subject, "was taxed for the benefit of the North, in a manner which throws the protective systems of Europe, in the worst times of monopoly, into the shade. Greed, ambition, lust of profit, and lust of power were the high, and noble, and generous motives by which the North was instigated; and it was to rid itself of all this, that the South seceded at first, and is fighting at this hour. The South wants to be let alone to govern itself and manage its own affairs as it likes—this the North, influenced by greed of power and of pelf, will not assent to, and hence the bloodshed and desolation of this war, for which the Federal Government is alone accountable."

Whichever way the war may terminate, it is evident that the condition of the slaves will not be ameliorated by the result. Assuming, for the moment, that victory should permanently rest upon the standards of the Federal Government, the position of four millions of human beings suddenly thrown upon their own resources, or rather, no resources, for subsistence, would be one of supreme calamity to themselves, and of supreme danger to the country over which they would be scattered. On the other hand, if the independence of the South is established, and the Federal yoke effectually thrown off; the ruined plantations and desolated country will require the labour of many years to restore them to a condition at all approximating to their former capability to maintain the slave population in the enjoyments of life to which they have been accustomed.

Finally, whatever view may be adopted as regards the question of slavery, it is manifest that the present is not the opportune time for discussing it. When men are fighting for their homes and families—when the independence of eight or ten millions of people is sought for, on the one hand; and their subjugation to a sordid and exacting tyranny, is determined upon, on the other; it is no time to talk of the abuses of domestic institutions. When the South has practically, and *de facto*, become master of its own house, it may then be successfully appealed to by the united voices of Europe, to set its house in order, and, as in the case of our own West Indian Emancipation, GRADUALLY ABOLISH SLAVERY.



[THE FLIGHT OVER THE HOUSE-TOPS.]

## MAN AND HIS IDOL.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## A DREAM AND A REALITY.

The moment after thou desertedst her,  
A cloud came o'er the prospect of her life,  
And I foresaw how evening would set in  
Early, and dark, and deadly. *Bailey's Festus.*

THE emotion which, in her exhausted state, overcame Emmy Kingston, saved her.

Steve Broad had loitered about Endle's Rents for no good; the few words he had heard from Daniel Kingston had stimulated his villany. He did not believe that the old waiter's daughter was a countess in her own right; but it did occur to him that Lord St. Omer would not have troubled himself about such a man without very good reason for so doing.

At any rate, in her father's absence, the girl was unprotected, and it might be easy to decoy her away.

He was the more inclined to this step, as Mark Allardyce, who had employed him, had, for a very good reason, failed to keep an appointment with him at the Hunning Rein, at which he was to give him money and instructions. In the absence of either, Steve had bethought him how he could turn what had occurred to his own purposes.

"I'll have the girl," he had said, "if she's worth having; if she isn't, I can chuck her up when I'm tired of her."

So he had set to work; but he had not calculated on his actions being so closely watched by the police. But for that, he would have induced Emmy to leave the house with him, and her situation would have been one of the utmost peril.

As it was, she was conveyed up to her room, in a piteous state; but she was safe. No fairy princess, dragon-guarded, could have been more secure than was poor Emmy under the roof of the rough, honest Mrs. Stott.

As to Steve Broad, in the confusion of the moment, he was suffered to go his way, much to Mrs. Stott's subsequent indignation; the police had no grounds for detaining him, though his conduct had been suspicious; only, in parting, they gave him a friendly caution, much on the principle of the jury, who found the man innocent, but advised him not to do it again.

During the rest of the evening, Mrs. Stott devoted every spare moment to Emmy, over whom she watched with more than motherly care. And she needed it. The more alarming symptoms soon ceased; but the life of the over-worked embroideress had ill-fitted her

to sustain such a shock as that which the mysterious disappearance of her fond parent had given her.

She lay upon the little bed quite still, quite motionless.

Not absolutely insensible, she yet lacked both the power and the will to move or speak, while her eyes closed in a lethargy that was not sleep, or stared wildly without seeing anything at which they looked.

During part of this time, Nan sat on a stool by the bed-side, watching, having a large jug of water on the ground before her, which she lifted every time the sleeper showed symptoms of waking. Nan's only notion of waiting on sick people was that they were to be kept constantly supplied with cold water. When she could, Mrs. Stott relieved Nan, and she was pleased to find that, as the night wore on, Emmy became calmer, and more herself. She was even able to ask after her father without a paroxysm of tears.

So about midnight, Mrs. Stott kissed her, bade her good night, and ventured to retire to rest.

Emmy lay in a heavy, dreamy state, conscious of some trouble which weighed on her and would not let her rest, and haunted by visions in which that trouble took horrible forms, and caused her to wake with a start and a cry, but only to relapse into lethargy once more.

One horror grew on her more vividly than all the rest. She was in a forest, at night, pursued by wolves. In her flight she came to the edge of a precipice. There was just sufficient light for her to see it, and to know that the base of the steep face of the cliff lost itself in blackness. One moment's hesitation, and she had flung herself over the brink of the cliff, had clutched, fiercely, madly—as for dear life—at the lichens and tufted grasses in the cracks of the cliff, each handful of which snapped or dragged out at its roots, and so let her fall until she could clutch again and again, but never at anything which would sustain her weight. So—down and down! Her fingers bled, her arms ached to cracking, her knees were lacerated, and already there had come upon her the horror of being dashed to pieces among the rocks at the cliff's base. At last she gained a firm hold of a gigantic thistle, the sharp points of which pierced her hands like needles. From this she swung, and with her feet searched in vain for any lower growth of grass, any inequality of the rock, or any means by which she might descend. The face of the cliff was smooth as polished granite! Horror of horrors! Those aching arms, those cracking tendons could not hold out much longer. Those cramped hands must release their hold. She must drop. She must fall like a stone into the abyss beneath. In that crisis there came a cry, a sudden glow of light. She looked up—her father bent over the edge of the cliff at an infinite height above, waving

a red torch in the night air. Its light showed the blood-stained track she had taken. From this she turned to look below—to look at the yawning gulf into which she must fall. As she did so a burst of wild spasmodic laughter burst from her lips, for she found that though in the darkness she appeared suspended over an abyss, she was in reality hanging but six inches from the solid earth.

In that outburst of laughter she awoke.

"Emmy!"

"Father!"

Simultaneously the words were uttered.

Startled, bewildered, dazed, Emmy knew that she had started up in her bed, and that her arms were about her father's neck; but she could not realize that she was awake. The horror of the dream was upon her. She believed that it had only taken some new form, only mocked her with some new phantom as fleeting as the rest.

"Emmy, my child—my darling—look up! 'Tis I—I, your father!"

"Father!"

It was all she could say. She still doubted; but her arms were about his neck. She saw his pale, scared face bending over her. She felt his hot tears fall upon her cheek.

"Are you ill, darling? Is this fever? Oh, tell me, tell me—let me hear you speak."

"I am not very ill; not very, father," she said, speaking in a low, hollow voice, "but I have had dreams, and— Oh, father, father, where have you been? How do you come here?"

He started from her.

There was a look in his face which she had never noticed there before. A look that made her shrink with terror. It was not the mild, gentle, tender father who stood there, with set teeth and glaring eyes—it was a demon that wore his form.

"Don't ask me, Emmy," he cried in husky tones, "don't ask me. I'm afraid to think. I daren't do it."

Feeble, tremulous as she was, Emmy rose, and stretching out her arms, clutched him to her breast.

But the fire which had been quickened in his mind was not to be so extinguished. He endured her kisses, he suffered her embrace; then, as if possessed by some feeling not to be controlled, he burst from her.

"Oh, father! what has happened?" she cried, in a feeble, piteous tone.

As she turned to ask this question the girl saw that the light on the table in the outer room—that in which she lived and worked—flickered in the night breeze, and that the window was open.

As he replied, Daniel pointed to it.

"Am I a bad man, Emmy?" he cried out.

"No, father! no!" she said, clasping her hands.  
 "Am I a brute—a felon?"  
 "Oh! no, no!"  
 "Yet I've had to steal into my house like a thief this night, Emmy—like a thief, in mortal terror of my life." He was greatly excited.  
 His eyes glowed with a light which she had never seen in them before. And he was restless and spasmodic.

"It is a terrible thing to shrink from those we love, yet, with all her love, Emmy feared her father in that hour.

"Pray sit down, dear father," she exclaimed; "sit here by the bedside, and tell me all."

"I cannot," he said.  
 "Is it so very terrible?" she asked.  
 "Is it terrible to be hunted down alive? Is it terrible to feel the jaws of death gaping at you? Is it terrible to be marked down for murder?"  
 "But is this so?" asked the girl.

"It is, Emmy, we dare not stay longer in this place. I am not safe, and they who seek my life will not spare yours. We must go."

"To-night?"  
 "Yes, yes; to-morrow will be too late. We are beset with spies. We are watched and tracked. Our only safety is in flight. We must get away, far away into the country wilds, where a man's steps leave no footprints."

"But I am ill," she urged, trying to turn him from his purpose.

"Yes, you need air; plenty of fresh air."

"I am very weak."

"I'll carry you. Once over the roofs and we shall be safe."

"Over the roofs!"

The impression that his mind was unsettled was growing upon her.

"Yes," he answered, coherently enough; "I know the way. Come; you will dress while I pack up what few things we shall need. And most of all the money—where is it?"

For the moment she could not recollect where it had been placed.

"Where is it?" he demanded, sharply.

Emmy shuddered. He had never spoken to her in that tone before.

"There, father: there!" she exclaimed, remembering, and pointing to the mantel-piece, on which stood a little box containing what valuables they possessed.

Daniel Kingston took the box and turned the contents out on to the table in the living-room. With a quick, nervous hand he grasped, at the gold and notes, his eyes glowing over them with a strange fascination, then having secured them, he picked from the miscellaneous contents of the box his wife's—Emmy's mother's—wedding-ring, an old foreign coin of some value, a broken miniature, and a little pocket-book full of papers, tied round with a fragment of red-ribbon. These things he secured in the breast-pocket of his coat, then in a sharp voice he asked:

"Are you dressed, Emmy?"

"Not yet, father," she answered, from the next room.

"Make haste!"

The words were short, sharp, decisive, and unlike the fond, endearing tones in which he usually spoke. They seemed to pierce the poor girl to the heart.

While, with great difficulty, Emmy succeeded in getting on her clothes, Daniel Kingston strode up and down the room, talking to himself, clenching his hands, grinding his teeth together.

He stopped as Emmy entered from her bedroom.

"Look here, my girl," he said; "we're going to-night, God knows where, but away, miles away from this place. Don't cry; 'tisn't so fine a place that you need shed a tear over it. We may meet with safety or find danger. I don't know; it's impossible I should know, but whatever comes to you or to me, remember this, and remember it was I, your father, told you. Good blood, the best blood, runs in your veins, Emmy. You are a poor man's child, but your rank is that of an earl's daughter?"

With what pain she heard these words. With what agony she noted the deep earnestness with which they were said.

"I will remember, father," was her reply.

"Till this night you never suspected this, did you, darling?"

"Never, never!" she answered.

"And you would have died ignorant, happily ignorant as I once believed, but for what has happened to me. Emmy, I have been a bad father. I've been a traitor to your interests. I've kept you poor and starving and ignorant, when I ought to have died to raise you to your true position. God knows, I have done it for the best. I have failed to raise hopes which I could not justify. I've thought it would be cruel to show you what you might be, in bitter mockery of what you are. And so in my indolence, and folly, and madness, I've let others revel in your wealth, and seen you starving at death's door. But that is past—that is past!"

He was so earnest, so excited, so unlike himself, that Emmy shuddered.

"But, father!" she interposed.

"One moment, Emmy," he cried out; "you will recollect a name if I tell it you?"

"Surely, yes."

"You will remember to your dying day the name of Laurence, Earl of St. Omer?"

"I will."

"Good; and whenever it rises in your memory let it be as that of the man to whom your father basely forfeited his title and estates—your title and your fortune—and who sought to prove his gratitude by becoming your father's murderer."

"Murderer!" She clutched his arm as her lips echoed the dread word.

"Yes! murderer! remember that, and more. Remember that here, on this spot, I called down the curse of Heaven on him, his wife, and child, and swore by my hopes of heaven, to devote the remainder of my days to vengeance. Curse him, Eternal powers, the false earl and his base issue! and give me life to wring from him his wealth, and to hunt him and his to beggary and death!"

He had fallen upon his knees.

His hands were raised imploringly.

Emmy shrank aghast. She trembled. Her lips clung parching together.

"Emmy!" shrieked the excited man; "you hear me! You must add your curse to mine. You must swear to me never to forget what you have heard."

He started from his knees and took her hand. It was like a stone.

"I swear it!" she gasped.

"Away, then, away!"

There was a chair under the dormer window in the slanting roof, and Daniel stepped into this, and more roughly than he intended, drew his daughter after him. They passed out of the window, and stole softly and cautiously along the gutter between the slanting roofs.

"Is it imperative? Must we go this way, father?"

asked Emmy, who felt herself powerless in her grasp.

"Yes—for safety—for safety, child."

In the dark night the way was infinitely perilous, but Daniel did not hesitate. They reached the end of the roof between which they had walked, then mounted a steep roof running in a contrary direction, and so reached an open window.

It was the window of an empty house.

Passing through it, they found themselves in a deserted garret, and thence stole down the stairs until they reached the street-door, which was shut but not fastened. Opening this a little way, Daniel peered out. The street into which he looked was deserted.

"Come!" he said.

Emmy, trembling with fear and weakness, obeyed.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### STORMY WATERS.

The passions of her mind,  
 As winds from all the compass shift and blow,  
 Made war upon each other. —*Tennyson.*

LORD SANDOUN was seated before the glass in the dressing-room of the house in Albany Street parting his hair. He always did that himself—it was all the work he ever did.

Suddenly Lotty came bounding into the room.

His lordship looked up, crimsoned and annoyed.

"What is it?" he said, throwing down the hairbrush and hand-glass petulantly. "You know I hate to be disturbed over my parting. It upsets me for the day!"

Lotty screwed up her round, laughing face into one of infinite concern.

"I wouldn't have done it for ever so much, Archy!" she said, "but here's a letter by hand, and there's immediate!" on it, and the messenger waits!"

He snatched at the note she held between her finger and thumb. She did not, as was her wont, scramble for it, or look over his shoulder while he read it. She was wise in her generation, and knew his lordship's moods.

"The devil!" cried that petulant personage, crossing his long legs and rising. "From Mark! What's this? Whitecross Street? Has it come to that already?"  
 "What! poor Mark in prison?" cried Lotty. She liked Mark—a little. She was sorry for him—a very little.

Sandoun ran over the letter with fierce eyes. This was a piece of it:

"The warrant of attorney has done it. But no matter for me, old boy. The earl will do something, I dare say. If not, Blanche and the maternal will lay their heads and their savings together now that I'm really in for it. The interruption to business is the great point, and at a critical pass, too. I made a discovery, at the very moment they had me, which floors all our previous calculations. Kingston, who was tracked home by Joe Leech, turns out not to be the

man who's after Blanche! It's the barrister, Kingston Meredith, Lincoln's Inn Fields. So it would seem there are two foes in the field—one ready to snap up your wife, the other *our* fortune."

Sandoun opened his eyes in astonishment. Then he read all that passage over again. Having done so, he turned over leaf, and resumed:

"That's as near as I can make out. If it is so, we've taken one good step by accident. If Steve Broad has done his part, Kingston of Endle's Rents is by this time Kingston of Kingdom Come. That leaves only Kingston Meredith to deal with. Now, while I'm shopped up, you must act. Find him out and have him watched dog-and-rat fashion. Keep a sharp eye on Blanche, and let me know all that takes place."

His lordship dropped into the chair from which he had risen, and gave himself up to thought.

Lotty did not interrupt him for a time. She played with her bird, giving him sugar from her lips. Then she stole up and put her white, plump hand on his shoulder.

"Archy, dear," she said; "Mark is the earl's only son, isn't he?"

"The earl's wife's only son," he replied.

"Well, that's the same thing, isn't it?"

"Not quite."

"Ah, I see: the earl has other sons?"

"No—he has only a daughter."

Lotty caught up her hand. Lord Sandoun's shoulder might have been red-hot.

Startled at the suddenness of the movement his lordship raised his eyes slowly to the glass. The face of a woman distorted to the face of a fiend looked over his shoulder.

"Lotty!" he cried, turning sharply round, "what's the matter?"

"The earl—has—a—daughter," she said, dropping the words one by one, as poison would have dropped from the lips of a fiend.

"Yes—what then?" Sandoun asked.

"What's her name?" demanded Lotty abruptly.

"Blanche!"

"Blanche!"

It was screamed, hissed, shrieked out: not spoken.

Sandoun rose.

"Are you mad?" he said insensibly clenching his fist.

"No. Not mad. Not even a fool. I have been, though. A blind, blundering fool. Ah, you don't recollect? Of course not. You prefer Beatrice to Blanche? And I not to recollect the little puling, mincing, stammering, maundering, weakling—Blanche! Why I've nursed her, and thank goodness I left the marks of my fingers on her when I had the chance. Blanche, indeed!"

She flung herself into the great arm-chair in the corner of the dressing-room, and, catching at the string of her muslin breakfast-robe, tore it slowly into strips.

Lord Sandoun stepped to the bell and rang it.

The servant appeared.

"My hat," he said.

Directly the servant had left the room, Lotty started up.

"You don't go out," she gasped.

"I do."

"Not before breakfast."

"At once."

"Take care, Archy. You don't know me," cried the woman. "Love me, and I'm your slave. Trust me, and I'll die for you. Deceive me, and I'll never rest till I see you in your grave."

"I've no fear," said his lordship lightly; "a jealous woman will say anything."

"And do anything," she shrieked.

"Except oblige me to give her my company," reported his lordship, with tantalizing coolness. "Good morning!"

He lifted his hat. The woman, carried beyond all power of self-control, rushed at him tiger-wise. She had no fixed purpose; but to disfigure him, to injure him, to detain him, anything would have contented her. But he had passed out of the door before she reached it, and by a dexterous movement turned the key in the lock the instant it was closed.

Lotty was a prisoner.

She heard the slow, deliberate footsteps of the young aristocrat as he descended the stairs—he heard the door of the house open and shut—then a fierce uncontrollable scream escaped her lips, and she threw herself grovelling upon the ground.

Lord Sandoun idled along as if nothing particular had occurred. Presently a cab overtook him—he stopped it, and drove down to his club. There he breakfasted.

To see him as he lounged over the morning paper and ate his delicately cooked omelet with discriminating-relish no one would have supposed that a thought ruffled him. It is in this power to ice over the volcano within that our aristocracy stand alone.

Breakfast over, his lordship strolled out to some stables in the neighbourhood, where he had a bill.

selected a mare that took his fancy, and rode down to Belgrave Square.

Lady St. Omer was at home, quiet, reserved, and courteous as ever. Her face showed no trace of the anxiety gnawing at her heart with respect to Mark, for whom nothing had yet been done. The earl had refused a penny as resolutely as he had refused to listen to any representation about Blanche, and the effect the proposed union was producing on her. He was a foolish and obstinate man, and obstinate men are not mollified by gout.

Lord Sandoun was informed that Blanche was in the park. She had been driven down, but intended to walk a little under the trees as the morning was fine.

"Not alone?" his lordship asked, casually.  
"Oh, no—the earl was with her, and Manton."  
Soon after Sandoun took his leave. He would have liked to have asked about Mark, but it was not prudent. They were friends, but the intimate connection between them was not known.

Straight to the park. That was the direction of his lordship's ride. He knew Blanche's favourite spot, and calculated on finding her there. He did not know why it was endeared to her. He knew nothing of secret meetings with Kingston Meredith which had invested it with the charm of fairyland.

In passing down Pall Mall, Sandoun happened to look up at the windows of the club of which the Earl of St. Omer was a member. In one of them a man sat reading a paper. At the moment that Sandoun passed the paper was dropped. It was Lord St. Omer. Their eyes met—they bowed.

"Strange!" thought Sandoun. "I see. He has left Blanche to look at the morning paper. She has driven on with Manton. Is Manton safe?"

The only answer to that question was the increased pace into which he spurred his mare. A few minutes only brought him to the park.

There stood the carriage with the St. Omer arms. It was empty. The servant standing at the horses' heads recognised Lord Sandoun, and in answer to his question said his lady was walking.

"Alone?" Sandoun asked.

"No, my lord, with Manton."

Sandoun hesitated. As he did so, he perceived a figure strolling leisurely towards him under the shadows of the trees. He knew the flapping of the limp dress—he knew also the trimming of the bonnet, it was such as Blanche had worn some time ago. In a glance he read the truth. It was Manton. She was alone, waiting. Why should she be alone. Why wait?

With scarce a thought, he slid from the saddle, and gave the reins to the man at the head of the carriage-horses.

"I will stroll down to her ladyship," he said.

He did not take the broad, open path. He walked slowly along on the narrow grass bordering, strewn here and there by the falling leaf. His path led him straight to Manton; the lady's maid, only, she was on the other side of the line of trees along which they walked. Presently, as he passed one tree, he caught sight of her limp dress. She had turned, and was going back.

Before she knew of his presence, he had stolen round the tree and his hand was on her shoulder. She started, stopped and looked up. Then all the colour went out of her ruddy face, and her lips quivered.

"Hush!" said Sandoun, as the woman was about to speak or to cry out.

"I—my lady—" she faltered.

"Where is she?" he asked.

"There, over there in the avenue."

"With him?"

"No."

He looked into her eyes.

"You've arranged this meeting?" he said.

She hesitated.

"Come, confess it. You did it for the best no doubt."

"I did, I did, my lord," she answered, "but it was to save my lady's life."

"She was so ill, eh? Well, well—has he come yet?"

"No, my lord."

"I see. You are waiting for him. You are to give him some signal that all is right. Is that it?"

"Yes, my lord, I was to send him into the avenue."

"Good. Now, look here, Manton, you observe this ingenious contrivance,"—he drew from his pocket a small, gold mounted pistol, a perfect gem, and held the barrel close before her eyes. "You see it? Now, with this I am a dead shot at twenty yards. If this ruffian enters that avenue, I shall try my skill at that distance."

Manton shuddered.

"What am I to do?" she asked.

"Simply this. The avenue in which your mistress walks branches off to the right: here is another taking a like direction from the left. You will bring him into this."

"And you—will shoot him?"

"No, I promise that I will do him no harm. I will only speak to him, and let him go."

"But my poor lady!"

He lifted the pistol, half-cocked it, and balanced it in his hand. That was his answer.

Manton understood.

"One word more," said his lordship, clutching at her arm in fierce grip, "promise me that your mistress shall never know that this man kept his appointment."

"Never? I couldn't promise that, my lord; indeed, I could not."

He looked at her fiercely. Then his features relaxed into a smile.

"I forgot," he said, "you are a woman. You must talk. Well, keep a still tongue in your head for four months only, and you will retain your place about her ladyship: disobey me and—ah, he is here!"

There was the figure of a man far off under the rustling trees.

Lord Sandoun sauntered up the left avenue, tapping his teeth with the gold mounting of the pistol as he went.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### WAITING FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS.

Do thy worst, memory, now.—*Leigh Hunt.*

WITH long hasty strides, the man beneath the trees drew near. It was Kingston Meredith. There could be no mistake in that. He had his hat off, and was swinging it in his right hand. His long hair floated back, his eyes blazed with light, his pale, wasted face was flushed with emotion.

Everything in his appearance denoted extreme feverish excitement.

At first he did not catch sight of Manton, who in her nervous trepidation had half-followed Lord Sandoun as he retreated. But when she returned into the broad path and he caught sight of her straight, trailing dress, he could not resist the temptation to run toward her.

Manton stood in the middle of the broad path, her arms crossed tightly one over the other, her face very white, the muscles of her mouth working convulsively.

At the sight of her, Kingston stopped and involuntarily started.

"Manton!" he cried.

"I'm here, you see sir," she said, speaking with difficulty.

"But you're not well!" he said.

"Not very; at least—it's nothing."

"Manton," cried the young man, "either you're ill or something has happened. Something dreadful."

"No, nothing."

She half-turned her head over her shoulder as she spoke. The left avenue was behind her. He was there. She could hear his foot crushing the gravel. She half-thought she caught his shadow falling where they stood. Terrified at her treachery, she caught abruptly at Kingston's hand.

"You're late," she said.

"Late!"

"I think so. Or is my lady early? May be. She was so anxious, and so terrified, this way."

Anxious, terrified! The words were music to the lover's heart; and he had doubted her; he was about to fly from her perfidy!

"This way," Manton repeated, for he lingered for an instant, overcome with the unwonted luxury of joy.

Then she led the way into the avenue, in which Lord Sandoun stood with folded arms waiting for his rival.

At once, their eyes met.

The gaze of Lord Sandoun was keen, calm, searching; Kingston, unprepared for this reception, met it with a look of angry astonishment.

The young lord was the first to speak.

"You did not expect to meet me, Mr. Meredith?" he said.

"No, I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance," returned Kingston.

Lord Sandoun thrust his hand into the pocket of his lounging jacket, drew out a pocket-book, selected a card from among others, and handed it.

"Permit me," he said.

"Lord Sandoun!" the words seemed to flash in fire from the card.

"That is my name," said his lordship, "and you perceive that I am acquainted with yours, Mr. Meredith. But I have also the advantage of you in another respect. You did not expect to meet me. I did expect to meet you, I knew of your coming, and the business upon which you have come."

Kingston muttered some incoherent reply.

"It is a very simple matter," resumed his lordship quite coolly. "The Lady Blanche, has, with the full concurrence of her father, the Earl of St. Omer, consented to favour me with her hand. Except the ceremony, she is to all intents and purposes my wife; at least," he added, hastily, perceiving the young man's face flush angrily, "she is sufficiently mine to make it my duty to protect her from insult and annoyance."

Kingston's eyes flashed fire, his forehead throbbed, and he clutched his hands fiercely.

"Insult—annoyance?" he hissed out.

"Yes!" was the cool retort; "I used those words. You best know why. You best know, Mr. Meredith, to what persecution the Lady Blanche has been subjected, and you, if you are a man of honour, can judge of the peace of mind which it has cost her. Already, I believe, she has taken a prompt step, which ought to have released her from the consequences of an imprudent connection. The return of a portrait is usually held a sufficient indication of a changed state of feelings, at least in the higher circles."

The covert taunt of the last words stung Kingston Meredith to the quick.

"Not when he to whom it is returned has reason to believe that it is the act of another," he answered.

Lord Sandoun played with the point of his moustache.

"Don't!" he drawled. "Pray don't. I am anxious, above all things, to avoid discussion. I hate it, and the facts are so very clear. It seems you did not attach the usual meaning to her ladyship's act. Well, she could only regret it. But when she found that after so broad a hint you persisted in the unpleasant course you had proposed to yourself, it became necessary for her ladyship to take a fresh step. She did so. She invited you to this interview."

"No; not to this!" said Kingston, bitterly.

"You are right," replied his lordship. "She did intend to meet you herself, and to tell you from her own lips these unpleasant truths. But she is not strong. Agitation is painful to her. She has, therefore, asked me as a favour, what she could have claimed as a right, that I would meet you, and request, in so many words, that this annoyance may henceforward cease."

Kingston stared incredulously.

"Blanche used those words?" he exclaimed.

"No; I cannot hope to have been fortunate enough to remember her very words," returned his lordship; "but I have conveyed the meaning, I hope not offensively; but I trust unmistakably—Ha! here is Blanche!"

Yes, at that moment she had entered the avenue in search of Manton.

At the sight of Lord Sandoun and Kingston Meredith, she stood aghast. She had no power to speak or to advance a step.

Lord Sandoun stopped forward.

"Your friend, dear," he said. "In your absence, I have ventured to tell him what you wished to say."

Her lips moved faintly: she did not speak.

"I have told him that your engagement renders it inconvenient for you to keep up friendships with persons out of our circle, and that as he seems disposed to doubt this, you have requested him to meet you here, that you might tell him so. Have I done right?"

"Yes," she murmured.

To assent was agony; but his lordship's eye was upon her, and she dared not oppose him.

"You hear?" said Lord Sandoun, turning to Kingston Meredith, who stood gazing upon Blanche as if petrified.

"I hear," he ejaculated; "but, Blanche, Blanche, was this your purpose? Have you brought me here only to insult me, degrade me, crush me?"

"Excuse me," interposed Lord Sandoun, "I must check these violent outbursts. Her ladyship is not strong."

"Her ladyship is strong enough to answer 'yes' or 'no,'" retorted the young man.

"Yes, and she will do so; but you must put a little less fire and a little more coherence into your questions. If I understand you, what you would ask is whether Lady Blanche, being my affianced bride, remember, invited you here as a lover, and in order that you might renew certain tender passages between you, or in order that she might, as I have stated, intreat you to cease to annoy her with your embarrassing attentions? Is that so?"

"It is!"

"And what does her ladyship say?"

It is probable that Blanche would have answered as her heart dictated, and regardless of every consequence, but at that moment Lord St. Omer appeared upon the scene, and in his presence her heart sank and her courage forsook her.

"What, Sandoun! And—Mr. Meredith!" cried the earl, in unfeigned surprise. "What does this mean?"

"Simply that Mr. Meredith is desirous of having from your daughter's own lips, confirmation of your reply to his suit."

"His suit!" cried the earl, contemptuously. "Nonsense! Let there be an end to this folly. Leave us, sir, your presence is painful to my daughter, and I cannot permit anything that gives her pain. Bid him begone, Blanche," he added, turning his back on the mortified young man.

Blanche felt that this was no moment for the display of affection. Her only hope was in dissimulation and the chances which pretended compliance with her father's wishes might afford. So summoning up all her courage, she said:

"Pray leave us, sir."

"It is your wish, Blanche?"

"Yes."

"It is your will that there should be an end of all between us."

She bowed her head.

"Then Heaven reward you for your heartless peridy!"

He breathed this prayer in the anguish of his soul, then, with a withering glance, turned and disappeared through the trees. Blanche uttered one faint cry and sank upon her father's breast.

Two hours afterwards Kingston Meredith staggered into his chambers, where Frank Hildred sat smoking and reading the day's paper.

As he entered Frank looked up.

"God! what has happened?" he cried.

The white face, the bloodshot eyes, the convulsed lips of his friend was his only answer. Like a drunken man, Kingston tottered to a seat and dropped into it. Hildred took his burning hand.

For some minutes neither spoke. Then Frank whispered gently:

"You have seen her?"

"Yes."

"You have learned the worst?"

"The worst."

A burst of tears—hot, passionate tears, such as the broken-hearted only shed, came to his relief. It was piteous to see his manly frame convulsed with the fierce storm; but like a storm it had its uses. When he looked up again, his eyelids were red and swollen, but he was calmer.

"Come, Frank," he said. "All is ready. Let it be to-night."

Frank assented readily. As we know, he had strongly urged on Meredith that he should emigrate, and had got everything in readiness. He had only hesitated in urging him to depart, in the vaguest trust that something might happen to give him heart and hope for the new world. And only the day before such encouragement had come. Manton, my lady's maid, had paid a secret visit to Lincoln's Inn, and had made the appointment for the park which had just turned out so disastrously.

The effect of that ray of hope on Kingston had been magical. It had in one night renewed the bloom and vigour of his youth. Frank saw him depart for the Park with a joyous smile and an elastic step. But what a change had come over him now!

He did not need to ask the cause.

Obviously there was no longer any purpose in delay. The die was cast: the faint flicker of the lamp had gone out. It was better that he should depart in his darkness and his misery at once.

So Frank bestirred himself all that day. The luggage already packed was got off for the luggage-train. The innumerable last matters requiring attention were attended to. And when evening came, and found Kingston sitting at the open window staring out at the grass and the trees without seeing them, he was startled by the information that all was ready, and that a cab was at the door.

"Oh, my dear boy," cried the young man, "what should I have done in my agony without you? What shall I do when you are no longer by, more than a second self to me?"

"All right, King!" replied Frank, who, with the tender heart of a child affected to despise sentiment. "I'm not gone yet, you know: we only part at the ship's side."

That was the arrangement. As a last sacrifice to friendship, Frank was to accompany Kingston to Liverpool, to see him safely on board; and then to return to his solitary London chambers.

It was well for Kingston Meredith that he had nothing to do but to step into the cab, which stood at the door, and to suffer himself to be driven to Euston Square. In the distracted state of his mind, he could attend to nothing—could concentrate his thoughts on nothing. It was only possible for him to act over and over again the scene of the morning; and as he did so, his indignation became more and more intense. Why should Blanche have drawn him to that rendezvous, only to overwhelm him with shame and disgrace, and to dismiss him without a word? That was the question which rankled in his mind, and would not let him rest.

They were but just in time to catch the 6.15 train. Frank hurried his friend into a vacant compartment of a first-class carriage—that nearest the engine—threw in the carpet-bag containing their immediate necessities, jumped in himself, and the train was off for Liverpool.

On the following morning, the Earl of St. Omer, seated at breakfast, handed his *Times* to the countess, and indicating a paragraph with his finger, said:

"Deuced bad railway accident last night!"

"Indeed! ah, here it is," said her ladyship. "Fatal accident, eh? The train which left Euston Square at 6.15 had hardly reached Berkhamstead, when, from some unexpected cause, the engine ran off the line, and fell down a slight embankment with a great crash. Immediately after, the boiler burst, killing the engine-driver and stoker, and several passengers. The num-

ber of the injured is very large. Further particulars in a second edition."

"Poor things!" said her ladyship, tenderly. "I wonder if any of our friends were in that train?"

(To be continued.)

#### THE WEALTH OF EARTH

'Tis well to have a pretty wife,  
However long she'll stay;  
Let her but have a merry heart,  
"Creation's lords" she'll sway;  
Philosophy may lift its head,  
And find out many a flaw;  
But give me the philosopher  
That's happy with a straw.

If life will bring us happiness,  
It will bring us, we are told,  
What's hard to buy, though rich men try,  
With silver and with gold.  
Then laugh away, let others say  
"Whatever they will of mirth;  
Who laughs the most may truly boast  
She's got the wealth of earth."

There's beauty in a merry heart,  
A coral beauty, too;  
It shows the heart, the heart  
That's paid each one his due;  
And lent a share of what's to spare,  
Despite of wisdom's fears.  
And makes the cheek less sorrow speak,  
The eye weep fewer tears.

The sun may shroud itself in cloud,  
The storm her wrath begin;  
It finds a spark to cheer the dark,  
Its brightness is within;  
Then laugh away, let others say  
"Whatever they will of mirth;  
Who laughs the most may truly boast  
She's got the wealth of earth."

J. S. W.

#### WOOLING A HUSBAND.

"DEAR AUNTIE,—Come to me. Forgive all the past, and let me lean again upon your breast and tell you all my sorrow. I am so lonely and unhappy, and you are so good and kind, that you will come, will you not?—Lovingly always,

Only six weeks a wife, and writing thus. I put that letter down to weep silently, but oh! so bitterly! My darling—Paul's child—who had, in her youthful folly, so wounded me, writing already from her new home for comfort and forgiveness! Ah! it was very sad!

She had been, for eighteen years, the one object of my love, though she was so far, far above me, in her beauty, talents, and acquirements, that I scarcely understood the respect she mingled so bewitchingly with her girlish love. I was so old-maidish and old-fashioned, she so light-hearted and brilliant—to me, at least—that I half-worshipped her. She was a wee baby, when Paul left his home to come down to the quiet country village, where I lived, and lay his child in my arms. He was not young then; for he had made for himself wealth, a position, and a name, before he wooed the girlish bride, who, in one short year, died, leaving him a sad, lonely man.

Shy, reserved, and grave, he had lavished upon his child-wife the whole wealth of his great, pure heart; and she died too soon for him to do aught but love and pet her. I never knew nor saw her, but I had half-promised a visit, some time, to her and her little niece, of whom my brother wrote so proudly and fondly, when the news of her death reached me. So, looking on the little face, that my brother's tears were wetting fast, I vowed silently, to be a mother to the babe. Paul returned to settle his affairs, invest his money securely for "baby's" future advantage, and then he came to me, aged and stricken by his one great loss.

As the baby grew to childhood, a new comfort dawned on his life, and he let the father-love fill up his heart. She was his all in all. Day after day she spent beside him, and, while my poor stock of knowledge carried her only through the mysteries of needlework, and the knowledge of housekeeping necessary to direct and control her servants, his whole fund of learning was opened for her eyes. From the A B C to the Latin Grammar; from twice two makes four to the last page of algebra; from language to language his patient love carried her forward. His hand taught her to guide her horse, when my heart trembled to see so tiny a figure so high up in the air, till she became his companion in his longest rides; and when the little parlour was half-filled by the piano he ordered, his were the fingers that guided hers over the ivory keys. Kept from all other intercourse, by his jealous love, she was the centre of every thought of my heart, of every love of his. And, when her sixteenth summer seemed opening brightly as all her sweet, peaceful life had done, he died, calmly and happily, the name of his long-lost wife upon his lips.

Her grief was fearful, even threatening reason and life itself; but, at last, the fair face regained its calmness, if not its smiles, and her voice lost its sad cadence, though it was never heard in the gay songs that had once made the house musical.

Then came the change that every woman must anticipate—my darling's heart was won away from her home. He was a gay, handsome fellow, who came suddenly into the little village, to be its lawyer, but who found no clients in the hum-drum place. Some little exchange of courtesy in the street, a bow in passing, then a word over the gate, and, behold! he was visiting at the cottage. I could not blame the child that this new, cheerful face was acceptable in the lonely monotony of her life: that the young heart, that had had such sweet companionship from childhood, should again crave a strong arm to lean upon, a tender voice to praise; and when she told her love-tale to me, I only begged her to wait until she was a little older, had learned to know him better, had proved this sparkling manner to cover a true, good nature, before she took the solemn responsibilities of married life upon her young shoulders. But one day they rode out together, and, in the evening, there came to me a note, signed by a new name, telling of the secret marriage to which he had persuaded her, and begging "auntie" to forgive them both. And only six weeks later came the pleading letter that opens my tale.

I left, for the first time in twenty-five years, the little village, so truly my home, to enter upon new duties, but old pleasures, comforting my niece, receiving, as of old, her love and confidence.

The carriage she sent to meet me, with its pair of spirited horses, carried me to a large, handsome house, whose wide hall, superbly furnished rooms, and pretentious servants, rather awed my country-bred mind; but the broad staircase led me to a small, exquisitely furnished little sitting-room, where I found Clara. She wore a plain white wrapper, and, as she rose to welcome me, I started to see how pale and weary she looked. All the bloom was gone from her cheek, her tall figure seemed bending with grief, and her large, dark eyes were heavy with weeping.

"Auntie. Oh, aunt Mary! You have come! Sit here, and let me see the dear, dear face."

She held me closely folded in her arms, stooping to my face, so far below hers, to press kiss after kiss upon it, to lavish upon me all the pet names of her childhood, to make my eyes fill, and my voice falter by her eager tenderness. At last we were seated, side by side, and I learned all the secrets of the heart never closed to me but once.

Her husband did not love her! Can you picture to yourself this young girl, whose life had been one dream of pleasant intercourse with a father who idolized her, an aunt who truly loved her; who had been esteemed the equal companion of a mind far, far above most intellects, cultivated to the most profound learning and high accomplishments; whose every word had been law; every wish indulged; every craving of mind or body met by information or indulgence; suddenly roused to the position of a neglected wife, to a gay, superficial, selfish man?

He despises me, auntie. He finds the country maid cannot shine in the world he calls society. My music is old-fashioned, my manners out of date, my ways awkward, my conversation dull, and, in the midst of his gay associates, he is ashamed of his wife."

"And what do you do to remedy this?"

"What can I do? He is tired of home, and seeks abroad the lively conversation, the gay elegance he misses at home. Auntie, did you know that I was rich?"

"Certainly."

"Well, in a vague sort of way, I knew it, too, but I never knew how much money I had. All this fine house, the carriage, horses, servants, and luxuries of all kinds, are bought out of my money; and Mr. Clapp, the trustee of father's will, says I could double the expense if I felt inclined. Auntie, Frank knew this when he came to Ashton."

The voice sank down to a whisper, and the hot blood mantled over face and neck as she made this confession. I read all she wanted to say. I knew that her fortune was settled strictly on herself; but I knew too, that in her noble generosity, she would never let her husband feel this. I read the paltry scheme of the fortune-hunter, and my heart hardened to a contemptuous hatred of his mean game. I no longer wondered at the pale face and weary eyes, covering a heart that had learned such a bitter lesson!

Accustomed always to look upon her as a petted child, I was surprised, beyond measure, when she spoke again. The sound judgment, perception of character, and well-formed resolution were revelations.

"And now, auntie, you must help me to woo and win my husband. No. You shall not put on such a look of dislike—remembering always—he is my husband. He is vain, selfish, and frivolous; but he is not a bad man, only a spoiled child of fortune, with one idea ruling his whole life—the attainment of wealth."

He is too indolent to earn a fortune, so he has married one. Yet, under all this worldly crust, there is, I am convinced, a good field for the cultivation of higher aims. I will win his love—the rest will follow. I have tried caresses—I have let him see too much of my sore heart; now I will woo him in his own field—society. I am growing vain, you see. You autie, will stay here to help me, will you not? That's a dear autie, smile. Keep house! Will you? It will leave me time free. See here!"

She opened a large wardrobe and showed me the gay dresses in it.

"They are just finished. To-day, for the first time, I shall take off my mourning to dress for my husband's taste."

I went to my own room, and did not see Clara again until dinner-time. She was in the parlour when I came down. Her rich silk, of a dark garnet hue, set off her rich complexion and dark eyes, and in her hair she had twisted a few fuchsias, which drooped low on her neck. I was fairly startled at her wondrous beauty, for it was the first time I had seen her in any but her childish dresses, or the heavy drapery of mourning. We were standing by the window when Frank came in. I could see the look of surprise on his face as he saw the effect of the becoming attire. I could see, too, that he waited for an accustomed caress, but she merely said:

"Aunt Mary, Frank."

He gave me a polite greeting, and then we went in to dinner. In the evening two gentlemen called. Instead of retiring, or sitting shy and embarrassed in a corner, Clara took her proper position as hostess. I could read, in her flushed cheeks and cold hands, the effort it was to her reserved nature, but she bravely kept her place. Easily and gracefully she led the conversation from the common-place chit-chat of compliment to other subjects, displaying naturally, and with no effort, the varied information and deep thought her long intercourse with her father had made her familiar with. Frank listened with a sort of stupid surprise, till the eager interest expressed in the faces of his visitors awoke him to the astonishing fact that his country wife was "making a sensation." After the guests had left, he waited, evidently for an accustomed kiss or embrace; but she went to her room with only a cheerful good-night, and he followed her.

It cost my darling much to throw aside the shy reserve of her life to win the praise of strangers. She would have been content to gain his love only, and then, as with her father, live away from the world, devoted to her husband. But now, to make his happiness, to fill his requirements, she gave her time wholly to the society which was his idol. With a quiet tact she learned the forms and customs of his circle of friends, and her own grace made her soon an elegant proficient in the outward courtesies that make that grace of the pure mind, or cloak of the evil one—manner. She returned the calls of her friends, in her carriage, dressed with a fashion subdued by exquisite taste; and from the shy girl in mourning, whom they had treated with ill-disguised contempt, she was transformed to the easy, graceful lady, who held her own position with a quiet pride born of her new resolve. She starved her heart to treat her husband with a cool, cheerful indifference, lest she should again surfeit him with caresses; and while I saw the pale, sad hours that followed every effort, he only saw the fever flush of excitement and the success that crowned it.

Her first party set the seal upon her task. She had persuaded me to accompany her, and, as we entered the room, I saw the involuntary homage of silence paid to her regal air and beauty. Her white silk dress, cut to show the snowy shoulders and full arms, was trimmed with costly lace and looped with pearl. Diamonds set in pearls were her jewels, suiting well her fair skin, and lustrous dark hair and eyes. She moved with an easy, quiet grace, that covered any shyness she felt, and it was not long before she was the centre of admiration. It was a musical soiree, and after the programme had been performed, there were some of the guests who volunteered, or were pressed into displaying their talents. No one thought of asking the young wife to play; but standing near her was one of the first violinists of the day.

"Mr. —, you brought your violin?" said the hostess.

"Yes, madam; but you must excuse me this evening if I decline to play. Mr. Smith is not here, and my accompaniment cannot be played."

"There are so many here who play the piano."

"Ah! but he is the only one who plays for me."

"Is the part so very difficult?"

"It lies there. Yes, it is very difficult."

Many were invited, but all refused to attempt the closely-printed pages at sight.

"I play a little. Let me see it," said Clara.

"You!" cried the delighted musician, who had been talking for an hour with her, and sounding the depths of her musical knowledge in theory. "Ah! if you will play it!"

"I will try," she said, taking her seat at the grand

piano. There was no effort to display her own powers only the wish to give him an opportunity to please; and the piano was, as it was intended to be, second to the violin. The guests who had crowded round, many to sneer and mark a failure, stood hushed after the first chords. Supporting the violin, filling in with brilliant roulades, the pauses, the musician stood confessed. Then she was urged, begged to play alone: at first declining, Frank had called all her music old-fashioned, and she had heard that night brilliant fantasias, *motifs* from popular operas, gay, dazzling efforts of execution, and was timid of her own powers. True, she had given hours out of every day to her piano; but in this scene—her eye fell on Frank waiting for her decision.

With trembling fingers and flushed cheeks she struck the first chords of one of Beethoven's sonatas. As she played, the whole room was hushed. All these were, more or less, musicians, many masters in the profession; and as the chords rose, one after another, in simple, grand harmonies, the young girl proved her power, her enthusiasm, and proficiency. An hour passed, and the eager claimants kept her at her post; then, pale and wearied with emotion and effort, she was allowed to rise.

I cannot, it would take too long to tell the gradual awakening of Frank's admiration, then his love, his pride and pleasure in his wife. Answering that high, cultivated intellect, he searched his own mind for forgotten knowledge, till he began, for its own sake, to crave it. No longer fearing she should shame him, he strove to be worthy of her, to win again the heart that had been his in its innocence and freshness, not by its ignorant love of the first wooer, but by fair competition with the others who respected and admired her. The ambition to win her respect was the stimulus for seeking legal honours, and the pride of being her husband kept him beside her in all their pursuits. It was not accomplished in a day, or week, but years rolled by, and found them one in heart and will, as in name. As she became dearer to her husband, she let society slip back from her grasp; and when children gladdened their home, they found their parents united in the strong bonds of mutual love, respect, and admiration, living for the world only so far as their position demanded, and finding their dearest pleasures in home intercourse. She—loved, cherished, and made happy by his affection; he—elevated, ennobled, and purified by her influence. M. E. C.

#### NINA RAYMOND'S OFFERS.

GOLDEN curls and laughing eyes, bounding foot-fall and a voice full of ringing music, a laugh like the chime of silver bells, and a figure tiny, lithe, and graceful as a Titania.

This was my love, Nina Raymond.

"Be your wife? I never heard of such nonsense in my life! Your wife, indeed! I should as soon think of marrying papa, or brother Will, or—or—why, I can't think of any other masculine so impossible!"

This was the answer to my suit.

"But why?" I persisted.

"Why? Why don't a girl marry her grandmother? I'll tell you. It is because she gets tired of seeing the old lady. I can't remember a day when I have not seen your phiz the first thing in the morning, the last in the evening. I never went to a party with any other escort; I never was in a scrape but you were either my companion in misery, or my shield from punishment; I never did a foolish thing but you were by to laugh or rebuke. Oh! Marston dear, you make love to any foreign lady, but don't be so absurd as to want to marry your cousin, who has lived under the same roof with you since she was a baby."

"But all you say only goes to prove my devotion."

"Devotion! You snub me quite as often as you praise. Besides—" she hesitated.

"Well?"

"I am only sixteen, and I'm not going to accept my very first offer. And then, Marston, you don't come within a thousand miles of my *beau-ideal*."

"Oh, I don't! Pray describe your *beau-ideal*."

"Tall."

"I stand six feet one inch."

"Handsome, with black whiskers and travelled manners. A man who has not lived all his life in this little, miserable cooped-up village, but has seen the world and profited thereby. One who has mixed in distinguished society, and learned refinement of dress and manner; who can talk something besides books to a lady."

"Ah! Well, if you won't have me, you won't. So there's an end of it."

And I got up lazily from the garden-seat where we had been sitting, and strolled toward the house. I saw her blue eyes open with amazement at my coolness; but I did not enact despair for her benefit, but laid my plans for her future education.

Two days later I had left home for a visit. Nina gave me a merry farewell, and did not seem at all

heart-broken at the prospect of the separation. If she felt an emotion, she was soon soothed, as the following letter, directed to my new address, convinced me.

"DEAR MARSTON—My hero has arrived. Such lovely black whiskers, not at all like your smooth face, cousin—such pretty curls, not auburn ones like yours, such black eyebrows and lashes—yours are yellow! He has been everywhere, has seen everything, speaks foreign languages, and has the most polished manners. He brought a letter of introduction to Will; so, of course, he is here quite often, and seems very well pleased with a certain cousin of yours."

And so on, the letter filled up with home gossip. I read it at the little inn of my native village, where all my letters, redirected to "Mr. Alonzo Courtenay," followed me. The black whiskers lay on the table by me, the wig hung from the looking-glass, the dyed eyebrows and lashes still adorned my face. My fine broad-cloth suit, cut in the latest city style, my patent-leather boots, kid-gloves, and dandy cane lay on the chair, while I lounged in dressing-gown and slippers before the window, conning my cousin's letter. I was engaged to drive her out in an hour, so I began my elaborate toilet. Every curl was in position, every fold correct, as I rang the bell of my uncle's house, to which my fellow-conspirator, Will, had introduced me. No suspicion of my identity crossed my aunt's mind, as she gave me a polite welcome, and Nina's blind eyes saw only Mr. Courtenay, the travelled dandy.

"I trust I see the rose of Glendale in full health," I said, with a low bow. "Ah! those fair hands were meant for dancier tasks than this! and I deprived her of her sewing. 'The soft air woos us. You will drive with me?'"

With a bewitching little hat, and every curl in glossy beauty, she was soon ready for our expedition. I cannot tell all the flattery I poured into her ears, half-disguised at her blushes, half-amused at her innocent pleasure in my exaggerated gallantry. It was the first time I had been alone with her in my disguise, and I took occasion to delicately hint at my entire devotion to her charms, grinding my teeth at her coquettish acceptance of the same. Every day, for a month, I saw her, pressing my suit on all occasions, filling her ears with drawing affectations, and flat descriptions of Italy and France. At last I proposed.

To my amazement, she refused me flat; to my delight, she informed me that her cousin Marston was a man and not a dressed-up idiot. I do not mean that these were her terms; but her warm defence of her cousin, after my sneering hint of jealousy, was equivalent to such a declaration.

Of course, my proper self returned, radiant and hopeful. Will you believe it? She was as offish as ever when I made any advances. Was cousinly and sisterly till I was in a perfect fury over her cool ease and matter of course affection, but would only laugh at my proffered love, and compare me slightly to her recent admirer, actually having the audacity to hint, that her heart walked out of the door on his departure.

I was half-inclined to quit the field, but I loved the gipsy heartily, and could not give her up. Luckily I had a sun-stroke. Now, a sun-stroke, generally, is not a fortunate event, but for me it opened the way to my present happiness. I was in the garden, hatless, and busy over some fruit-gathering, when all the face of nature turned black, and I fell.

"Marston! Marston! Only speak to me! It is Nina! Oh! Marston, do speak to me!" and hot tears fell fast on my face. I had been lifted into the house, and it was the second hour of my stupor when the words struck my ear—muffled and dim, but deliciously sweet, the dear voice sounded in its agony. Then Will's voice:

"I feel his pulse now, Nina. He's coming round. I'll leave you here, while I go and find mother."

We were alone. I could not move, but I could feel her kisses rained on my face; her sobbing regrets for past unkindness; her low prayers whispered for my safety. And at last I opened my eyes.

My head resting on her arm, my face raised to hers, my hand clasping hers, she could not escape. So she surrendered at discretion, and we were married nearly three months before I told her who made her her second offer. H. R.

**ECCLESIASTICAL FEES.**—A return just issued gives a curious list of fees payable by members of the sacred profession. The Bishop of Lichfield had to pay £624 on his appointment to that see; the Bishop of Bath and Wells £450 on his translation from Sodor and Man. To this prelate the Attorney-General, or "his office," presented a demand for nearly £30; the Secretary of State (including stamp), £23; a mysterious impersonality, "the Petty Bag-office," absorbed £167. When the Bishop had his audience of her Majesty the homage fees were £94, and the Court Circular charged a guinea for its line and a half of history. The bill winds up with an item of £21 for the serious labour of "passing documents through the various offices." The fees paid

to bishops or their officers seem to vary in different dioceses. The claim of the registrar of the diocese of York is described in the following fashion:—"Thirty-four persons ordained at 1s. 8d. each; £9 16s. 8d." In Salisbury the registrar's fee is 5s.; in Durham the charge on ordination (probably including the fees of all officers) is stated to be £2 per candidate. There are fees paid by the clergy to the Bishop at his visitation for "procurations and synodals"; in the diocese of York they amounted to £155 at the last visitation, and the registrar's fee to £30. The registrar of Bath and Wells gives a consecration bill for £22 and says it is the average amount in that diocese.

THE Queen of England some days ago addressed an autograph letter to King Leopold thanking him for his friendly intervention in the Anglo-Brazilian difficulty.

In the recently published police statistics 29,220 persons are classed thus—Known thieves, 4,853 males, 1,147 females; prostitutes, 1,502; vagrants, tramps, and others without visible means of subsistence, 729 males, 150 females; suspicious characters, 5,628 males, 1,250 females; habitual drunkards (not otherwise described), 356 males, 97 females; persons of previous good character, 4,841 males, 1,051 females; and those whose characters were not ascertained, 5,809 males, 1,827 females.

In the House of Commons, on Tuesday, July 14th, Mr. Hibbert said that in consequence of the illness of Sir George Grey he would give notice that he would early next session call attention to the demoralization caused by public executions, and ask whether an alteration of the law was not possible. The same night, in reply to a question, Lord C. Paget said that the magnificent Channel squadron, as he might justly call it, which was composed of five armour-plated ships, was now making progress around the north coast of Scotland, and it would touch, under the discretionary orders of the admiral, at the principal ports, weather permitting.

The usual summer fete given to the inmates of the Haswell Lunatic Asylum, took place on Tuesday, the 14th inst. The fineness of the weather and the liberality with which visitors' tickets were issued by the committee secured even a larger attendance of strangers than upon former occasions. The fete commenced about half-past four in the afternoon, and continued until half-past seven. About 800 patients took part in these amusements, and arrangements were made in-doors for the entertainment of 900 to 1,000 others, whom it would not have been prudent to have permitted to join in the out-door amusements.

In the debate on a motion for £5,000 to enlarge the dining-rooms for members at the House of Commons, Sir J. Trelawny observed that he thought hon. members had fallen very low indeed, if they were going to ask the country to expend a large sum of money for larger dining-rooms. What did hon. members want with dining-rooms at the House? Why did they not buy a bun or a biscuit if they were hungry? What accommodation would they next ask for? Did they wish to have their washing done by the country? Upon the same occasion, Mr. Bass said he believed that if better dining-rooms were supplied, the business of the House would be advanced. It would be a great convenience to members to dine at the house, and imbibe pale ale, during important debates.

#### CHRISTIAN NAMES.

THE simple Christian name of kings and queens stands above all their titles, and for many years in Italy the Christian name was the usual address to all persons of all ranks, as it still continues to be in Russia, where the simple baptismal name, with the patronymic, is the most respectful address from the servant to the noble. The concealment of the Christian name under titles and surnames gradually began to prevail in France, under the Bourbon dynasty, and by the reign of Louis XIV. had so far prevailed, that territorial designations were exclusively used by all who could lay claim to gentle birth or to wealth; and from the earliest age children were called Monsieur de, or Mademoiselle de—their father's various titles or estates—the juniors coming down to the surname when all were exhausted by the elders, and the Christian name seldom allowed to appear even in the tenderest moments.

It is only from their pedigree, not from the letters of the most affectionate of mothers, that we can learn that the son and daughter of Madame de Sévigné ever had Christian names at all, and it was only to the fact that she was the youngest of so large a family, that even Mademoiselle d'Adhemar was no distinction, that "Pauline" owed it that she was thus known. England never became quite so artificial, but it was probably to this French influence that it was owing that peers dropped the use of their Christian names even in their signature, and that it became usual to speak of the married ladies of a family as "my daughter Baxter" or "my sister Smith," while the graceful title of a knight's wife, Dame, with her christian name, was disordered for my lady, and the unmarried woman's, Mistress Anne or Mistress Lucy, became the unmeaning Miss; and

after being foolishly called "brevet rank," and only used by old maids, has fallen in entire disuse.

The turn for simplicity that inaugurated the French Revolution gradually revived regard for the true personal name, rather than the former title, and it assumed its natural place as a sign of familiarity and endearment. The feminine seems to have been invented in the sixteenth century, probably in France, for Henriette Stuart appears in the House of Stuart d'Aubigne in 1588, and there were some Henriettes to match the Henris at the court of Catherine de Medicis. England received the name from the daughter of Henry IV., Henriette Marie, whom the prayer-book called Queen Mary, though her godchildren were always Henriettes, so Latinized by their pedigree, though in real life they went by the queen's French appellation, as well as English lips could frame it; so that Hawtyn was formerly the universal pronunciation of Harriet, and it is still used by a few old-fashioned people. Rare as patronymic surnames are in France, this universal name has there produced Jehannot, while the contradiction is Jeannot, answering to the Spanish Juanito, and the patronymic Juanes. Jan is very frequent in Brittany, where it cuts into Jannik; in Wales, where Ap Jon has turned into the numerous Joneses, Jenkinses, and, more remotely, Jenkinsons; and, in the Highlands, where Ian's sons are the Mac Ians.

The church of St. John at Perth seems to have led to that city being known as bonny St. John's town, or Johnstones; and thence the border family of Johnstones would deduce their name, similar to, but not the same as the English Johnson. In like manner, the village around the church of St. John sent forth the St. John family, whose name is disguised in pronunciation, and De St. Jean is a territorial title in France. Jock is the recognized Scottish abbreviation, and it would seem to have been the older English one by the example of the warning to Jockey of Norfolk at Bosworth; at any rate, it has named the whole class of jockeys, and has been adopted into the French for their benefit. Jack sounds much as if the French Jacques had been his true parent; but "sweet Jack Falstaff, old Jack Falstaff," has made it inalienable from John; and not only has it given birth to many a Jackson, but it absolutely seems to stand for man, and has been given to half the machines that do the work of human hands; so that there are few trades without their jack; besides which, jacks or buff coats were named after the rough riders who wore them, and cut down into jackets and jack-boots, and boot-jacks were named in the same way.—*History of Christian Names. By the Author of "The Heir of Redcliffe," &c.*

#### ANNIE LINN.

THE children went laughing and singing down toward the village; the clouds began to pile up in the west for the coming sunset, and the first flush of spring beauty tinged the hills and woods with peculiar radiance.

The path that led through the fields to the river was already green, and the trees hung out their young leaves to entice the birds and robins back to their favourite haunts.

As they stood in the grove—Annie Linn and Charles Mason—the rush of the river below, and the voices of the children from the road, mingled together like the bass and soprano of some exquisite melody; but if they heard it at all, it was with that impatience which comes over one when happy sounds break in upon restlessness and trouble.

She had come down there to bid him farewell; not from any girlish desire for a quarrel which should end in a pleasant reconciliation, but from a settled conviction of the necessity of the step, which, once taken, must be irrevocable.

They were both young. A year before they had been, for a short time, engaged; but all that had long since been broken off, and this last interview was a great deal worse than useless, though, perhaps, without it neither could have brought their minds to regard that book in their lives as completely closed.

Charles Manson was the eldest son of a widow. He had been a spoiled, handsome boy, I fear he was a wayward, reckless man, just one of those young fellows whom everybody likes, and whose agreeable qualities and faculty of making friends prove their own greatest snare and temptation.

I should have made one exception when I said everybody liked Charles; for old Mr. Linn had detested him from his boyhood. He was a close-fisted, grim old chap, who always prayed as if he meant to frighten the angels into doing their duty; who had toiled incessantly all his life, and could not understand why anybody should expect an existence at all different.

Now, as a boy, Charles would not work, except to attain some special object. He hated a farmer's life, and was determined to go to college. He had accomplished that by dint of sacrifices on his mother's part—those few words tell the story of her life—and con-

siderable labour on his own. He taught school during the vacations—a distant relative helped him out with a fifty pounds, and so he went on.

But alas! during the last year of his course everything changed. Charles made the acquaintance of an entirely different set, young men of fortune and expensive habits, whom he ought to have avoided, and his natural disposition did the rest. He left the college very suddenly—good-natured people said "he was expelled"—and the next the village heard of him he was in London; but whether in business nobody knew.

Before he came home, old Mr. Linn discovered the engagement existing between him and Annie, and with his usual peremptoriness broke it off at once.

Charles wrote her scores of reproachful letters, which her father coolly burned—then a long silence—then terrible stories of his "bad habits and dissipation." Nobody ventured to question the widow, for she was one of those women whom even village gossips did not care to approach with their affected sympathy and ill-concealed curiosity. As she sat in her place at church, people noticed how, week after week, the smooth hair gained an added tinge of grey, and the patient lines about her mouth deepened with hidden anxiety and trouble.

Annie met her but seldom, and then there was little conversation between them—never a word concerning the subject which filled both their hearts. Mr. Linn had forbidden any intercourse between the families; but the widow had known him too long not to understand the truth, and exonerate Annie from all blame in the matter.

Old Linn loved money. If Charles had been steady he would not have given him his daughter.

Annie held her father in great awe. She had inherited the feeling from her mother, who, ten years before, had faded into her grave, perhaps glad that for once, she could do something in peace and quiet. The neighbours talked still about her resignation; the old minister often alluded to her death-bed as the most edifying scene he had ever witnessed; but, though she was a good woman, I have always believed that the fact of having her own way, for the first time since her married life began, aided nearly as much as higher feelings in producing her composure and serenity.

I suppose Mr. Linn was sorry. Her health had been failing for a long time.

He never married again, and Annie grew up under the shadow of her father's presence, and the tyranny of two elder brothers, who were really types of their parent.

The autumn before, Charles came home for a few weeks, arriving unexpectedly, and creating a great sensation in the village. He looked handsome and gentlemanly enough to have excited Mr. Linn's resentment, if there had been no other cause; but the merchants, who returned about the same time from their semi-annual trip, brought stories concerning him that made the elderly people regard him with horror, and set the young ones wild, as wickedness always will, in spite of good advice and sound precept.

He came to see Annie soon after his return, but Mr. Linn shut the door promptly in his face, feeling that he had done a praiseworthy act—such a capital way to reform a man who has gone astray!

Annie saw him at church; but the poor child hardly trusted herself to look toward his seat. Once he met her near the village and drove her half-wild with his reproaches; but she remained firm to her promise and her filial duty.

The pattern sister-in-law heard of the interview, and duly reported it to her father. "A storm of cold anger burst upon Annie's head, but even that was checked by her submission."

Charles departed as suddenly as he had appeared, and everything went back to its old routine. Mr. Linn seldom mentioned his name; but the brothers did not scruple to upbraid Annie with having cared for such a scamp, and the sister worried her heart to find out how much the girl really suffered!

The winter passed. No more letters from Charles; even his mother heard very seldom from him, and the news could not have been favourable, for the grey hair was growing almost white, and still closer economy crept into the old brown house.

Now he was back in the village. He had arrived only the day before, and had managed to send Annie a letter demanding an interview, which she could no more have refused than the last request of the dying.

There they stood in the grove, with the sunset gathering about them, and the black sorrow swooping down over their souls like the heavy clouds that hovered above the radiance of the west!

He had been pleading so earnestly! But though her heart trembled beneath his words, and swayed toward him with the old affection, his passionate language beat vainly against the fortitude with which her rigid ideas of duty and right had armed her.

"You never loved me!" he exclaimed, with all a man's selfishness and cruelty. "You are cold and hard—you can't feel."

She only shivered a little, her tears had crowded

back upon her heart, and refused to flow. It seemed to her that they were slowly freezing there, and would press life out beneath their ice.

"Why don't you speak?" he said. "You see me going crazy before your face, and will not say a word."

"I can't say anything more," she answered, slowly. "Then you give me up, you cast me off as everybody else has done! I have not lied to you; I never pretended that I was a good man, but you might make me what you pleased."

"Oh! Charley, Charley!" The utterance of the old familiar name was like a sob. "If you cannot be all that you ought, from a higher reason, no efforts of mine would avail."

"They would, they would..." She shook her head sadly, retaining all the while her forced composure, though inwardly she trembled so that she could hardly stand.

"They have made you hate me!" he exclaimed. "You look upon me as a monster! After all, how am I so much worse than other men? If the truth were known, half these sanctimonious people who abuse me have done things worse than—"

She put up her hand pleadingly, and he stopped. She could not bear to hear him attempt such self-justification. She loved him in spite of everything, for when did such doubts ever change affection?

"Oh, Charley!" she said, suddenly; "for your own sake, for your mother's, be true to yourself—make your life all that it ought to be."

"What do I care for myself? As for my mother, she has a son to depend upon—I am of no consequence—no one will care how I end!"

"You are breaking my heart! Do not make us all so miserable!"

She wrung her hands with a sudden passion which startled him. She was usually so quiet that, with his impetuous nature, accustomed to give vent to every feeling, he had, at times, accused her of a want of feeling.

"It is my heart which is breaking," he answered. "Annie, don't throw me off—don't send me away utterly desperate!"

"If you had lost every hope in the world, you ought not to be that! I can never be anything to you—my father will never permit it!"

"And can you hesitate between us? Is this your love?"

"My duty is stronger than my love," she said, "and I shall obey it. Were I alone in the world, I might well hesitate before I committed my happiness to your keeping; but I would do it—I would trust to your affection to me to lead you aright; but now—"

"Now you may do it! There is no one loves you as I do; you fear your father more than you love him; your brothers tyrannize over you. Only come with me—be my wife, and let us be happy in spite of the whole world."

"Do you think I could be happy with my father's curse hanging over me?"

"He would forgive you in the end."

"You know him better than to believe that. No, Charles, rather have patience and wait. Who can tell, if you did as you ought, worked hard and made yourself a good name, that he would not in the end yield?"

"He hates me too much for that! There is no hope!"

The sunset was beginning to fade. Annie dared not remain, and, moreover, she was growing so faint and weary that she longed to end the pang of parting.

"You are anxious to go," he said, bitterly; "you grudge me even this last half-hour. Do not fear, I shall never ask another."

"You will be sorry for such cruel speeches when you are gone," she returned. "Don't make these last memories so bitter!"

Then his wild love came up again, and he implored her, with all the fervour of passion, not to leave him; but though she wept in agony, her firmness was unshaken. She could die, but she could not take a step which she felt to be wicked.

"Then go!" he exclaimed. "I shall never trouble you again! I swear you shall repent this to the last day of your life! You have made me utterly desperate—I have nothing to live for now."

"Your mother—remember your mother!"

"I shall be better out of her way—I have been a curse to her all my life!"

Then, this mood changed; the better feelings of his honest nature came up.

"I don't mean what I said; but oh, Annie, you don't know what you are doing?"

"I must do it, I must! I can't stay here—I ought not to have come—it has only done us both harm."

"Think a little—"

"I have thought—I have prayed to do, right—I must obey my father."

"Then it's all over—all over!"

He clasped her for an instant in his arms, and, before she could speak, he was gone—the last look of his

white face, convulsed with mingled emotions, terrifying her so unutterably, that she had no strength even to pronounce his name.

After a time, she rose from the log where she had fallen, rather than sank from any will of her own, and went slowly home through the chill twilight.

Her father was alone in the sitting-room when she entered, and she walked directly up to the hearth, saying:

"Father, I have seen Charles Manson."

She was so exhausted by emotion, that she did not even think of his anger. He was greatly enraged; but the sight of that white face, and those great brown eyes, with their hopeless, despairing expression, would have restrained a much more violent nature.

"How came you to do that?" he asked.

"I thought it right."

"And are you to judge?" he demanded, angrily.

"After my commands—how dare you disobey them?"

"I shall never see him again, father, never again!"

She laid her hand upon his shoulder half-unconsciously, for she was tottering like a person about to faint.

He said no more to her, contenting himself with despatching her to bed, and administering a dose of herb tea. Like many people, he could understand physical illness; but mental affliction, such as she endured, was entirely beyond his comprehension.

The very next day her sister-in-law came with information of the interview; but Annie's white face still had its influence upon the old man, and, to the surprise of young Mrs. Linn, she found herself treated in the most cavalier manner.

"Annie told me all about it, so you needn't fret yourself."

Fret herself, indeed! That was a pleasant reward for having walked two miles, in hot haste, to tell her story. She gathered her shawl about her, and returned home in high dudgeon, without even seeing Annie, greatly to the poor girl's relief, and quieted herself by working her husband into a fury concerning the old man's property. It was her opinion that deceitful girl would get it all if they didn't look sharp—she always mistrusted those still people, she did.

For two days longer, Charley Manson lingered about the village; but he only injured himself by staying. A party of young men came up from the country-town, bent upon a glorious frolic—Charley was drawn in with them, glad of any means that brought temporary forgetfulness.

When the party broke up, Charley disappeared. It was supposed, at first, that he had gone with them; but two days after, his mother found a letter in the chamber which he usually occupied.

It only said that he should never trouble her again—neither her nor anyone. It was better that everything should end.

At first she could not understand the signification of the half-illegible scrawl. Gradually it broke upon her mind, that the leave-taking meant suicide—she grew almost mad with the horror of the thought.

The report went abroad, and everybody formed a separate opinion; but when the tidings reached Annie Linn, she could not doubt, even for an instant, he was dead.

Mrs. Manson wrote to his friends. He had not been seen; nowhere any tidings. She could do nothing—could only sit in her desolate house, with that terrible belief growing each day stronger, praying always for strength, during the first agony of a sudden bereavement. Annie Linn's chief longing was to go to her, if she could only have thrown herself into the mother's arms and died there; but she did not dare. They repeated to her harsh words that the woman had spoken concerning her: if her son was dead, she had killed him; and though she did not credit the tales, she feared that the mourner's heart might be hardened against her, and she dared not go.

They were fearful days to live through! The ordinary routine of duties must go on. Neighbours, with unconcealed curiosity looking in upon her; the sister-in-law appearing at the most unexpected moments, seeming to take a delight in talking concerning Manson's disappearance in the gloomiest strain; she forced to bear up, to endure, living years, and years in those brief days.

Upon the third morning, her father and brother left home for the remainder of the week; then she left the house to the care of the old servant, crept up to her room, and locked all the world out to cower alone beneath her despair.

More than a week passed. It was bright, delicious spring. The trees were all green; the crocuses and snowdrops were blossoming in the little garden; a colony of robins haunted the old apple-trees, and flew in at the open windows, telling beautiful tales of their southern flight. But there was no peace in all this growing richness of beauty and life.

It was the middle of the afternoon. Her father and brother were out, and Annie Linn stood in the side-door, looking across the fields toward the river.

She saw a group of children rush wildly up the path

she had last trodden with Charles Manson. Out from the nearest houses of the village ran several men, taking the path; the children had come up, which led down to the cove.

It was a beautiful spot in summer time, when the water was low, sheltered between the high green banks of the shore and the tall trees of the island; but at that season of year the current was swollen by the spring rains.

Annie Linn stood motionless in the door-way. From the first instant she saw the wild race of the children, she understood what had happened. They had found the body; he had been drowned in the cove.

Then the dreadful doubt, whether it had been accidental or the work of self-destruction. She remembered his last words; but even in that hour of supreme anguish she could not see her way to have acted differently.

She still stood there, while more people went hurrying down through the fields, and the excitement became general in the village.

She heard some one passing through the next room. She must be alone, or her very reason would go! She reached the stairs—fairly crept up, on her hands and knees, to the solitude of her own room.

Perhaps an hour after, some impulse forced her to the window. She looked out. Up the path came a train of men carrying something upon a plank over which was spread a white sheet that fluttered a little in the wind.

Only a glance; then she fell to the floor and lost everything for a time in that blessed insensibility.

The body was carried to the old brown farmhouse. The face was so swollen and discoloured as to be unrecognizable, but the widow remembered the clothes. It was the corpse of her son.

Poor Charley Manson! There were few hearts that did not feel for the stricken mother, and regret the wayward young man, who, but a few years before, had been a bright, happy boy in their midst.

The evening before the funeral, Annie Linn wandered out of the house into the fields—not towards the path, which had formerly been her favourite haunt; she could not even look toward that.

She saw the old brown house on the hill, but did not venture to approach more near. Some one came out of the door and walked down the hill. Annie knew her in an instant—it was his mother.

She did not attempt to avoid the meeting. She stood there, passively awaiting whatever might ensue, not even looking up as she heard the footsteps come nearer.

"Annie! Annie!" called the familiar voice, which had an undertone so like his.

There stood the widow, with her arms extended. Annie fell into them with one cry, upon which the smothered grief of the past days went out.

It was a long time before there was a word spoken; then tears came, and broken whispers, which made each heart dear to the other.

"They say you blamed me," Annie cried.

"Child, my boy loved you; that was enough. I never blamed you—I never shall! We don't care what people say—we understand one another now."

"I wanted to see you—to come to you."

"I know! I know! You can do so now, Annie; your father will never object any more."

They clung to one another a little closer after these words.

"You mustn't come to the house to-morrow," the widow said. "Come to me when it is all over and they are gone."

"I have been wishing—I want to see—"

"No, no! Oh! it's dreadful! I could only look once. Don't, Annie, don't!"

She hid her face for a moment to shut out the painful image her own words had called up—that pale, worn face, with so much of the tender beauty of age in it already.

They had no words of comfort to speak to each other. It was very difficult to talk at all. But it eased their grief to stand together, feeling that each understood the other's heart.

"It is growing late," the widow said. "You must go home."

Annie clung to her with sudden energy.

"Don't let them talk to you. I did love him—indeed I did."

"I know it! You did, what was right; no one shall blame you in my hearing. I hope they'll let my boy alone now! Oh, my Charley!—my Charley!"

She checked the spasm of grief quickly.

"I don't believe he did it on purpose. He wrote me a letter. I think he meant to go away. I suppose he wandered off towards the river in the night—"

A shudder completed the sentence—it was fuller of agony than any words or tears.

They parted almost in silence, and each stole home, shivering with a chill that struck deeper than the pleasant coolness of the spring evening, that would not wear away for months and years.

The next day the neighbours congregated in the old

farmhouse. There was a prayer from the pastor. No warning held out to the young, as a less considerate person might have deemed fitting the occasion—only earnest supplications for the bereaved mother. Then the train passed out of the gate and took its way towards the graveyard.

Annie saw it all from her window. But Heaven who helped her to bear her grief alone witnessed what she endured.

When her father returned to tea, she was perfectly composed, and he had kindness enough in his hard, cold nature to spare her even an allusion.

Only once was the past revived. Young Mrs. Linn was at the house a few days after the funeral, and, during the conversation, abruptly introduced the dead man's name.

"You ought to thank your father on your knees, Annie," she said, "for all he saved you from. If you had married that young scapegrace—"

She stopped as if she had been struck dumb. Annie had risen and was standing directly before her, colourless and cold, but with a world of grief and indignation in her great brown eyes.

"Eliza," she said, "let this be the last time you speak of him in my presence. If I cannot be protected from your insults in my father's house, I must find a place where I can."

She walked out of the room, leaving her sister-in-law staring in dumb confusion at the wall. Never in her life had Annie spoken to any one in that tone; even her father was so astonished that he remained perfectly silent for several moments.

Then he gave Mrs. Eliza a lesson which, perhaps, in the end, did her good, although she flew out of the house in a violent passion, and did not enter it for a month after.

The spring warmed into summer, but the mourning in which Annie Linn's heart was shrouded did not grow more light.

She visited the widow very frequently. Her father never made any opposition, although he rather kept out of her way himself. However much he might believe himself in the right, it was not pleasant now to meet the poor mother and remember all the harsh words he had spoken concerning the young man, over whose grave the flowers he loved had already begun to spring.

Of course, after the first few weeks of wondering, Annie was left in peace by her neighbours. They had begun to forget the sudden death, and probably supposed she was doing the same. But the mother knew the truth, and every day knit her heart more closely to that of the uncomplaining girl.

Charles Manson had been buried a year. Mr. Linn himself believed that Annie had got over her trouble. The colour had come back to her cheek, she performed her duties even more conscientiously than of old, and he was not observing enough to notice the thousand changes which had taken place in her habits and manners.

But Mrs. Eliza saw that her days of persecuting Annie were over. Not that the girl quarrelled with her, but she had a way of looking her through and through, with her earnest eyes, which was altogether too much for the woman's equanimity.

That summer came the second great trial of Annie Linn's life.

James Martin, having been left a widower, a couple of years before, and finding himself alone in the midst of the comforts his money brought about him, cast about in the country for another wife, and, as fate would have it, he fixed his choice upon Annie. It was very foolish of him, when there were scores of girls who would have been in the seventh heaven at the bare idea of solacing his grief. But where such feelings are concerned, the wisest men are perverse; so no one but Annie could fill the void in his heart.

He became a frequent visitor at the house, but as he had usually some ostensible business with her father, it never occurred to Annie that his visits had any connection with herself. I fancy he gave Mr. Linn a hint from the first, but the old gentleman wisely held his peace, and suffered events to take their course, never dreaming that any daughter of his could be insane enough to refuse one of the richest men in the county, young, and in every respect all that a reasonable woman could desire.

When the truth did dawn upon Annie's mind, she was sorely troubled; but it was difficult to know what course to pursue.

He began to ask her to drive out with him, and, as the invitations were given in her father's presence, he accepted them for her without the slightest hesitation.

At last people began to gossip and make remarks. It was currently reported that the pair were engaged long before Martin had found courage to show her more than common civility.

Mrs. Sister-in-law Eliza did not venture to say one word to Annie, but she expressed her opinion very freely among her friends. She always thought what that great ado about Charley Manson would end in—all put on! Any how, Mr. Martin would find he'd made a

pretty mess of it! If people would be taken by a baby face, they must take the consequences—it was nothing to her.

At last she repeated these amiable speeches to an old aunt of Martin, and the poor woman was so terrified at the idea of his being taken in and done for, that she proceeded to read him a lecture, the first time they met, upon the necessity of caution and prudence, and the folly of taking a fancy to a girl who would only be good to spend the wealth he had toiled to accumulate.

The sermon had the effect such advice usually has. That very evening Martin presented himself before Annie, and, to her great surprise and bewilderment, made her an offer of his heart and hand, with the air of a man who did not dream of a refusal, as was natural after her father's encouragement.

"I am sorry,"—she was obliged to interrupt him, in order to speak—"I was not expecting this; I cannot be your wife, Mr. Martin."

He stared at her in astonishment for an instant, but could not believe her in earnest.

"You think I ought not to have spoken so abruptly, and want to punish me for it," he said.

"No, indeed. I cannot marry you. I don't want to give you pain; but please don't talk of this any more, Mr. Martin. I shall always be your friend, but I can be nothing more."

"But your father always gave me reason to hope," he said, turning red and pale with mingled pain and mortification.

"I never gave him any cause to do so, believe me. It was not until very lately that I even dreamed your visits were intended for me."

"But you will think differently—I will not take your answer now."

"You must, Mr. Martin, indeed you must. I shall never change."

"You don't think me worthy of you?" he demanded, angrily.

"It is not that," she answered, sadly. "I have no heart to give any man."

She grew so white that, for the first time, he remembered the talk there had been concerning her and Charley Manson. That thought helped to check his rising anger; and he began to plead his cause again.

She was very kind, but perfectly firm, and he was at length obliged to acknowledge, in his own mind, that she was perfectly serious, and no persuasions could induce her to take her station in the world as his wife.

He sought Mr. Linn and informed him of his ill-success.

"She can't mean it!" exclaimed the old man, all the advantages of the match rushing more strongly than ever upon him. "These girls never know what they want."

"Miss Annie seems to, at all events."

"Nonsense. She wanted to tease you."

"I never saw a girl show less inclination."

"I'll talk to her," returned the old man, in his imperative way. "I shall see you to-morrow—it will be all right."

Mr. Martin went his way divided in his opinions, and greatly chagrined at the probable overthrow of all the pretty castles in the air he had been industriously rearing during the past weeks of blind security.

"What's this Martin tells me?" demanded Mr. Linn, abruptly entering the room where Annie still sat, her thoughts going back to the previous year, whose narrow round had swallowed up the brief summer of her life. "He says you refused him?"

"I did, father," she answered, trembling a little before his power; but retaining the composure and courage which she had gained from sorrow.

"I should like to know why."

"Because I did not love him."

"Nonsense—just girlish folly! You are a bad, ungrateful girl to disappoint me in this way. I thought I should see you happily settled in life. I'm growing old, and I know you wouldn't have a pleasant life of it with the boys after I'm gone."

"Father, I cannot marry him! I will do anything else to please you—but that would be wicked. I have no right to marry him when I do not love him."

"You would in time! You don't suppose he cares about such nonsense. Come, come, I don't want any nonsense, I've humoured you too much this year."

Perhaps his conscience had had more to do with his indulgence than he would have chosen to acknowledge, but he forgot that now in his anger.

"Martin won't bother you just at present; but you must make your mind up to give him a different answer when he does come again."

"I never can, father! I will do my duty as well as I am able; but marry him or any other man I cannot."

"I should like to know why?"

She took his arm and drew him to the window, pointing toward the distant grave-yard bathed in the soft light of evening.

"Because, when you laid him down there to rest, you buried my heart there also."

The old man's arm fell to his side. She went out of the room in silence, leaving him, for the time, so

much shaken that he could not pursue the subject either by argument or threat.

For a few days she was left in peace; then the matter came up again, and for three months Annie was tormented almost beyond her powers of endurance. Mr. Martin haunted her footsteps; her father alternately scolded and entreated; her sister-in-law mixed herself up in the affair, and between them all and her own sorrow, many and many a time poor Annie used to wish herself quietly at rest in the grave-yard.

Mr. Martin cut the Gordian knot himself very unexpectedly. He grew so vexed that he went off into a neighbouring county and married a girl, whom he had known but a short time, but who was quite content with her lot, and made an exceedingly good wife.

After the wedding was once over, Mr. Linn never again alluded to the subject. He sulked for a long time, but he gradually got over that. Eliza crowed with joy; she was only sorry that she could not discover whether Annie was vexed; but, judging her nature by her own, took it for granted that she was, and triumphed accordingly.

Three years more had gone by. Mr. Linn was grown an old man, and, as he neared the grave, his rugged nature began to soften. He turned from his sons' coarseness and greed to find comfort in Annie's affection and gentle ministrings which did not fail him, and cheered by her presence, he went on toward the moment when he put off humanity and its trials like a worn-out garment that the eager soul despised.

The brothers were greatly dissatisfied with the will. Annie shared equally with them. It would have been quite enough for her to have been left in their care. What did she know about the use of money?

It was of no avail to grumble, however, the matter was settled. Her elder brother was coming to take possession of the homestead, and as Annie could in nowise regard it her duty to live with Eliza, she made preparations to depart. While she was meditating upon her plans, old Mrs. Manson came to her.

"I thought you considered yourself my daughter," she said.

"I do. I have no one left but you."

"Then come home, my daughter, my house is your rightful home now."

So the matter was arranged. Annie settled quietly down in the dear old brown house—dearer even than her childhood's home from its associations with Charley's memory, as if she had been indeed the widow's child.

Of course people wondered a little; but, after all, it was natural enough, and Madam Eliza's peculiarities of disposition were sufficiently well known to explain Annie's declining to make her brother's house her home.

It was the fifth spring since the funeral took place from the farmhouse, Annie was twenty-four years old.

She had been out for a long walk, and it was already twilight when she ascended the hill. She passed through the yard, and as she reached the outer door Mrs. Manson's voice reached her ear. She was startled, it sounded as if the widow was giving way to hysterical emotion.

"Mother!" she called out. "Mother!"

"There she is!" the old lady exclaimed. "Richard, go and tell her—don't let her in without—she'll die! Oh! Annie, Annie!"

She rushed into the hall before the frightened girl could stir; she caught her in her arms, weeping and trying to speak, while Richard followed little less agitated.

"A letter, Annie," he said, trying to control himself, "we were all mistaken, Charley—"

"Is alive!"

The words died on her lips—power and sense forsake her in the agonizing joy of that moment.

When she came to herself Charley Manson was supporting her, was calling her name wildly. It was no dream. He was there—alive—as she had sometimes dreamed might be the case, only to throw aside the thought as impossible in her quieter moments.

It was very natural, improbable as it seems. After writing that letter to his mother, he had gone to California without seeing one of his old friends. The body which was found was indeed dressed in his clothes—things Charley had given away on his arrival home. He was some stranger, a wanderer whose name never transpired.

Charley had not for a long time written back, and, when he did, the letters never reached their destination; so that he arrived that day in the village to find himself regarded as comfortably disposed of for five years past.

There is nothing more to tell.

Business had prospered with him; his early habits had been flung aside, and the true nobleness of his character shone out without a stain.

There is a beautiful stone cottage erected not far from the old farmhouse; fair-haired children play about broad porches, and peace and contentment reign within; the happiness which Annie was patiently waiting to find in another sphere has come to her in this lower world.

F. L. B.



THE "RED HOUSE."

## THE RED HOUSE OF OBENSTEIN.

The village of Obenstein which lies on the Russian frontier of Poland is a spot, which, although intersected by the high road is little frequented by travellers. Its old inn, its quaint-looking houses, its rough-looking inhabitants afford little temptation to anyone to stop by the way. Besides a little further on is the large town of S— with abundance of accommodation for man and beast, and hotel-keepers and waiters who chatter to you in every language under the sun.

Obenstein, however, is not without its attractions to those who are in search of the picturesque. On its left lies a broad, grassy plain, fringed and intersected by waving trees. On its right is a small lake on whose banks grow wild flowers and tall reeds which dip and nod over the water and on whose surface glide wild fowl without number.

At the extremity of the plain too, is a forest into whose deepest recesses few of the inhabitants of the hamlet ever penetrate; for, as in our remote country places, they cherish strange traditions, and are besides too phlegmatic to trouble themselves about anything for the mere sake of gratifying curiosity.

The village itself is not without its attractions moreover to the tourist, although uninviting to the wearied traveller upon business. Its quaint shops, its ante-diluvian market-place, its unapproachable ruin, each offers some object of remark or conjecture; while the people who wander somewhat listlessly about, are as good specimens of indolent, beer-drinking, tobacco-consuming Germans as can be met with anywhere.

About the beginning of the year 1820, a man arrived in Obenstein and startled the inhabitants by announcing that he was about to build an inn upon the modern principle. He expatiated upon the immense utility of his scheme to the inhabitants, and demonstrated to their entire satisfaction and the disgust of Herr Kringer, the proprietor of the unapproachable hostelry aforesaid,

that the result of the new inn would be that travellers would remain at Obenstein and not be induced to proceed on to the garrison town. Herr Kringer was furious, the Obensteiners were delighted and the stranger, who stated he was a Frenchman and that his name was Delaval, at once commenced operations.

He seemed to have an abundance of money, and workmen, therefore, were to be had in plenty. All the available hands in the village were employed, and an importation of fresh faces was also made from the neighbouring town. The consequence was that the usually quiet village assumed an aspect of gaiety which it had never worn before, and that in six months the new inn was completed.

The new inn was called by its proprietor the Red House. It was a queerly-built structure, extremely cold but undoubtedly picturesque.

It was surrounded by tall wooden palings on one side, and a stone wall on the other. At one end of the house was a large gateway opening into the road by the church which overlooked the new building, and at the other end was a long avenue leading out to the main road.

In the great square yard was a sun-dial, and a huge tree which Heaven's artillery had partially destroyed, but which here and there shot out green twigs and leaves as if to prove its vitality.

Numerous applications were made to Delaval by the sons of people in Obenstein for situations in his new establishment, but he politely declined them all, giving as his reason that before visiting the hamlet he had engaged French people, and could not now disappoint them.

The result of the new inn's erection was as Delaval had predicted.

Finding they could have superior accommodation at the Red House, those who had previously lusted on even at night to the town of S—, preferred taking a night's rest at Obenstein; and as the waiters were ex-

trremely polite, the charges small, and the refreshments good, those who came once came again.

Gradually, however, strange rumours began to float about the hamlet. Some one in the Red House was deficient in honesty, and at length the thefts became so patent that inquiry was made officially. In obtaining this inquiry Delaval himself was most zealous—declared that he should be in despair "if one of his servants was discovered to be a thief—it would ruin for ever the reputation of his grand establishment;" but at the same time he declared that should any of them be found to possess "even a pin" that did not belong to him, he should be given over mercilessly to justice.

The result of this inquiry was that Delaval and the members of his house were acquitted of all attempt at speculation; and it having been found that the traveller, who stated himself to have been robbed, had stopped three times on the road, and at the old inn also for an hour, he was reprimanded by the police for making an idle accusation.

One evening in the year 1823, two young gentlemen, who appeared to be English, arrived at Obenstein, and inquired for the inn. They happened to address themselves to one of Herr Kringer's friends, and he directed them to the old inn.

They looked about them in unaffected amazement when they approached it.

"I say, Harry," cried Marmaduke Spenser to his friend, Henry Clifton; "this can never be the New Inn."

Henry Clifton laughed. "Oh! yes," he said, "this is no doubt the New Inn. Why, we have seen new inns in this country which must have been standing a hundred years."

"Well, at any rate we must submit, though not without a struggle. We'll go in and ask the landlord."

The two friends—two merry, light-hearted fellows, who were wandering, like Dr. Syntax, in search of the picturesque; but who, nevertheless, liked to do it comfortably—entered the old tumble-down structure, and asked for the landlord.

An old fellow, who had been smoking lazily at the door, and whom, from his appearance, they had mistaken for an ostler, approached them and bowed.

"I am the landlord," he said.

"You are M. Delaval?" said Spenser, interrogatively.

The old man opened his eyes wide with astonishment.

M. Delaval—Heaven forbid!—cried he, "I am Herr Kringer."

"Then we've come to the wrong place," returned Spenser; "we want the New Inn—the Red Inn, I think it is called, kept by M. Delaval. Can you direct us to it?"

"I can do so, sir," said Herr Kringer; "but it's a long way. Won't you sit down a moment, just to rest?"

To this the travellers assented, and the landlord accordingly ushered them into a large, smoky, sanded room, and, with his long pipe in his mouth, awaited their orders.

Having been a long time in Germany, they submitted with a good grace to the infliction of German beer; and while drinking it, "brought the landlord out."

"The building of the Red House must have been a sad blow to your trade?" cried Clifton.

"Yes; it was at first; but since the queer rumours have floated about, I've got back all my custom among the old inhabitants of Obenstein."

"Queer rumours!" exclaimed Marmaduke Spenser, who was always eager after mysteries, "what are they?"

"Why, they do say that all the people who go there get robbed."

"Well," said Clifton, laughing, "so they do at all inns."

"You may be right, sir," returned Herr Kringer, phlegmatically, "and you may be wrong. But, however, there was an inquiry about it some time ago, and Delaval and his people were acquitted. Since that time no one has complained of being robbed."

"Well, then, the queer rumours are all nonsense," said Spenser.

"Not so, sir," returned the landlord, shaking his head, "not so. There is a good reason why no one complains—no one who is robbed there lives to complain."

The young men started: the matter was becoming serious.

"If you suspect this, why not inform against him?" asked Clifton.

"Because it's no use. It's my idea the police are in league with him. The other night—that is to say, last Monday week, a gentleman arrived from the garrison town on his way to the interior. He was dressed in the garb of a Prussian officer. He came into Obenstein alone. I was the only one who saw him enter, because I was on the watch, and from the glimpse I caught of him I fancy he was General Straungarten. He has never left Obenstein."

"How do you know that?"

"Because I watched near the Red House all night, and saw that he did not depart; and the next morning when I sent a message for him, they said he had gone away early in the morning."

The young man looked at each other for a moment. Then Spenser said:

"Well, at any rate, we'll risk it. We're young and strong, and, I hope, brave, and perhaps may be enabled to fathom the mystery. As a matter of precaution, however, we will leave our luggage with you."

They then, after a few more words, departed in the direction indicated by the landlord, leaving under his charge the entire amount of their luggage, including several valuables. Neither of them for an instant questioned the honesty of that stolid, open face.

The Red House they found to be exactly as it had been represented. Although its outward appearance was absurd enough for a Swiss inn, built after the English style, its interior was as elegant and as full of comforts as any French Hotel, at Boulogne or Paris.

The landlord—M. Francois Delaval, as the limit of the door stated—was a tall and meagre specimen of the Gallic race. His hair was not curly, but what is termed "frizzy;" his nose was aquiline, his eyes small and deeply set, his mouth large, with thin lips, his figure narrow and somewhat bent.

He bowed with the most obsequious politeness, and yet neither of the two travellers to whom this politeness was addressed failed to observe the keen, eagle-like glance he cast at them. He seemed like summing up in his own mind the character and wealth of his new guests.

"Monsieur has no baggage?" he said, inquiringly to Spenser.

"No—none."

"Monsieur desires to remain here to-night?"

"Yes—I do. I and my friend will occupy the same room, if you please. We will take an early supper and retire."

"Where will monsieur take his supper?" said Delaval, "this is a most delightful room."

So saying he pushed open the door of the dining-room.

"Thank you," said Clifton, "we will sup in our bedroom. Let us have some of your best eatables and your best wines. We have heard capital accounts of you, and expect good things."

M. Delaval bowed and laid his hand upon his heart.

"Monsieur shall not be disappointed," he said, "my wines are of the best vintage, and I brought my cooks straight from Paris; I will show the bedroom now if Messieurs les étrangers will have the extreme goodness to follow me."

He took a lamp off a shelf in the passage, lit it, and led the way up the stairs.

The chamber in which they found themselves was most elegantly appointed. Nothing better could have been obtained in the first hotels in Paris.

"The moral has a knack of doing things well," said Clifton; Delaval had gone down stairs.

"Yes, indeed; but his politeness is freezing to me. His extreme courtesy and his gilded words send a chill to my very heart."

"That may be prejudice," said Clifton; "I am afraid you have taken too much the words of Herr Kringer."

"No; I have a presentiment that this house is the receptacle of murdered people. I have, in my pocket, besides my pistols, a brandy-flask and some biscuits. I shall not touch one of the eatables or drinkables, nor shall you, if I have my will."

In a few minutes the table was served, and two large bottles placed on the table.

"This is my best wine," said Delaval.

"Will you do us the honour of drinking with us?" said Spenser.

Delaval bowed negatively.

"I never drink wine," he said. "I drink nothing but beer now. I suppose any residence in Germany has spoiled me for the grape-juice."

So saying, he smiled and left them.

"The rascal!" muttered Clifton. "I believe you are right, Marmaduke. So out with your brandy and your biscuits, and let us demolish them, for I am hungry!"

The young men then sat down to their humble meal, and after emptying the bottles out of window, and hiding away some of the eatables, locked the door, and without undressing, crept under the bedclothes.

For an hour everything was quiet, and they began to imagine that they were making fools of themselves; but as the clock struck eleven, the door they had locked on the inside was opened from the outside, and a dark figure entered. By the light of the moon they saw this figure, who was Delaval, examine the bottles and the dishes. Upon finding the bottles empty he chuckled audibly, and going out again, closed the door.

"I was right, you see!" said Spenser; "the wine was drugged."

In a few moments after the sound of several feet was heard ascending the stairs; and then a dull, scraping sound, as if a body was being dragged along.

Clifton started up.

"Shall we go out and save him?" he cried.

Spenser held him back.

"Do not be rash, Harry," he said; "this poor wretch, whoever he may be, is dead. Let us watch through the keyhole; but do not let us discover ourselves. If we do, we may frustrate the ends of justice."

Spenser reached the door and peeped through the hole just as the body was being dragged past. He had time to see that it was bleeding profusely from several places, and that was all.

Their resolution was at once taken. By the aid of their bedclothes they escaped through the window, and made with all speed towards the old inn. Herr Kringer readily accommodated them with horses, and they departed immediately for S—

When one of the waiters on the following morning answered an early bell, he started back in alarm at seeing a large body of soldiers before the door, and would have run off had he not been seized.

Being compelled to act as guide, he led them to Delaval's room, and the rooms occupied by the other waiters, and after they had all been secured, a thorough search was made through the house. For some time nothing whatever could be discovered, but by following the track indicated by Spenser and Clifton they at length found a trap-door leading to a subterranean series of vaults, evidently built after the first erection of the house. In these vaults were at least forty bodies ranged along the walls, and there was found, as suspected by Herr Kringer, the body of General Straumacker, whose disappearance had begun to excite the liveliest alarm in Berlin. The man robbed on the night of the Englishmen's lodging there was also dead, but his name was never discovered.

Henry Clifton and Marmaduke Spenser remained at the old inn during their stay in Obenstein, and had the satisfaction of seeing Delaval and his confederates hung at the town of S—

The Red House still exists, but its vaults have been long filled up, and the landlord is a steady-going German.

## THE LEGACY.

Just within the fortress of the Alhambra, in front of the royal palace, is a broad, open esplanade, called the Place or Square of the Cisneros, so called from being underlain by reservoirs of water, hidden from sight, and which have existed from the times of the Moors. At one corner of this esplanade is a Moorish well, cut through the living rock to a great depth, the water of which is cold as ice and clear as crystal. The wells made by the Moors are always in repair, for it is well known what pains they took to penetrate to the purest and sweetest springs and fountains. The one of which we now speak is famous throughout Granada, inasmuch that the water-carriers, some bearing great water-jars on their shoulders, others driving asses before them laden with earthen vessels, are ascending and descending the steep, woody avenues of the Alhambra, from early dawn until a late hour of the night.

Fountains and wells, ever since the scriptural days, have been noted gossiping places in hot climates; and at the well in question there is a kind of perpetual club kept up during the live-long day, by the invalids, old women, and other curious do-nothing folk of the fortress, who sit here on the stone benches, under an awning spread over the well to shelter the toll-gatherers from the sun, and dawdle over the gossip of the fortress, and question every water-carrier that arrives, about the news of the city, and make long comments on everything they hear and see. Not an hour of the day but loitering house-wives and idle maid-servants may be seen, lingering with pitcher on head or in hand, to hear the last of the endless tattle of these worthless.

Among the water carriers who once resorted to this well, there was a sturdy, strong-backed, bandy-legged little fellow, named Pedro; but called Peregril for shortness. Being a water-carrier, he was a Gallego, or native of Galicia, of course. Nature seems to have formed races of men, as she has of animals, for different kinds of drudgery. In France the shoeblacks are all Savoyards; the porters of hotels all Swiss, and in the days of hoops and hair-powder in England, no man could give the regular swing to a sedan-chair but a bog-trotting Irishman. So in Spain, the carriers of water and bearers of burdens are all sturdy little natives of Galicia. No man says, "Get me a porter," but "Call a Gallego."

To return from this digression, Peregril the Gallego had begun business with merely a great earthen jar which he carried upon his shoulder; by degrees he rose in the world, and was enabled to purchase an assistant of a correspondent class of animals, being a stout shaggy-haired donkey. On each side of this his long-eared kid-de-camp, in a kind of pannier, were slung his water-jars, covered with fig-leaves to protect them from the sun. There was not a more industrious

water-carrier in all Granada, nor one more merry withal. The streets rang with his cheerful voice as he trudged after his donkey, singing forth the usual summer note that resounds through the Spanish towns: "Quien quiere agua—agua mas fria que la nieve?"—"Who wants water, water colder than snow? Who wants water from the well of the Alhambra, cold as ice and clear as crystal?" When he served a customer with a sparkling glass, it was always with a pleasant word that caused a smile; and if, perchance, it was a comely dame or dimpling damsel, it was always with a sly leer and a compliment to her beauty that was irresistible. Thus Peregril the Gallego was noted throughout all Granada for being one of the civillest, pleasantest, and happiest of mortals. Yet it is not he who sings loudest and jokes most that has the lightest heart. Under all this air of merriment, honest Peregril had its cares and troubles. He had a large family of ragged children to support, who were hungry and clamorous as a nest of young swallows, and beset him with their outcries for food whenever he came home of an evening. He had a helpmate too, who was anything but a help to him. She had been a village beauty before marriage, noted for her skill at dancing the bolero and rattling the castanets; and she still retained her early propensities, spending the hard earnings of honest Peregril in frippery, and laying the very donkey under requisition for junketing parties into the country on Sundays, and saints' days, and those innumerable holidays which are rather more numerous in Spain than the days of the week. With all this she was a little of a slattern, something more of a lie-a-bed, and, above all, a gossip of the first water; neglecting house, household, and everything else, to loiter slipshod in the houses of her gossip neighbours.

He, however, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, accommodates the yoke of matrimony to the submissive neck. Peregril bore all the heavy dispensations of wife and children with as meek a spirit as his donkey bore the water-jars; and, however he might shake his ears in private, never ventured to question the household virtues of his slattern spouse.

He loved his children too, even as an owl loves its owlets, seeing in them his own image multiplied and perpetuated; for they were a sturdy, long-backed, bandy-legged little brood. The great pleasure of honest Peregril was, whenever he could afford himself a scanty holiday, and a handful of maravedis to spare, to take the whole litter forth with him, some in his arms, some tugging at his skirts, and some trudging at his heels, and to treat them to a gamble among the orchards of the Vega, while his wife was dancing with her holiday friends in the Angosturas of the Darro.

It was a late hour one summer night, and most of the water-carriers had desisted from their toils. The day had been uncommonly sultry; the night was one of those delicious moon-lights, which tempt the inhabitants of those southern climes to indemnify themselves for the heat and inaction of the day, by lingering in the open air and enjoying its tempered sweetness until after midnight. Customers for water were therefore still abroad. Peregril, like a considerate pains-taking father, thought of his hungry children. "Oh! my poor journey to the well," said he to himself, "to earn a Sunday's puchero for the little ones." So saying, he trudged manfully up the steep avenue of the Alhambra, singing as he went, and now and then bestowing a hearty thrash with a cudgel on the flanks of his donkey, either by way of cadence to the song, or refreshment to the animal, for dry blows serve in lieu of provender in Spain for all beasts of burden.

When arrived at the well, he found it deserted by every one except a solitary stranger in Moorish garb, seated on the stone bench in the moonlight. Peregril paused at first, and regarded him with surprise, not unmixed with awe, but the Moor feebly beckoned him to approach. "I am faint and ill," said he, "aid me to return to the city, and I will pay thee double what thou couldst gain by thy jars of water."

The honest heart of the little water-carrier was touched with compassion at the appeal of the stranger. "God forbid," said he, "that I should ask fee or reward for doing a common act of humanity." He accordingly helped the Moor on his donkey, and set off slowly for Granada, the poor Moslem being so weak that it was necessary to hold him on the animal to keep him from falling to the earth.

When they entered the city, the water-carrier demanded whither he should conduct him. "Alas!" said the Moor, faintly, "I have neither home nor habitation, I am a stranger in the land. Suffer me to lay my head this night beneath thy roof, and thou shalt be amply repaid."

Honest Peregril thus saw himself unexpectedly saddled with an infidel guest, but he was too humane to refuse a night's shelter to a fellow-being, in so forlorn a plight, so he conducted the Moor to his dwelling. The children, who had sallied forth open-mouthed as usual on hearing the tramp of the donkey, ran back with affright when they beheld the turbaned stranger, and hid themselves behind their mother. The latter

stepped forward intrepidly, like a ruffian, then before her brood when a vagrant dog approaches.

"What infidel companion," cried she, "is this you have brought home at this late hour, to draw upon us the eyes of the Inquisition?"

"Be quiet, wife," replied the Gallego; "here is a poor sick stranger, without friend or home; wouldst thou turn him forth to perish in the streets?"

The wife would still have remonstrated, for although she lived in a hovel she was a furious stickler for the credit of her house; the little water-carrier, however, for once refused to bend beneath the yoke. He assisted the poor Moslem to alight, and spread a mat and a sheep-skin for him on the ground, in the coolest part of the house, being the only kind of bed that his poverty afforded.

In a little while the Moor was seized with violent convulsions, which defied all the ministering skill of the simple water-carrier. The eye of the poor patient acknowledged his kindness. During an interval of his fits he called him to his side, and addressing him in a low voice, "My end," said he, "I fear, is at hand. If I die I bequeath you this box as a reward for your charity"—so saying, he opened his almsbox, or cloak, and showed a small box of sandal-wood, strapped round his body. "God grant, my friend," replied the worthy little Gallego, "that you may live many years to enjoy your treasure, whatever it may be!" The Moor shook his head; he laid his hand upon the box, and would have said something more concerning it, but his convulsions returned with increased violence, and in a little while he expired.

The water-carrier's wife was now as one distracted. "This comes," said she, "of your foolish good-nature, always running into scrapes to oblige others. What will become of us when this corpse is found in our house? We shall be sent to prison as murderers; and if we escape with our lives, shall be ruined by notaries and alguazils."

Poor Peregril was in equal tribulation, and almost repented himself of having done a good deed. At length a thought struck him. "It is not yet day," said he; "I can convey the dead body out of the city, and bury it in the sands on the banks of the Xenil. No one saw the Moor enter our dwelling, and no one will know anything of his death."

So said, so done. The wife aided him; they rolled the body of the unfortunate Moslem in the mat on which he had expired, laid it across the ass, and Peregril set out with it for the banks of the river.

As ill-luck would have it, there lived opposite to the water-carrier a barber, named Pedrillo Pedruco, one of the most prying, tattling, and mischief-making of his gossip-tribe. He was a weasel-faced, spider-legged varlet, supple and insinuating; the famous barber of Seville could not surpass him for his universal knowledge of the affairs of others, and he had no more power of retention than a sieve. It was said that he slept but with one eye at a time, and kept one ear uncovered, so that, even in his sleep, he might see and hear all that was going on. Certain it is, he was a sort of scandalous chronicle for the quidnuncs of Granada, and had more customers than all the rest of his fraternity.

This middle-aged barber heard Peregril arrive at an unusual hour at night, and the exclamations of his wife and children. His head was instantly popped out of a little window which served him as a look-out, and he saw his neighbour assist a man in Moorish garb into his dwelling. This was so strange an occurrence, that Pedrillo Pedruco slept not a wink that night. Every five minutes he was at his loop-hole, watching the lights that gleamed through the chinks of his neighbour's door, and before daylight he beheld Peregril sally forth with his donkey unusually laden.

The inquisitive barber was in a fidget; he slipped on his clothes, and, stealing forth silently, followed the water-carrier at a distance, until he saw him dig a hole in the sandy bank of the Xenil, and bury something that had the appearance of a dead body.

The barber bled him home, and fidgeted about his shop, setting everything upside down, until sunrise. He then took a basin under his arm, and sallied forth to the house of his daily customer, the alcalde.

The alcalde was just risen. Pedrillo Pedruco seated him in a chair, threw a napkin round his neck, put a basin of hot water under his chin, and began to mollify his beard with his fingers.

"Strange doings!" said Pedruco, who played barber and newsmonger at the same time—"Strange doings! Robbery, and murder, and burial, all in one night!"

"Hey!—how!—what is that you say?" cried the alcalde.

"I say," replied the barber, rubbing a piece of soap over the nose and mouth of the dignitary, "for a Spanish barber disdains to employ a brush—" "I say that Peregril the Gallego has robbed and murdered a Moorish Mussulman, and buried him, this blessed night. *Maldita sea la noche*—accursed be the night for the same!"

"But how do you know all this?" demanded the alcalde.

"Be patient, senor, and you shall hear all about it,"

replied Pedrillo, taking him by the nose, and sliding a razor over his cheeks. He then recounted all that he had seen, going through both operations at the same time, shaving his beard, washing his chin, and wiping him dry with a dirty napkin. "While he was robbing, murdering, and burying the Moslem."

Now it so happened that this alcalde was one of the most overbearing, and at the same time most gripping and corrupt court-mudgesons, in all Granada. It could not be denied, however, that he set a high value upon justice, for he sold it at its weight in gold. He presumed the case in point to be one of murder and robbery; doubtless there must be rich spoil; how was it to be secured into the legitimate hands of the law? for, as to merely entrapping the delinquent—that would be feeding the gallows; but, entrapping the booty—that would be enriching the judge, and such, according to his creed, was the great end of justice. So thinking, he summoned to his presence his trusted alguazil—a gaunt, hungry looking varlet, clad according to the custom of his order, in the ancient Spanish garb, a broad black beaver turned up at the sides; a quaint ruff; a small black cloak dangling from his shoulders; rusty black under-clothes, that set off his spare wiry frame, while in his hand he bore a slender white wand, the dreaded insignia of his office. Such was the legal bloodhound of the ancient Spanish breed, that he put upon the traces of the unlucky water-carrier, and such was his speed and certainty, that he was upon the haunches of poor Peregril before he had returned to his dwelling, and brought both him and his donkey before the dispenser of justice.

The alcalde bent upon him one of his most terrific frowns. "Hark ye, culprit!" roared he, in a voice that made the knees of the little Gallego smite together—"Hark ye, culprit! there is no need of denying thy guilt, everything is known to me. A gallow's is the proper reward for the crime thou hast committed, but I am merciful, and readily listen to reason. The man that has been murdered in thy house was a Moor, an infidel, the enemy of our faith. It was doubtless in a fit of religious zeal that thou hast slain him. I will be indulgent, therefore;—render up the property of which thou hast robbed him, and we will hush the matter up."

The poor water-carrier called upon all the saints to witness his innocence; alas! not one of them appeared; and if they had, the alcalde would have disbelieved the whole calendar. The water-carrier related the whole story of the dying Moor with the straightforward simplicity of truth, but it was all in vain. "Wilt thou persist in saying," demanded the judge, "that this Moslem had neither gold nor jewels, which were the object of thy cupidity?"

"As I hope to be saved, your worship," replied the water-carrier, "he had nothing but a small box of sandal-wood, which he bequeathed to me in reward for my services."

"A box of sandal-wood! a box of sandal-wood!" exclaimed the alcalde, his eyes sparkling at the idea of precious jewels. "And where is this box? where have you concealed it?"

"An! it please your grace," replied the water-carrier, "it is in one of the panniers of my mule, and heartily at the service of your worship."

He had hardly spoken the words, when the keen alguazil darted off and re-appeared in an instant with the mysterious box of sandal-wood. The alcalde opened it with an eager and trembling hand; all pressed forward to gaze upon the treasures it was expected to contain; when, to their disappointment, nothing appeared within, but a parchment scroll, covered with Arabic characters, and an end of a waxen taper.

When there is nothing to be gained by the conviction of a prisoner, justice, even in Spain, is apt to be impartial. The alcalde having recovered from his disappointment, and found that there was really no booty in the case, now listened dispassionately to the explanation of the water-carrier, which was corroborated by the testimony of his wife. Being convinced, therefore, of his innocence, he discharged him from arrest; nay more, he permitted him to carry off the Moor's legacy, the box of sandal-wood and its contents, as the well-merited reward of his humanity; but he retained his donkey in payment of cost and charges.

Behold the unfortunate little Gallego reduced once more to the necessity of being his own water-carrier, and trudging up to the well of the Alhambra with a great earthen jar upon his shoulder.

As he toiled up the hill in the heat of a summer noon, his usual good-humour forsook him. "Dog of an alcalde!" would he cry; "to rob a poor man of the means of his subsistence, of the best friend he had in the world!" And then, at the remembrance of the beloved companion of his labours, all the kindness of his nature would break forth. "Ah donkey of my heart!" would he exclaim, resting his burden on a stone, and wiping the sweat from his brow—"Ah donkey of my heart! I warrant me thou thinkest of thy old master! I warrant me thou missest the water-jars—poor beast!"

To add to his afflictions, his wife received him, on his return home, with whimpers and repinings; she had clearly the vantage ground of him, having warned him

not to commit the egregious act of hospitality that had brought on him all these misfortunes; and like a knowing woman, she took every occasion to throw her superior sagacity in his teeth. If ever her children lacked food, or needed a new garment, she would answer with a sneer—"Go to your father—he is heir to King Chico of the Alhambra; ask him to help you out of the Moor's strong-box."

Was ever poor mortal so soundly punished for having done a good action? The unlucky Peregril was grieved in flesh and spirit, but still he bore meekly with the railings of his spouse. At length, one evening, when, after a hot day's toil, she taunted him in the usual manner, he lost all patience. He did not venture to retort upon her, but his eye rested upon the box of sandal-wood, which lay on a shelf with lid all open, as if laughing in mockery at his vexation. Seizing it up, he dashed it with indignation to the floor—"Unlucky was the day that I ever set eyes on thee," he cried, "or sheltered thy master beneath my roof!"

As the box struck the floor, the lid flew wide open, and the parchment scroll rolled forth. Peregril sat regarding the scroll for some time in moody silence. At length rallying his ideas—"Who knows," thought he, "but this writing may be of some importance, as the Moor seems to have guarded it with such care?" Picking it up, therefore, he put it in his bosom, and the next morning, as he was crying water through the streets, he stopped at the shop of a Moor, a native of Tangiers, who sold trinkets and perfumery in the Zocatin, and asked him to explain the contents.

The Moor read the scroll attentively, then stroked his beard and smiled. "This manuscript," said he, "is a form of incantation for the recovery of hidden treasure, that is under the power of enchantment. It is said to have such virtue, that the strongest bolts and bars, nay the adamant rock itself, will yield before it!"

"Bah!" cried the little Gallego, "what is all that to me? I am no enchanter, and know nothing of buried treasures." So saying, he shouldered his water-jar, left the scroll in the hands of the Moor, and trudged forward on his daily rounds.

That evening, however, as he rested himself about twilight at the well of the Alhambra, he found a number of gossips assembled at the place, and their conversation, as is not unusual in that shadowy hour, turned upon old tales and traditions of a supernatural nature. Being all poor as rats, they dwelt with peculiar fondness upon the popular theme of enchanted riches, left by the Moors in various parts of the Alhambra. Above all, they concurred in the belief that there were great treasures buried deep in the earth, under the tower of the seven floors.

These stories made an unusual impression on the mind of honest Peregril, and they sank deeper and deeper into his thoughts as he returned alone down the darkling avenues. "If, after all, there should be treasures hid beneath that tower—and if the scroll I left with the Moor should enable me to get at it!" In the sudden ecstasy of the thought he had well nigh let fall his water-jar.

That night he tumbled and tossed, he could scarcely get a wink of sleep for the thoughts that were bewildering his brain. Bright and early, he repaired to the shop of the Moor, and told him all that was passing in his mind.

"You can read Arabic," said he; "suppose we go together to the tower, and try the effect of the charm; if it fails we are no worse off than before, but if it succeeds we share equally all the treasures we may discover."

"Hold," replied the Moslem; "this writing is not sufficient of itself; it must be read at midnight, by the light of a taper singularly compounded and prepared, the ingredients of which are not within my reach. Without such taper the scroll is of no avail."

"Say no more," cried the little Gallego; "I have such a taper at hand, and will bring it here in a moment." So saying, he hastened home, and soon returned with the end of yellow wax-taper that he had found in the box of sandal-wood.

The Moor felt it and smelt to it. "Here are rare and costly perfumes," said he, "combined with this yellow wax." This is the kind of taper specified in the scroll. While this burns, the strongest walls and most secret caverns will remain open. Woe to him, however, who lingers within until it be extinguished. He will remain enchanted with the treasure."

It was now agreed between them to try the charm that very night. At a late hour, therefore, when nothing was stirring but bats and owls, they ascended the woody hill of the Alhambra, and approached that awful tower, shrouded by trees, and rendered formidable by so many traditionary tales. By the light of a lantern, they groped their way through bushes, and over fallen stones, to the door of a vault beneath the tower. With fear and trembling they descended a flight of steps cut into the rock. It led to an empty chamber, damp and drear, from which another flight of steps led to a deeper vault. In this way they descended four several flights, leading into as many

vaults one below the other, but the floor of the fourth was solid; and though, according to tradition, there remained three vaults still below, it was said to be impossible to penetrate further, the residue being shut up by strong enchantment. The air of this vault was damp and chilly, and had an earthy smell, and the light scarce cast forth any rays. They paused here for a time in breathless suspense, until they faintly heard the creak of the watch-tower strike midnight; upon this they lit the waxen taper, which diffused an odour of myrrh, and frankincense, and storax.

The Moor began to read in a hurried voice. He had scarce finished, when there was a noise as of subterranean thunder. The earth shook, and the floor yawning open, disclosed a flight of steps. Trembling with awe they descended, and by the light of the lantern found themselves in another vault, covered with Arabic inscriptions. In the centre stood a great chest, secured with seven bands of steel, at each end of which sat an enchanted Moor in armour, but motionless as a statue, being controlled by the power of the incantation. Before the chest were several jars filled with gold, and silver, and precious stones. In the largest of these they thrust their arms up to the elbow, and at every dip hauled forth handfuls of broad yellow pieces of Moorish gold, or bracelets and ornaments of the same precious metal, while occasionally a necklace of oriental pearl would stick to their fingers. Still they trembled and breathed short while cramming their pockets with the spoils; and cast many a fearful glance at the two enchanted Moors, who sat grim and motionless, glaring upon them with unwinning eyes. At length, struck with a sudden panic at some fancied noise, they both rushed up the staircase, tumbled over one another, into the upper apartment, over-turned and extinguished the waxen taper, and the pavement again closed with a thundering sound.

Filled with dismay, they did not pause until they had groped their way out of the tower, and beheld the stars shining through the trees. Then seating themselves upon the grass, they divided the spoil, determining to content themselves for the present with this mere skimming of the jars, but to return on some future night and drain them to the bottom. To make sure of each other's good faith, also, they divided the talismans between them, one retaining the scroll and the other the taper; this done, they set off with light hearts and well-lined pockets for Granada.

As they wended their way down the hill, the shrewd Moor whispered a word of counsel in the ear of the simple little water-carrier.

"Friend Peregil," said he, "all this affair must be kept a profound secret until we have secured the treasure and conveyed it out of harm's way. If a whisper of it gets to the ear of the alcalde we are undone!"

"Certainly!" replied the Gallego, "nothing can be more true."

"Friend Peregil," said the Moor, "you are a discreet man, and I make no doubt can keep a secret; but you have a wife."

"She shall not know a word of it," replied the little water-carrier, sturdily.

"Enough," said the Moor; "I depend upon thy discretion and thy promise."

Never was promise more positive or sincere: but, alas! what man can keep a secret from his wife? Certainly not such a one as Peregil the water-carrier, who was one of the most loving and tractable of husbands. On his return home, he found his wife moping in a corner. "Mighty well," cried she, as he entered, "you've come at last; after rambling about until this hour of the night. I wonder you have not brought home another Moor as a house-mate." Then bursting into tears, she began to wring her hands and smite her breast: "Unhappy woman, that I am!" exclaimed she: "what will become of me? My house stripped and plundered by lawyers and alguazils; my husband a do-no-good, that no longer brings home food for his family, but goes rambling about day and night, with infidel Moors! Oh, my children! my children! what will become of us? we shall all have to beg in the streets!"

Honest Peregil was so moved by the distress of his spouse, that he could not help whimpering also. His heart was as full as his pocket, and not to be restrained. Thrusting his hand into the latter he hauled forth three or four broad gold pieces, and slipped them into her bosom. The poor woman stared with astonishment, and could not understand the meaning of this golden shower. Before she could recover her surprise, the little Gallego drew forth a chain of gold and dangled it before her, capering with exultation, his mouth distended from ear to ear.

"Holy Virgin protect us!" exclaimed the wife. "What hast thou been doing, Peregil? surely thou hast not been committing murder and robbery?"

The idea scarce entered the brain of the poor woman, than it became a certainty with her. She saw a prison and a gallows in the distance, and a little bandy-legged Gallego hanging pendant from it; and, overcome by the horrors conjured up by her imagination, fell into violent hysterics.

What could the poor man do? He had no other means of pacifying his wife, and dispelling the phantoms of her fancy, than by relating the whole story of his good fortune. This, however, he did not do, until he had exacted from her the most solemn promise to keep it a profound secret from every living being.

To describe her joy would be impossible. She flung her arms round the neck of her husband, and almost strangled him with her caresses. "Now, wife," exclaimed the little man, with honest exultation, "what say you now to the Moor's legacy? Henceforth, never abuse me for helping a fellow-creature in distress."

The honest Gallego retired to his sheep-skin mat, and slept as soundly as if on a bed of down. Not so his wife; she emptied the whole contents of his pockets upon the mat, and sat all night counting gold pieces of Arabic coin, trying on necklaces and earrings, and fancying the figure she should one day make when permitted to enjoy her riches.

On the following morning the honest Gallego took a broad golden coin, and repaired with it to a jeweller's shop in the Zacatin to offer it for sale, pretending to have found it among the ruins of the Alhambra. The jeweller saw that it had an Arabic inscription, and was of the purest gold; he offered, however, but a third of its value, with which the water-carrier was perfectly content. Peregil now bought new clothes for his little flock, and all kinds of toys, together with ample provisions for a hearty meal, and returning to his dwelling, set all his children dancing around him, while he capered in the midst, the happiest of fathers.

The wife of the water-carrier kept her promise of secrecy with surprising strictness. For a whole day and a half she went about with a look of mystery and a heart swelling almost to bursting, yet she held her peace, though surrounded by her gossips. It is true, she could not help giving herself a few airs, apologized for her ragged dress, and talked of ordering a new basquina all trimmed with gold lace and bugles, and a new lace mantilla. She threw out hints of her husband's intention of leaving off his trade of water-carrying, as it did not altogether agree with his health. In fact she thought they should all retire to the country for the summer, that the children might have the benefit of the mountain air, for there was no living in the city in this sultry season.

The neighbours stared at each other, and thought the poor woman had lost her wits; and her airs and graces and elegant pretensions were the theme of universal scoffing and merriment among her friends, the moment her back was turned.

If she restrained herself abroad, however, she indemnified herself at home, and putting a string of rich oriental pearls round her neck, Moorish bracelets on her arms, and an aigrette of diamonds on her head, sailed backwards and forwards in her slattern rags about the room, now and then stopping to admire herself in a piece of broken mirror. Nay, in the impulse of her simple vanity, she could not resist, on one occasion, showing herself at the window to enjoy the effect of her finery on the passers-by.

As the fates would have it, Pedrillo Pedrugo, the meddlesome barber, was at this moment sitting idly in his shop on the opposite side of the street, when his ever watchful eye caught the sparkle of a diamond. In an instant he was at his loop-hole reconnoitring the slattern spouse of the water-carrier, decorated with the splendour of an eastern bride. No sooner had he taken an accurate inventory of her ornaments, than he posted off with all speed to the alcalde. In a little while the hungry alguazil was again on the scent, and before the day was over the unfortunate Peregil was again dragged into the presence of the judge.

"How is this, villain!" cried the alcalde in a furious voice. "You told me that the infidel who died in your house left nothing behind but an empty coffer, and now I hear of your wife flaunting in her rags decked out with pearls and diamonds. Wretch that thou art! prepare to render up the spoils of thy miserable victim, and to swing on the gallows that is already tired of waiting for thee."

The terrified water-carrier fell on his knees and made a full relation of the marvellous manner in which he had gained his wealth. The alcalde, the alguazil, and the inquisitive barber, listened with greedy ears to this Arabian tale of enchanted treasure. The alguazil was despatched to bring the Moor who had assisted in the incantation. The Moslem entered half-frightened out of his wits at finding himself in the hands of the harpies of the law. When he beheld the water-carrier standing with sheepish looks and downcast countenance, he comprehended the whole matter. "Miserable animal," said he, as he passed near him, "did I not warn thee about babbling to thy wife?"

The story of the Moor coincided exactly with that of his colleague; but the alcalde affected to be slow of belief, and threw out menaces of imprisonment and rigorous investigation.

"Softly, good Senor Alcalde," said the Mussulman, who by this time had recovered his usual shrewdness and self-possession. "Let us not mar Fortune's

favours in the scramble for them. Nobody knows anything of this matter but ourselves—let us keep the secret. There is wealth enough in the cave to enrich us all. Promise a fair division, and all shall be produced—refuse, and the cave shall remain for ever closed."

The alcalde consulted apart with the alguazil. The latter was an old fox in his profession. "Promise anything," said he, "until you get possession of the treasure. You may then seize upon the whole, and if he and his accomplices dare to murmur, threaten them with the faggot and the stake as infidels and sorcerers."

The alcalde relished the advice. Smoothing his brow and turning to the Moor, "This is a strange story," said he, "and may be true, but I must have ocular proof of it. This very night you must repeat the incantation in my presence. If there be really such treasure, we will share it amicably between us, and say nothing further of the matter; if ye have deceived me, expect no mercy at my hands. In the mean time you must remain in custody."

The Moor and the water-carrier cheerfully agreed to these conditions, satisfied that the event would prove the truth of their words.

Towards midnight the alcalde sailed forth secretly, attended by the alguazil and the meddlesome barber, all strongly armed. They conducted the Moor and the water-carrier as prisoners, and were provided with the stout donkey of the latter to bear off the expected treasure. They arrived at the tower without being observed, and tying the donkey to a fig-tree, descended into the fourth vault of the tower.

The scroll was produced, the yellow waxen taper lighted, and the Moor read the form of incantation. The earth trembled as before, and the pavement opened with a thundering sound, disclosing the narrow flight of steps. The alcalde, the alguazil, and the barber were struck aghast, and could not summon courage to descend. The Moor and the water-carrier entered the lower vault, and found the two Moors seated as before, silent and motionless. They removed two of the great jars, filled with golden coin and precious stones. The water-carrier bore them up one by one upon his shoulders, but though a strong-backed little man, and accustomed to carry burdens, he staggered beneath their weight, and found, when slung on each side of his donkey, they were as much as the animal could bear.

"Let us be content for the present," said the Moor, "here is as much treasure as we can carry off without being perceived, and enough to make us all wealthy to our hearts' desire."

"Is there more treasure remaining behind?" demanded the alcalde.

"The greatest prize of all," said the Moor, "a huge coffer bound with bands of steel, and filled with pearls and precious stones."

"Let us have up the coffer by all means," cried the grasping alcalde.

"I will descend for no more," said the Moor doggedly; "enough is enough for a reasonable man, more is superfluous."

"And I," said the water-carrier, "will bring up no further burden to break the back of my poor donkey."

Finding commands, threats, and intreaties equally vain, the alcalde turned to his two adherents. "Aid me," said he, "to bring up the coffer, and its contents shall be divided between us." So saying he descended the steps, followed with trembling reluctance by the alguazil and the barber.

No sooner did the Moor behold them fairly earthed than he extinguished the yellow taper; the pavement closed with its usual crash, and the three worthies remained buried in its womb.

He then hastened up the different flights of steps, nor stopped until in the open air. The little water-carrier followed him as fast as his short legs would permit.

"What hast thou done?" cried Peregil, as soon as he could recover breath. "The alcalde and the other two are shut up in the vault."

"It is the will of Allah!" said the Moor, devoutly.

"And will you not release them?" demanded the Gallego.

"Allah forbid!" replied the Moor, smoothing his beard. "It is written in the book of fate that they shall remain enchanted until some future adventurer arrive to break the charm. The will of God be done!" so saying, he hurled the end of the waxen taper far among the gloomy thickets of the glen.

There was now no remedy, so the Moor and the water-carrier proceeded with the richly laden donkey toward the city, nor could honest Peregil refrain from hugging and kissing his long-eared fellow-labourer, thus restored to him from the clutches of the law; and in fact, it is doubtful which gave the simple-hearted little man most joy at the moment, the gaining of the treasure, or the recovery of the donkey.

The two partners in good-luck divided their spoil amicably and fairly, except that the Moor, who had a little taste for trinketry, made out to get into his heap the most of the pearls and precious stones and other baubles, but then he always gave the water-carrier in lieu magnificent jewels of massive gold, of five

times the size, with which the latter was heartily content. They took care not to linger within the reach of accidents, but made off to enjoy their wealth undisturbed in other countries. The Moor returned to Africa, to his native city of Tetuan, and the Gallego with his wife, his children, and his donkey, made the best of his way to Portugal. Here, under the admonition and tuition of his wife, he became a personage of some consequence, for she made the worthy little man array his long body and short legs in doublet and hose, with a feather in his hat and a sword by his side, and laying aside his familiar appellation of Peregril, assumed the more sonorous title of Don Pedro Gil: his progeny grew up a thriving merry-hearted, though short and bandy-legged generation, while Senora Gil, befringed, belaced, and betasselled from her head to her heels, with glittering rings on every finger, became a model of slattern fashion and finery.

As to the alcade and his adjuncts, they remained shut up under the great tower of the seven floors, and there they remain spell-bound at the present day. Whenever there shall be a lack in Spain of pimpling barbers, sharking alguazils, and corrupt alcaides, they may be sought after; but if they have to wait until such time for their deliverance, there is danger of their enchantment enduring until doomsday.

## SCIENCE.

**VITRIFIED PHOTOGRAPHS.**—Several specimens of vitrified photography upon transparent glass have been presented to the Paris Photographic Society by M. Maissou. In a communication upon the subject he states that he believes this kind of photography may be applied to the windows of apartments. The transparency, free from opacity, will, he believes, be an auxiliary which the glass-painter may advantageously employ. The method is as follows:—After taking a transparent positive from a negative, either by contact or by the ordinary method, it is covered with yellow ochre, and when dry exposed to the furnace in a muffle until it becomes a cherry-red colour. When cold, the coating of yellow-ochre is removed, and the picture is found vitrified.

**WHAT STATION'S THIS?**—Trials have recently been made on the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, of a very simple and ingenious apparatus for indicating to travellers on railways the name of each station as it is approached by the train:—A small dial-plate is fixed in each compartment, or between two compartments of a carriage, on which the names of the stations are displayed. A band connected is made to rotate by the action of an arm or rod attached to it, and brought down so as to come into contact with certain portions of the rail. At certain distances from the station there is a small projection on the inner side of the rail; with this the rod comes in contact as the train is in motion, and this setting free a small spring, causes a portion of an endless band, bearing the name of the station upon it, to appear and remain in sight until the next station is approached, when the contact with the rod produces another revolution, and the name of the last station is superseded by the next in order. The apparatus can be easily reversed, so that the stations in the up or down order may be indicated without difficulty. The trials appeared to be perfectly satisfactory. The inventor is Mr. Leigh, a model of whose apparatus was shown at the late Exhibition.

## THE ACTION OF THE SUN.

EVERY mechanical action on the earth's surface, every manifestation of power, organic or inorganic, vital and physical, is produced by the sun. His warmth keeps the sea liquid and the atmosphere a gas, and all the storms which agitate both are blown by the mechanical force of the sun. He lifts the river and the glaciers up the mountains, and thus the cataract and the avalanche shoot with an energy derived immediately from him.

Thunder and lightning are also his transmuted strength. Every fire that burns and every flame that glows dispenses light and heat which originally belonged to the sun. In these days, unhappily, the news of battle is familiar to us, but every shock and every charge is an application or mis-application of the mechanical force of the sun. He blows the trumpet, he urges the projectile, he bursts the bomb! And remember, this is not poetry, but rigid mechanical truth. He rears, as I have said, the whole vegetable world, and through it the animal; the lilies of the field are his workmanship, the verdure of the meadows, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. He forms the music, he urges the blood, he builds the brain. His fleetness is in the lion's foot; he springs in the panther, he soars in the eagle, he slides in the snake. He builds the forest and hews it down—the power which raises the tree and wields the axe being the same.

The clover sprouts and blossoms, and the scythe of the mower swings by the operation of the same force. The sun digs the ore from our mines, he rolls the iron, he sweats the plates, he boils the water, he draws the train.

He not only grows the cotton, but he spins the fibre and weaves the web. There is not a hammer raised, a wheel turned, or a shuttle thrown, that is not raised and turned and thrown by the sun. His energy is poured forth into space, but our world is a halting place where his energy is conditioned. Here the Proteus works his spells.—*Heat considered as a Mode of Motion, by Professor Tyndall.*

At the last meeting of the French Academy of Sciences, M. Flourens laid before the meeting several excellent specimens of silkworms fed on oak-leaves from the Imperial farm at Vincennes. M. Flourens also informed the meeting that another species, from the north of China, the cultivation of which had been vainly essayed in Europe for ten years, was now flourishing. The success attending these experiments is the more important as it is evident that scientific men have not yet discovered the cause of the fatal disease among silkworms, though the opinion is pretty general that an unknown malady attacks the mulberry-leaf when it is full-grown.

The *Sydney Morning Herald* mentions a remarkable invention, intimately connected with photography, which is now engrossing the attention of artists. The method followed by the inventor, M. Willeme, is this:—"A number of simultaneous photographs of a person is taken, and the outlines thus obtained are enlarged or reduced at will by the pantograph. With these data M. Willeme produces a statue, the exact likeness of the original, in any size, and in so short a time as is hardly to be credited. Any person wanting his statue to be made, is photographed in various directions, and two days later he may call for his statuette in clay. Feathers and drapery are represented with the greatest exactness, and, as a natural consequence of the method, the price is extremely moderate. A cast of the figure being taken in plaster, it may be reproduced any number of times, and cast in bronze if required.

The painters and the photographers are at war with each other. The former are beginning to think that, if matters proceed much further, their occupation will soon be gone. Sun and Company persist not only in taking the most perfect portraits, but are encroaching upon the more peculiar beat of Art, and portraying groups and landscapes coloured so beautifully that the most delicate pencil and brush can scarcely compete with them. The artists, however, are right in declaring that a mere reflection of nature is far beneath their abilities. A splendid salmon, for example, has been photographed from the life, but it was nailed upon a board like a fox's brush on a barn-door to facilitate the process. There are certain points of view which veil the deformities and exhibit the beauties of the real landscape; and there is, above all, the grouping of the ideal, in which the true artist has a province of his own that cannot be touched by the mere mechanical photographer. As for portrait-painting, the photographer may catch to the life a passing mood of his study, but it remains for the artist to study the character and the leading expressions of the face which he portrays, and to present a combination of these as the only true portrait.

## STATISTICS.

THERE were, last year, 20,591 coroners' inquests held in England and Wales. The cost was £65,102 16s. 8d., being on an average £3 3s. 3d. each.

THE "miscellaneous receipts" of the financial year 1862-3 include the usual variety of items. The fees received at the Jewel-house in the Tower supply £4,614; the fees received at the office of registration of designs, £2,677; and at the office of registration of joint-stock companies, £12,120. That great fee-taker, the House of Commons, received no less than £75,800 from this source in the course of the year. Books and waste paper sold at the Stationery-office in the year produced £16,269; and the labour of convicts brought in £15,149. Teachers quitting their profession repaid to the Government £992 in respect of the expenses of their training. The conscience-money of the year amounted to £10,422.

THE FUNDS OF THE CITY OF LONDON.—The total produce in 1862 of rents reserved by leases within the City of London was £51,764; of premises within the counties of Middlesex and Surrey, £9,522; other rents, £39; the Finsbury estate, £54,764. The proportion out of the last total deducted for property-tax and other rates and expenses is £2,758; and another deduction of one-sixth from the Finsbury rents is made for the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, amounting to £8,667. These deductions reduce the total of the Finsbury estate rents to £43,338; and this, added to the rents just enumerated, gives a general title under this head of £104,698; Irish quit-rents produced £192, proportion of profits of an estate in Ireland (the name might have been added), £235; aqueducts, £80; fines for renewal of leases, £5,350; markets, including Leadenhall, £2,919; Newgate, £4,555; Farringdon, £296; Smithfield hay-market, £262; Billingsgate, £5,682; making in the whole £14,113. The metage of corn produced £14,627;

metage of fruit, £2,331; stamping weights, £102; water bailage, £479. There is a curious entry of bequests, £135; proving that, though corporations have no souls, they have a share in some people's tender affections. Brokers' rents produced £4,733; judiciary fees, £1,109; reimbursements on account of prisons, £1,784; the like on account of criminal prosecutions, £1,526; officers' surplus fees, £7,287; sundries, £4,435; various dividends on moneys realized by sale of properties and invested in annuities amounted to £645; two small properties sold, in one case to the Braziers' Company, and in the other to Mr. Robert Brett, realized £1,006. Lastly, there was a loan raised by application to the Bank of England, for the purpose of erecting a pauper lunatic asylum, amounting to £43,500, and a loan repaid from the Gresham Fund, in reimbursement of money advanced to pay interest on bonds, the reimbursement amounting to £5,472. The whole charge of the controller against the chamberlain amounted to £216,844 13s. 0½d. In enumerating the various items we have omitted odd shillings and pence, so that if the reader casts up our totals the result will be somewhat less than the actual total now just cited.

## HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

**WASH FOR APHIDES.**—Take half-a-pound of the strongest smoking tobacco, boil it in two quarts of water until it is reduced to three pints, then dilute it with nine quarts of water in which soot has been previously mixed; then add about a quarter of a peck of quicklime, stir it daily for eight days with a wisp of straw, and strain it through a piece of canvas (not too thick); this will render the fluid so clear, that when used, it will pass through the finest watering-pot without choking up the "rose." This wash has been used for pelargoniums, verbenas, roses, and calceolarias, without their being in the slightest degree injured by it.

**POTTING HERRINGS AND SUCH-LIKE SMALL FISH.**—The following is the mode practised in the Isle of Man for potting herrings, the fame of which is current in Europe:—Take fifty herrings, wash and clean them well, cut off the heads, tails, and fins. Put them into a stewpan with three ounces of ground allspice, a tablespoonful of coarse salt and a little Cayenne pepper. The fish must be laid in layers, and the spice, &c., sprinkled upon them equally. A few bay-leaves and anchovies are then interspersed among the fish—the latter improve the flavour greatly. Pour upon the whole a pint of vinegar mixed with a little water. Tie over them a clean bladder, and bake in a slow oven. Skim off the oil; boil half a pint of port or claret wine with a small quantity of the liquor, and add it to the fish. If required to be sent any distance, it is better to cover the whole with some clarified butter.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has graciously become a patron of the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, Victoria-park, and forwarded a donation to the funds of this valuable institution.

It is stated to be the intention of her Majesty the Queen to go abroad for a short time early in August. Her Majesty will travel incog. under the same title, of Duchess of Lancaster, as upon the last occasion, and will maintain the strictest privacy.

THE 22nd company of Royal Engineers, stationed at head-quarters, Brompton, is ordered to hold itself in readiness to embark for China, where it will relieve the 8th company, which has been stationed there nearly six years, and is now ordered to return to England.

ONE hundred and fifty workmen have been, in accordance with instructions from the War Department, discharged from the gun factories at the Royal Arsenal, and a further reduction is expected to take place, the manufacture of Armstrong guns being entirely suspended.

At Aldershot, on the 14th instant, Mr. Coxwell's small balloon was inflated, and kept in mid-air during the whole day, in order to allow of sketches being taken by two officers from this elevated position, and also to test the real advantage to be derived from aerostatic aid on the battle-field.

LAST year there were in the metropolis alone 2,637 known thieves at large. The highway robberies and personal attacks, including, it may be presumed, garotter, numbered last year more than double the previous year. There were 13,298 crimes committed, and 5,415 persons apprehended.

**MATERIALS USED IN THE 1862 EXHIBITION.**—Bricks, 17,250,000; lime, 5,611 cubic yards; sand, 18,352 cubic yards; ballast, 8,632 cubic yards; cement and plaster, 47,105 bushels; cast iron, 4,953 tons; wrought iron, 2,269 tons; timber, 489,178 cubic feet, 2,238,722 lineal feet, 9 inch by 3 inch battens, deals, and planks; stone, 62,831 superficial feet 6 inches thick and under; ditto, 6,877 cubic feet; zinc, 225,864 superficial feet;

lead, 74 tons 14 cwt.; felt, 623,000 superficial feet; slating, 71,260 superficial feet; glass, 216,808 panes, containing 667,542 superficial feet; putty, 95 tons 16 cwt.; nails, 193 tons 12 cwt.; cash paid in labour, £138,348.

### FACETIÆ.

**THE Prince of Wales** has been enrolled a member of the Mercers' Company, which has on its books the name of Lord Mayor Whittington.

**A POSER FOR ZADKIEL.**—To predict, to within a hundred years, when the Delhi prize-money will be distributed.

**A MAN** who had been fined several weeks in succession for getting drunk, coolly proposed to the judge that he should take him by the year at a reduced rate.

**TRIFLE FROM MARGATE.**—The other day, a housemaid, having finished her dusting in the house, was observed, from the sea-shore, to be sweeping the horizon with a glass.—*Punch.*

**THE BUTCHER ANSWERED.**—Judge Jeffreys, pointing with his cane to a man who was about to be tried, said, "There is a great regret at the end of my cane," the man replied, "At which end, my lord?"

**"A PERSON,"** say the *Paris Sport*, "who looks at the world in somewhat gloomy colours, recently complained to M. Aubert's presence how hard it was that people must grow old. 'Hard as it is,' replied the veteran composer, 'it seems to be the only means yet discovered of enjoying long life.'"

It is said that the Duke of Sutherland, at the late ball to the Prince and Princess of Wales, not being able to find his hat, coolly walked off to the fire-engine station at Watling Street, and borrowed a fireman's helmet, arrayed in which he chartered a Hansom cab, and drove in triumph to Stafford House.

**VERY GENEROUS.**—Ragged boy—"Please give me a short pipe." Barman—"Can't do it. Don't know him." Ragged boy—"Why, he gets drunk here regularly every Saturday night." Barman—"Does he, my little dear? then here's a nice long 'un for him, with a bit of wax at the end."

**SOME PERSONS ARE NEVER CONTENTED.**—"No, sir, I shan't subscribe to your sick-fund any longer. Here I have been subscribing for the last eighteen years, and I haven't derived the slightest advantage from it yet. You must excuse me, sir, but I object to belong any longer to a society in which the advantage is all upon one side."—*Punch.*

**A GENTLEMAN,** residing at St John's Wood, London, had a dispute with a publican about a penny. The matter was carried into the Marylebone County Court, and, after seven previous adjournments, the case was decided on Saturday in favour of the publican, who was sued for the penny. The costs amounted to £18-10s.

**TRIBOULET,** the fool of Francis the First, was threatened with death by a man in power, of whom he had been speaking disrespectfully; and he applied to the king for protection. "Be satisfied," said the king; "if any man should put you to death I will order him to be hanged a quarter of an hour after." "Ah, sir," replied Triboulet, "I shall be much obliged if your Majesty would order him to be hanged a quarter of an hour before."

**A SANGUINE MAN.**—A poor son of the Emerald Isle, applied for employment to an avaricious hunk, who told him that he should employ no more Irishmen, "for the last one died on my hands, and I was forced to bury him at my own charge."—"Ah, yer Honor," said the man, brightening up, "and is that all? Then you'll give me the place, for shure I can get a certificate that I never died in the employ of any master I ever served."

**MRS. PARTINGTON** says she can't understand these ere market reports. She can understand how cheese can be lively, and pork can be active, and feathers drooping—that is if it isn't raining; but how whiskey can be steady, or hops quiet, or spirits dull, she can't see; neither how lard can be firm in warm weather, nor iron unsettled, nor potatoes depressed, nor flour rising—unless there had been yeast in it—and sometimes it would not rise then.

**TWISLETON FIENNES, THE LATE LORD SAYE AND SELW.**—Twisleton Fienes was a very eccentric man, and the greatest epicure of his day. His dinners were worthy of the days of Vitellius or Heliogabalus. Every country, every sea, was searched and ransacked to find some new delicacy for his British Sybarite. I remember, at one of his breakfasts, an omelette being served which was composed entirely of golden pheasants' eggs. He had a very strong constitution, and would drink absinthe and carnos in quantities which were perfectly awful to behold. These stimulants produced no effect upon his brain; but his health gradually gave way under the excesses of all kinds in which he indulged.

He was a kind, liberal, and good-natured man, but a very odd fellow. I never shall forget the astonishment of a servant I had recommended to him. On entering his service, John made his appearance at Fienes was going out to dinner, and asked his new master if he had any orders. He received the following answer: "Place two bottles of sherry by my bedside, and call me the day after to-morrow."—*Recollections and Anecdotes: being a Second Series of Reminiscences of the Camp, the Court, and the Clubs. By Captain R. H. Gronow.*

**A STUMP ORATOR.**—An Ohio stamper, while making a speech, paused in the midst of it, and exclaimed, "Now, gentlemen, what do you think?" Instantly a man rose in the assembly, and, with one eye partially closed, modestly replied, "I think, sir, I do indeed, sir—I think if you and I were to stump the country together, we would tell more lies than any other two men in the country, sir, and I'd not say a word during the whole time, sir."

**COUNT D'ORRAY AND MR. RAIKES' NOSE.**—The well-known Tom Raikes, whose letters and memoirs have been lately published, and who was a tall, large man, very much marked with the small-pox, having one day written an anonymous letter to D'Orsay, containing some piece of impertinence or other, had closed it with a wafer, and stamped it with something resembling the top of a thimble. The Count soon discovered who was the writer, and, in a room full of company, thus addressed him: "Ha! ha! my good Raikes, the next time you write an anonymous letter you must not seal it with your nose!"

**LORD DERRY AT THE MANSION HOUSE, OR THE MINISTER "UNDER THE ROSE."**  
(Said or Sung by Lord Derby.)

How sweet is the charm of a shady retreat!  
How soft is the grass that grows under your feet!  
How delightful the joy of which "nobody knows!"  
And the thoughts how sublime, which lie "Under the Rose."

The Whigs they may fancy they govern the State,  
To the world they may seem to prevail in debate;  
But now is the season the truth to disclose,  
It is I, who am Minister "Under the Rose."

And yet I have friends, who do not seem to see  
How great is the gain, of not seeming to be  
The controllers of all, and who wish to expose  
The schemes they've been cherishing "Under the Rose."

Well perhaps it is time now, to play my own suit,  
And to let Dizzy's teeth fasten into the fruit;  
But for you, my Lord Mayor, you're right to suppose  
I shall still be a Minister "Under the Rose."—*Punch.*

**REAL GENTLEMEN.**—A waiter was examined the other day before one of our courts. We annex his testimony:—"Your name is Flunkey, I believe?" "Yes, sir, Robert Flunkey." "Well, Mr. Flunkey, you say the defendant is no gentleman. What makes you think so?" "Cause, sir, he always says 'thank you' when I hand him a mutton chop or even a bit of bread. Now a real gentleman never does this, but hollers out, 'Herr, Bill, get me a mutton chop, or I'll throw this pepper-box at your head.' You can't deceive me with a gentleman, your worship. 'Cause why? I have associated with too many of them at the racecourse."

**BRESLAU,** the juggler, being at Canterbury with his troupe, met with such bad success that they were almost starved. He repaired to the wardens, and promised to give the profit of a night's conjurations to the poor if the parish would pay for hiring a room, etc. The charitable bait took, the benefit proved a bumper, and the next morning the wardens waited upon the wizard to touch the receipts. "I have already disposed of dem," said Breslau; "do profits were for the poor. I have kept my promise, and given de money to my own people, who are de poorest in de parish!" "Sir," exclaimed the indignant wardens, "this is a trick." "I know it," replied the conjuror, "I live by my tricks."

**RICHARD POWER**—or Dick, as he is familiarly called, is one of our village loafers. He has, among other peculiarities, a habit of knowing every person, far and wide, whom he hears spoken of. On a certain occasion, a few months since, he was taking his habitual morning nap in one corner of the reading-room of an hotel, while a crowd of persons in the opposite end of the apartment were conversing upon the usual topics of the day; and among other subjects, the marriage of the Prince of Wales was discussed, various opinions being expressed with regard to his character. Suddenly Dick awoke, and, after looking vacantly about him for a few seconds, exclaimed: "Yes, I knew all them Whalses, desperate fellows, every one of them!"

**Hoby's Boots.**—The late Sir John Shelley came into Hoby's shop to complain that his top-boots had split in several places. Hoby quietly said, "How did that happen, Sir John?" "Why, in walking to my stable." "Walking to your stable?" said Hoby with a sneer; "I made the boots for riding, not walking." Hoby was

boot-maker to the Duke of Kent; and as he was calling on H.R.H. to try on some boots, the news arrived that Lord Wellington had gained a great victory over the French army at Vittoria. The duke was kind enough to mention the glorious news to Hoby, who coolly said, "If Lord Wellington had had any other boot-maker than myself, he never would have had his great and constant successes; for my boots and prayers bring his lordship out of all his difficulties." One may well say that there is nothing like leather; for Hoby died worth a hundred and twenty thousand pounds.—*Recollections and Anecdotes: being a Second Series of Reminiscences of the Camp, the Court, and the Clubs. By Captain R. H. Gronow.*

**THE CHAMPION'S MECHANISM.**—We heard a good story of Chambers, the aquatic champion, told at the Sunderland Railway Station, the other day, and though we cannot undertake to vouch for its originality or correctness, the tale is a good one in its way. On dit, that during the recent race for the championship, a Cockney was expressing his unqualified admiration of the champion's style of rowing; and turning to a Newcastle man who stood near, he said, "Can you tell me where Chambers was born?" "Born, man!" exclaimed the Tynesider, "Bob Chambers was never born. He was cast at Hawkes's, and Stephenson put his engines in!" Is this the secret of the champion's "mechanical stroke," of which his admirers are so justly proud?

**LOOKING AFTER THE POT.**—As a train was about to start from one of the stations near Glasgow, a day or two ago, the attention of the station-master was attracted by a little girl coming on the platform, and crying out that she "wanted her mither," who had entered one of the carriages. The station-master very kindly made search for the mother, and was anxiously assisted by the guard and porters in his efforts. The search excited the attention of the occupants of the various carriages, and their observation was drawn to what was going on. While all were on the tip-toe of expectation the mother was discovered, and the discovery made known to the little girl, who thereupon shouted, "When is father to tak' off the pot?" The whistle was immediately heard, and off went the train amidst the laughter of the passengers.

**THE members of the Inventors' Institute** have decided to give Sir E. Belcher a dinner, as a mark of their appreciation of his fearless exposure of "Zadkiel."

It is rumoured that Lord Palmerston has placed Walmer Castle at the disposal of the Prince and Princess of Wales, who are expected to visit this beautiful marine resort in the course of the present season.

**A MARRIED WOMAN,** aged sixty-six, named Larder, recently drowned herself in Clapton Pond. Her mind had become unsettled from destitution. Her mother committed suicide in the same pond twenty years previously.

**THE Duke of Bedford** has a great objection to taverns and public houses on his London estate. He not only refuses to allow new ones to be built, but as fast as the leases of the old ones fall in, he declines to renew them, and the premises are rebuilt for some other business.

**THE Prince of Wales** has sold Bunting and the Right Man in the Right Place, which were brought for his Royal Highness at Lord Stamford's sale of hunters at Quorn, for 810 guineas, the price which they realised at the above sale.

**MR. GLAISHER** states that in his eleventh scientific ascent in Mr. Coxwell's balloon, from Wolverton, they met with at least three distinct layers of cloud, of different thicknesses, reaching up to four miles high. Railway trains were heard at a height of three or four miles.

**THE well-known Labedoyère collection** has been bought for the Imperial Library for 80,000*l.* This collection contains all the newspapers, pamphlets, caricatures, and bills that were posted on the walls during the whole of the Revolution of 1789. This is the most extraordinary collection of the kind that has ever been gathered together.

**AN ALMOST INCREDIBLE STORY.**—The following lately took place before the magistrates at Loughborough:—Mr. Barnes, of Six Hills, summoned his servant, a young man named Frederick Pick, for a wilful violation of the Sabbath, in cleaning on Sunday a pair of lace-up boots! The complainant told the Bench that on Sunday morning he went into the out-house, and there saw the defendant cleaning himself before a piece of broken looking-glass, and lying by the side of him was a pair of lace-up boots, which had just been polished, together with the just-used blacking-brushes. He asked the defendant if he had violated his orders and cleaned the boots on the Sabbath? The defendant attempted to justify his unholy and disobedient act, by saying that he had not time to clean himself on Saturday. The lad, in his defence, said he thought it would be much more criminal if he went to church dirty than in cleaning his boots and shaving himself, and going to

THEIR Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, since their sojourn at Frogmore, are enjoying the pleasures of a country life, and the beautiful and varied scenery afforded by the various rides and drives in the parks and neighbourhood of Windsor. On the 10th inst. their Royal Highnesses spent the greater part of the day at Virginia Water, and dined with a select party on board the Adelaide frigate.

## NOTICE

## THE SHAKESPEARE GALLERY.

The public are respectfully informed that every purchaser of No. 7 of THE LONDON READER was entitled to receive (Gratis) No. 1 of a Series of Engravings illustrative of Scenes in the most popular Plays of Shakespeare.

The issue of No. 2 of THE SHAKESPEARE GALLERY will be duly announced in THE LONDON READER.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**EDITOR.**—The tale was brought to its conclusion in No. 2 of THE LONDON READER.

**WARD.**—Tansy too.

**HAL W.**—The young lady should not have shown you the other, but now it is her duty to destroy it.

**C. MILLER.**—A nomination is requisite, and certain forms must be complied with, before you can present yourself for examination.

**F. A. T.**—Under consideration.

**ROSIEA M.**—The conduct of the young man is certainly strange, but it may be satisfactorily explained, so do not act hastily. Your letters may not have reached him.

**GEORGE HARRISON.**—Legally you are not; morally, you are; because you have entered into an engagement you have no right to break without just cause, and you allege none—just or unjust.

**STENOGRAPHY.**—Reporters for the press and the law use various systems of short-hand—very few the same. The practice is to acquire a style, and then improve upon it at your pleasure and convenience.

**NELLY** may write to the young man, if her love be quite insupportable; but otherwise we must advise her "to wait a little longer," as the young man may not have entirely forgotten her.

**L.**—Under the circumstances we do not think the match desirable. You are too old for the lady. Besides, marrying her without her father's consent would look as if you married her only for her money.

**G. R.**—A lady cannot with propriety wear or use a present sent anonymously; but she will not be angry with the sender—probably she will keep it till she finds him out. Let the matter await its own development.

**BRIAN.**—The philosophy of the early Christians is so different from that of our day that we do not wish to embark in any controversy. The true Christian never asks his neighbour what particular definition of the truth he has adopted.

**ELLA L. W.**—The application of chloride of lime to the skin for the purpose of whitening it would be a dangerous experiment without great caution. There is a preparation called *cosmoline*, which is perfectly harmless, and said to be efficacious in bleaching the hands. If you send the manuscript, it shall have due attention and early notice.

**CORRALINE** would like to correspond with W. A. X., Swansea. She is the same age as himself, and disengaged, of middling height, not considered bad looking, accomplished, of good family, understands all domestic duties—in short, will make the man who has her a capital wife. (An excellent character, but *ex parte* only.)

**R. R.**—Don't concern yourself about your eyebrows and their symbolical meaning; eyebrows that meet are by many so much admired that Turkish ladies make them meet by paint. But all such artifice is in bad taste; nature is more harmonious than art.

**A. F. K.**—The sun is nearer the earth in winter, but not so much as perceptibly to increase his size, unless with a fine instrument to measure it. The reason why it is colder in winter, though the sun is nearer, is, that it does not rise so high overhead as in summer. The higher up the sun is the warmer it is.

**N. G.**—You do not know when you are well off. It is better to be laughed at than ruined—better to have a wife who, like Martial's "Menners," chafes everything and buys nothing, than be impoverished by one whose vanity will purchase everything, and whose pride will cheapen nothing.

**ROBERT.**—Take good notice of your progress. A wise man may have his follies as well as the fool; but there is this difference between them—namely, the follies of the one are known to himself and concealed from the world—the follies of the other are known to the world and concealed from himself.

**ALMA** asks if a jealous lover will make a jealous husband? Most probably he will; but much depends on the cause and nature of his jealousy. It may be that marriage will cure jealousy; for courtship jealousy sometimes only arises from fear of losing the lady; marriage jealousy from another sort of fear, for which there may not be any plausible grounds.

**ETANGLISSE** is a very pretty name; and we have no doubt Etangeline is a good and beautiful girl, but she must not allow herself to be conducted into embarrassments by false sentiments. We must tell her that friendship often ends in love, but love in friendship—never. The heart is a curious machine, and its operations are among the studies of the cool and discerning.

**JULIA.**—Love and friendship, the two most familiar features of the doctrine of faith, enable us to carry the impressions they create into all our affairs. They educate us to place that reliance on others which we would have them place in ourselves, and thus it is that we the more easily conduct intricate transactions, give credence to reports of occurrences from the most distant regions, and so bring into active and beneficial use those glorious qualities of the mind which constitute the spirituality of communities, the unity of races, and the friendship of mighty empires.

**GRACE C. H.**—In reply to the appeal of your correspondent "W. A. X. (Swansea)," I beg to state, for his information, that I am desirous of meeting with one suitable for a partner in life, but which the seclusion of my present position renders unlikely. I am nineteen years old, 5 ft. 5 in. in height, rather slender, but well rounded in figure; I have a small oval face, with regular features, fair complexion, dark brown hair, and dark grey eyes. My sisters and brothers being away from home, I feel rather lonely, especially as I do not go much into

company, but being domesticated and of a cheerful and active disposition, I think I could make any well-conducted young man a steady and loving wife. If "W. A. X." should be pleased with my description of myself, will he kindly signify his approval through the medium of your correspondent sheet.

**R. D.**—Spare moments are like gold dust of time, and Young wrote a true and striking line, when he taught that "sands make the mountains, and moments the year." Of all the portions of our life, spare moments are the most fruitful in good and evil. They are gaps through which temptations find the easiest access to the garden of the soul.

**MARIE** wishes to know why she has never received an offer, although she is, generally speaking, paid a great deal of attention to by the opposite sex at balls, parties, during promenades, &c. Marie is eighteen, tall, with dark brown hair and eyes; very domesticated, and of a cheerful disposition. Marie, as the Scotch song says, is "O'er young to marry yet," so she may wait a little longer. Still, out of compassion, we must say she ought to have a lover. Wooing and winning with a lady ought to begin at eighteen; marrying and sorrowing at twenty-one! So say the doctors of physic and divinity, and of course they cannot be wrong.

**ALICE.**—There can be no true marriage without mutual confidence. Marriage is that mutual sympathy, love, and support which add such fragrance to the blossoms that hang on the tree of time, and prove—

"The woman's cause is man's—they rise or sink Together, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or free."

**R. D. C.**—Fride is an excellent quality when well regulated, but you must bear this in mind that pride often miscalculates, and more often misconceives. The proud man places himself at a distance from other men; seen through that distance, others, perhaps, appear little to him, but he forgets that this very distance causes him also to appear equally little to others.

## I HOPE FOR THE BRIGHTEST.

"I hope for the brightest,"  
Said a mother mild,  
As she fondly gazed

On the sleeping child,  
"My hope shall be in this changeful life,  
That God may guide thy steps aright."  
And she smiled in the hope of future bliss  
As she gazed on her sleeping child a kiss.

"I hope for the brightest,"  
Said a maiden fair,  
As she twined sweet violets  
In her glossy hair.

"I'll think of his vows when last we met;  
His pledges of love never to forget;  
And a smile was seen o'er her face to play  
As she thought of her lover far away."

"I hope for the brightest,"  
Said a maiden pale,  
As she watch'd by the couch  
Of her mother frail.

"Though death should claim my mother dear,  
I'll trust to meet her in another sphere;  
And a smile shone through her tears of sorrow,  
As she hop'd up a future morrow."

And thus, as we journey  
Through this lower sphere,  
Do the whisperings of hope  
Bid the heart ever cheer.

'Tis life's brightest beacon, a sweet halo given,  
To light up the pathway which leads us to Heaven.  
No earth-cloud can dim it, its mission is blest  
To guide the worn pilgrim to an haven of rest.

W. S. C.

**G. M.**—Genius, when employed in works whose tendency is to demoralise and degrade, should be contemplated with abhorrence, rather than with admiration. Such a monument of its power may indeed be stamped with immortality, but, like the Coliseum at Rome, we deplore its magnificence, because we detect the purposes for which it was designed.

**AN ANXIOUS MIND** has been told by some elderly lady that all handsome men are too much in love with themselves to fall in love with penniless girls. Handsome men are like ugly men; they calculate their chances, and act accordingly. Women do the same, and the younger they are the sadder they are. Life is but a calculation of chances. Love is not love, but something else.

**FLORENCE.**—A high forehead is a mark of benevolent and merciful disposition, and in so far it is beautiful; but some high foreheads have a bald look, arising from the hair beginning beyond the top of the forehead. The hair should begin just where the forehead begins to recede. Some foreheads are partly covered with hair that grows upon them. The Roman ladies prided themselves in low foreheads; they chiefly belong to haughty and overbearing women—spirited also.

**LADY EMILY** has an ugly lover, whom she is compelled to marry. She hates him. She wonders if he will grow better looking. He is young, and has a gentlemanly figure, but she hates him. Is there any way of getting reconciled to him? The only way is by making a gentleman of him. No man is good-looking who is not a gentleman. If he makes a good husband his ugliness will disappear; if a bad husband, it will increase. If Emily must marry him she can't have any one else, and must make the best of a bad bargain. If he is a savage, she must try and cultivate him; if he won't be cultivated, then perhaps she will become a savage to keep him company. We cannot tell what will be the consequence of the union.

**L. C.**—Some have wondered how it happens that those who have shown so conspicuously at the bar should have been eclipsed in the senate, and that the glauca of Westminster Hall should have been mere pigmies at St. Stephen's. But that a successful forensic pleader should be a poor diplomatic orator is no more to be wondered at than that a good microscope should make a bad telescope. The mind of the pleader is occupied in scrutinizing minutely, that of the statesman in grasping magnitudes. The one deals in particulars, and the other in generals. The well-defined rights of individuals are the province of the pleader, but the enlarged and undetermined claims of communities are the arena of the statesman. Forensic eloquence may be said to lose in comprehension what it gains in acuteness, as an eye so formed as to perceive the motion of the hour hand would be unable to discover the time of day. We might also add that a mind long hackneyed in

atomizing the nice distinction of words must be the less equal to grapple with the more extended bearings of things; and that he that regulates most of his conclusions by precedent that is past, will be somewhat embarrassed when he has to do with power that is present.

**W. THOM.**—Silence is greater at night because the air is not disturbed by the noise and bustle of animal life; but we are not aware that there is more stillness in darkness than in light—*per se*. It may, however, be so. The action of light upon air must have some effect upon it. How far it influences it, as a medium for sounds, we cannot tell; but the fact that individual sounds are more clearly heard in the night than the day, shows that it is rather by the suppression of other sounds than by any other cause.

**N. P.**—Very probably he misunderstands your cheerfulness, which is not genuine, and deserves to be misunderstood. Ladies often overdo their art. You should always show a little of what you feel—not all. He wants to see you sorrowful for the breach; he is afraid that you are too glad of it. Your gladness prevents him from reaming his former behaviour. Kindness and sadness are your proper state of mind; and therefore they are the most suitable means of reconciliation. If he inquires the cause of your sadness, you must make him understand that it arises from his change of behaviour; but beware of letting your sadness appear like aversion or indifference. You may even gently reproach him for not being so kind as before. This will bring about an explanation.

**ELITE.**—Do not concern yourselves about blunders in mere formal etiquette, for etiquette is not good manners; it is merely a formality to be a guide to those who have not the soul of politeness in them. The really accomplished lady and gentleman therefore always rise above etiquette; they do not fall below it; but with they do it better, it is easier, more free and elegant, and devoid of that primness and formality which make the slaves to etiquette so very ridiculous. There was great propriety in drinking to the happiness and prosperity of the newly-wedded pair, and those who did not drink to their prosperity, would express their wish for it in some other way. The fashion now is to avoid formality; but in doing so, it is only the few who can avoid falling into one formality when avoiding another. There is as much formality in never drinking a health as in always doing it.

**J. R.**—The field officers of an infantry regiment are, generally, the lieutenant-colonel and the major. The colonel is usually a retired general officer, who receives his pay and perquisites, but seldom, except on some very grand state occasions, sees his regiment. Each regiment is divided into ten companies, a captain, lieutenant, and ensign, to each company. Besides these there is an adjutant, who assists in all matters of drill and discipline; a quarter-master, who has charge of the stores; the surgeon, assistant-surgeon, and paymaster. There are two colours to each regiment, one the Union, or Queen's colour, the other the regimental colour, which is of silk of the same colour as the facings of the regiment (collar and collar). This last flag is ornamented with devices and honourable inscriptions relating to battles in which the regiment has borne part.

**AN OLD SAILOR** says that snoring is not allowed on board of any of her Majesty's ships, frigates, or line-of-battle ships! This comes to the point at once, without any philosophy, the more likely to be well done, and effectually. Our correspondent says that when a fresh man comes on board, and turns out to be a snorer, his neighbours give him a shake, and tell him "to knock off snoring;" and if that does not do they cut the lanyard of his hammock at one end, and down he comes by the run to the deck, which gives him a severe shock; it is seldom requisite to repeat the operation. This reminds us of what a female correspondent once told us some years ago. When married, she found, to her great grief, that her husband was a snorer. Not being accustomed to such music during the night, she could not sleep; and she panned him with her elbow, determined that he should not have the best of it, as snorers generally have. The remedy proved effectual; he was completely cured. It appears, therefore, that sleep has a secret and mysterious consciousness of its own, and that by means of this it may be taught good manners.

**A MOTHER IS DISTRESS.**—It should be remembered that it is difficult, in the first instance, to make a child really understand precisely what is meant by truth and honesty. It is not every departure from veracity in a child just learning to speak, or every misappropriation of property into which it may slide, that should be branded with the opprobrious name of falsehood or theft. The culprit may be clear of any bad intention, and ignorant of any fault, although the fact may be clearly proved. Caution, discrimination, and much kindness are therefore requisite in correcting these evident faults, while advantage should be taken to inform the understanding and quicken the conscience, as to the broad difference between right and wrong. With those children who are the most sensible of this difference, and on whom the guilt of falsehood has been most firmly impressed, a frequent incentive to its commission is fear. An active and unlucky urban meets with some trifling accident, or perhaps perpetrates some wanton mischief. Immediately his little heart beats quickly with dread of consequences. He knows that, if found out, he will be put to bodily pain. This his nature shrinks from, and he seeks means to avoid it. If he tells a lie, he may escape punishment; and accordingly he lies. This is sad; but what else can be expected? We do not look for the heroism of martyrs in our children, and we ought not to look for it. Now, all this temptation and wrong-doing could and should be prevented. We would have every parent lay down as an absolute rule for himself or herself—Never severely to punish a child for a fault freely and frankly confessed.

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**CORRESPONDENTS MUST ADDRESS THEIR LETTERS TO THE EDITOR OF "THE LONDON READER."**

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